THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

APRIL 1803.....JULY 1803.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH PRINTED.

NEW-YORK:

REPRINTED FOR EASTBURN, KIRK & CO.

Corner of Wall and Nassau-streets.

SOLD BY WM. WELLS, BOSTON; E. F. BACKUS, ALBANY; E. J. COALE, BALTIMORE; THOMAS DOBSON, E. EARLE, AND JOHN F. WATSON, PHILADELPHIA; HOWE & DEFOREST, NEW-HAVEN; G. SHELDON & CO. HARTFORD; ROUSMANIERE & BARBER, NEWPORT; D. FENTON, TRENTON; W. E. NORMAN, HUDSON; FITZWHYLSONN & POTTER, RICHMOND; W. F. GRAY, FREDERICKSBURGH; JOHN MILL, CHARLESTON; SEYMOUR & WILLIAMS, SAVANNAH.

Printed by D. & G. Bruce.

1813.

OSZ
ER

CONTENTS OF NO. III.

ART. I. Gentz, Etat de l'Europe - - - - p. 1
II. Collins's Account of New South Wales, vol. 2. - 30
III. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Bracciolini - - 42
IV. Accounts of the Egyptian Expedition—Reynier's State of Egypt—Sir R. Wilson's History of the British Expedition—Captain Walsh's History of the Campaign—Anderson's Journal of the Forces 53
V. Hayley's Life of Cowper - - - - 64
VI. Fiévée, Lettres sur l'Angleterre - - - 86
VII. Lamb's John Woodvil, a tragedy - - - 90
VIII. Woollaston on Prismatic Reflection - - 97
IX. Woollaston on the Oblique Reflection of Iceland Crystal - - - - - - - 99
X. Hatchett's Analysis of a New Metal - - ib.
XI. Guineas an unnecessary and expensive incumbrance on Commerce - - - - - - - 101
XII. Vallancey's Prospectus of an Irish Dictionary - 116
XIII. Ritson on Abstinence from Animal Food - - 128
XIV. Percival's Account of Ceylon - - - 136
XV. Villers sur une Nouvelle Theorie du Cerveau - 147
XVI. Pinel, Traité sur l'Alienation Mentale - - 160
XVII. Delphine, by Madame de Stael Holstein - - 172
XVIII. Belsham's Reign of George III. vol. 5. & 6. - 177
XIX. Charles et Marie - - - - - - 184
XX. Memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, vol. 5, part 2. - - - - - - 192
XXI. Thelwall's Poems - - - - - - 197
XXII. Sturges on the Residence of the Clergy - - 202
XXIII. Sir John Sinclair's Essays - - - - 205
XXIV. Dalzel, Collectanea Græca Majora - - - 211
XXV. Wyttenbach's Plutarch - - - - - 216
XXVI. Stewart's Life of Robertson - - - - 229
XXVII. Mant's Warton's Poetical Works - - - 250
XXVIII. Hey's Surgery - - - - - - 261

CONTENTS OF NO. IV.

ART. I. Miss Baillie's Plays on the Passions - - p. 269
II. Catteau, Tableau des Etats Danois - - 287
III. Heyné, Homeri Carmina - - - - 308
IV. Wittman's Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, &c. and into Egypt - - - - - - - 330
V. Comparative View of the Huttonian and Neptunian Systems of Geology - - - - - - 337
VI. Transactions of the American Philosophical Society 348
VII. Vindication of the Celts, from ancient Authorities; with Observations on Mr. Pinkerton's Hypothesis, concerning the Origin of the European Nations, in his Modern Geography and Dissertation on the Scythians or Goths - - - - - - 355
VIII. Dallas's History of the Maroons, including the Expedition to Cuba, for the purpose of procuring Spanish Chasseurs, and the State of the Island of Jamaica for the last ten years, &c. - - - - 376
IX. Werner, Nouvelle Theorie de la Formation des Filons - - - - - - - - - 391
X. R. & M. Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls - 398
XI. Lord King's Thoughts on the Restriction of Payments in Specie at the Banks of England and Ireland - - - - - - - - - 402
XII. Walker's Defence of Order: a Poem - - 421
XIII. Home's Description of the Anatomy of the Ornithorynchus Paradoxus - - - - - - 428
XIV. Dr. Craven's Discourses on the Jewish and Christian Dispensations, compared with other Institutions, &c. - - - - - - - - - 437
XV. Davis's Travels in the United States of America, during 1798—1802 - - - - - - 443
XVI. Fuseli's Lectures on Painting - - - 453
XVII. Moore's Odes of Anacreon - - - - 462
XVIII. The Trial of John Peltier, Esq. for a Libel against Napoleon Bonaparté, &c. - - - - 477
XIX. Governor Pownal's Memorial, addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe and the Atlantic - - 484
XX. Dr. Darwin's Temple of Nature: a Poem - 491
XXI. The Works of Lady M. W. Montagu - - 507

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL 1803.

NO. III.

ART I. *De l'Etat de l'Europe avant et après la Revolution Française, pour servir de response a l'ecrit, intitulé, De l'etat de la France à la fin de l'an. 8.* Par M. Frederic Gentz Conseiller de Guerre, de S. M. Prussienne. 8vo. pp. 354. Londres. 1802.

THE destruction of Jacobinism, and the entire abolition of the revolutionary cant, by which its antagonists were so long exasperated, have effected a great change in the tone and manner of our late political controversies, and restored some degree of temper, and some appearance at least of candour, to those great and interesting discussions. Men agree now pretty generally in the principles from which they set out, to whatever distance their conclusions may diverge; and admit the authority of some common maxims of right or expediency, however they may differ as to their application.

The events, however, to which we are indebted for this improvement in the style of our political writers, have not been such, by any means, as to compose their fundamental differences. The apprehensions which were formerly excited by the revolutionary principles of France, have been succeeded by the dread of her power; and the nations of Europe seem only delivered from the dangers of internal dissension, to encounter those with which their independence is threatened, from the preponderance of a foreign state. In such a condition of society, it is not to be expected that the great questions of international policy can yet be examined with entire impartiality, or that any political writer should be able to lay aside altogether that jealousy and animosity with which the opposite parties in the great European community have been so long accustomed to regard each other. In the debate which is detailed in this volume, accordingly, there is no rant about liberty on the one hand, or social order on the other; and yet there is, on one side at least, as much

partiality and exaggeration, and as much hostility and rancour, as could well have been found in the earlier days of the Revolution.

The book called *De l'Etat de la France*, to which this publication of M. Gentz is announced as an answer, is written by a Frenchman* in office, in the true spirit of his country and his station. It contains a most captivating representation of the happiness, and power, and moderation of France; and a very animated exposition of the crimes and impending humiliation of this country. Though the partiality and acrimony of the author are so apparent throughout as to take from his performance all the authority of sober judgment, it still indicates so much talent, and so much information, as to be highly deserving of attention. He has rested the justification of his country upon a much wider range of historical deduction and political inference than have hitherto been brought to bear upon the question; and by representing the Revolution as the crisis of a great disorder in the general system of European politics, he has given an interest and a simplicity to his speculations which the subject did not seem to promise. He writes, too, with a certain air of confidence and authority, that it is not always easy to resist; and while he throws out some specious and brilliant ideas upon every subject that presents itself, he dexterously avoids those specifications of minute detail by which all general principles must be verified.

Such a performance, if it admitted at all of an answer, seemed to require one, in a particular manner, on the part of this country. Our politicians, however, appear to write only for the satisfaction of their countrymen, and to think that a book published in French cannot be deserving of their notice. In this instance, we conceive that their backwardness, though not very easily accounted for, has been of great advantage to their cause; as it has put the task into the less suspicious hands of a neutral foreigner, and given a continental politician an opportunity of stating to the nations of Europe the real state and pretensions of the two rival powers. M. Gentz is a native of Prussia, and a minister of the only great military power that has been for a considerable time in amity with the French republic. His former publications, 'Upon the origin and character of the late war,' and 'On the finances of Great Britain,' prove sufficiently with what a skilful and penetrating eye he had surveyed the proceedings of the belligerent powers, and with what scrupulous exactness he had informed himself as to their resources. The present publication must add to his reputation in all those particulars, and would of itself entitle him to a place among the first political

* M. Hauterive, Chef des Relations exterieurs.

writers of the age. The book is written with a very singular temperance of manner, in spite of the personal provocation which M. Hauterive has occasionally given; and seems to us as much superior to that of his antagonist, in candour and manliness of sentiment, as in historical accuracy and correct reasoning. As the subject is in every respect extremely interesting and important, we shall endeavour to lay before our readers a pretty full view of the treatment it has received from M. Gentz.

The substance of M. Hauterive's book, with which it is necessary to begin, may fairly be stated in the few following propositions

From the treaty of Westphalia in 1648 down to the æra of the French Revolution, the balance of power in Europe, and the authority of public law, had been gradually neglected and impaired, till scarcely a trace of systematical policy was to be discovered at the latter period.

The revolution in France, and the desolating wars which it excited, were the necessary and natural results of this general derangement; and the issue of them has enabled France to lay the foundation of a new federal system, better accommodated to the present condition of the European nations.

The power which she has thus acquired, she will exercise in acts of beneficence towards her allies, and of moderation towards her opponents, and will make use of all her influence to protect the continental states against the machinations of England, who has been the constant instigator of general hostility, whose commercial monopoly has extinguished their industry, and whose ambition still threatens their independence.

To qualify her for the discharge of those important duties, France possesses, according to M. Hauterive, the most ample resources that have ever fallen to the lot of any nation. Her geographical position, the fertility of her soil, the number, genius, and valour of her inhabitants; her form of government, and the talents and virtues of those by whom it is administered; seem all combined to insure her permanent pre-eminence, and to give stability to those political benefits that Europe is to derive from her influence.

These positions M. Gentz has undertaken to disprove, in the work that is now before us; and has applied himself to the task, with a degree of zeal and assiduity that seemed to assure him of success. He admits, in a great degree, the power and the resources of France to be such as his antagonist has represented them; and does not think proper to enter into any disquisition in this work, as to the excellence of her government, or the stability of her constitution. The object of his book is merely to shew, that the revolution was neither produced nor justified by any

real disorder in the general system of European politics, and that its consequences have been, to subvert that ancient and salutary system, without substituting any other in its stead. In following out this object, he is naturally led to take a view of the political state and relations of the different European countries at the time when this revolution took place, and to compare the results of this survey with the condition in which these countries have been left by the consequences of that revolution.

The method which M. Gentz has followed, in the first part of this disquisition, is somewhat characteristic, we think, of the genius of his countrymen. Instead of entering, at once, upon a delineation of the actual state of the leading nations of Europe at the moment of the French Revolution, he distributes the subject into three separate chapters, under the following titles: 1. How far the treaty of Westphalia can be considered as having established a public law, or federative system in Europe? 2. How far any intermediate events between that treaty and the late Revolution, can be considered as having subverted this system? and, 3. Whether, at the commencement of that Revolution, there was really any such federative system in force, or in existence, in Europe?

Now, to us it seems very evident, that it was only with the last of these questions that the author had properly any concern. We are by no means convinced, that M. Hauterive ever meant to assert, that the treaty of Westphalia laid the first foundation of the balancing system in Europe, or that this system must necessarily have been destroyed by the first violation of that treaty. But though he had made such an assertion, and, in making it, had committed as gross an error as it certainly seems to imply, still we conceive that it was an assertion which M. Gentz was not called upon to expose, and that any controversy upon this subject was utterly foreign to the general design of his argument. If Europe was actually united and protected at the æra of the French Revolution, by the authority of a great federative and balancing system, and if that system was destroyed in the contentions with which the Revolution was attended, it is certainly of no consequence, whether it was a system established by the peace of Westphalia, and modified by succeeding occurrences, or whether it had its origin in a more remote antiquity, and had been uniformly progressive in vigour and authority, till the moment of its subversion. M. Hauterive maintains, that there was no such system in existence at the time of the Revolution; and that it was the want of it that occasioned all the distractions which ensued. M. Gentz alleges, that there was such a system at this time, in a state of the greatest vigour and improvement; and, to us, it does not seem necessary that he should have alleged any thing more. Of the

reasonings contained in the two first chapters, therefore, we should not have thought it neccessary to present our readers with any analysis, if the author had himself adhered strictly to the subjects he had announced. In the course of discussion, however, he seems to have insensibly widened the basis of his argument, and to have passed from the consideration of the treaty of Westphalia, with its history and result, to the general and permanent effects of the events by which it is said to have been infringed. Thus, while he seems only to be contending, that the stipulations of that treaty were not materially affected by the various occurrences which M. Hauterive had enumerated, we are surprised to find him admitting, that the elevation of Prussia did alter the very groundwork of its regulations; and contending, that this alteration was, notwithstanding, of the greatest advantage to Europe. As the argument in these two chapters, therefore, does in reality graduate, by a kind of anticipation, into that general and more important argument which is nominally reserved for the succeeding one, we shall give a very short and general sketch of the observations they appear to contain.

After observing, that the treaty of Westphalia only adjusted the pretensions of France, Sweden, and the different states of the empire, and, consequently, was utterly incapable of settling the general balance of Europe, he proceeds to make some remarks upon the three great events by which M. Hauterive had contended that the treaty was abrogated, and the balance overthrown. These three events are, 1. The civilization of Russia, and its adoption into the system of European politics; 2. The elevation of Prussia to the rank of a power of the first order; and, 3. The prodigious extension of the commercial and colonial system.

With regard to the first of these, M. Gentz observes, that the formation of the Russian Empire has extended the sphere of commercial enterprise and civil intercourse, more than any other event since the discovery of America; that it has secured Europe for ever against the irruption of the northern barbarians, and that its political influence has been confined almost entirely to the northern kingdoms, to Poland and Turkey. Of its partitioning system, he speaks with decided disapprobation; but concludes, that the middle states of Europe, and France in particular, had no reason to complain of any disturbance or change of their relations from this quarter of the globe.

The aggrandizement of Prussia, he admits, however, touches them more nearly. It deranged a great part of the old system of Germanic policy, but tended to maintain and secure the peace and the independence of all the neighbouring communities. The struggles by which its elevation was effected, did, indeed, for a time, disturb the tranquillity of the empire, but its estab-

lishment insured its repose. By affording an internal counterpoise to the power of Austria, it did indeed diminish the influence of France in the other parts of the Germanic body; but this was most evidently a benefit to Europe at large, and left France the choice of either Austria or Prussia for its ally. It is very remarkable, accordingly, that as soon as Prussia had become the implacable and formidable opponent of Austria and Germany, France immediately entered into a close alliance with her ancient enemy, and transferred into the Austrian scale the whole weight of that influence, that could not possibly be diminished, from having become the subject of jealousy and contention between the two rival powers. As to M. Hauterive's paradoxical assertion, that the Protestant interest was ruined by the elevation of Prussia, itself a Protestant government, M. Gentz judiciously remarks, that religious distinctions have now lost all their ancient authority; that an universal change of character has taken away, as it were, by a great social revolution, one ancient bond of union and source of dissension; and that the slightest political consideration will now have more influence on the conduct of nations, than all the creeds in the universe. Finally, M. Hauterive has insinuated, that it was Prussia that first set the example of vast standing armies and ruinous imposts in Europe; and that fear and ambition propagated the practice so successfully, that every nation, before the revolution, had a disproportional part of its population engaged in the unprofitable occupation of war, and was vainly draining its resources to supply the expense of its establishments. M. Gentz does not admit, by any means, that this was really the situation of Europe; but, even upon that hypothesis, he denies that it was in Prussia that the practice originated. It began, unquestionably, he says, in France under Louis XIV, and has ever since prevailed, in that country, to a greater extent than any where else. We may add, that it seems strange in the minister of a military government, to declaim upon the disastrous consequences of maintaining a standing army; and that if Europe was ruined under her old system, by the excessive number of her hired forces, it is not very easy to see how France is to regenerate her prosperity, by setting the example of a peace establishment of 500,000 men.

M. Hauterive's *third* reason for the destruction of all order and prosperity in Europe, is found in the vast increase of commerce and colonies in the course of the last century. M. Gentz treats this with great contempt. The increase of commerce is a necessary consequence, he says, of that salutary development of national wealth and prosperity, to which human society naturally tends under any system of just administration; it is beneficial to the

country where it begins, and harmless, at least, to all its neighbours. It affords them not only example and encouragement, but the means of imitation and improvement; and can never be viewed with jealousy or resentment, except by that envy which despairs of emulation, or that barbarous pride which had rather that its associates should fall, than be indebted to them for its own elevation. M. Hauterive, in this part of his argument, has an evident reference to the situation of this country; but M. Gentz, who has reserved that subject for a separate discussion in another part of his book, answers only in general. He observes, that the increased resources that have been derived from the extension of the commercial system, have been in some degree common to all nations, and have rather ameliorated the condition of the whole, than altered the relations of its parts. That some have been outstripped by others in this honourable and free competition, ought no more to be made the subject of resentment or complaint, than that one nation has amended its laws, or reformed its constitution, with greater diligence and dispatch than its neighbours. In point of fact, he observes, that the advantages that may be ascribed to the extension of colonies or commerce, have never been monopolized by any one nation in Europe, but have belonged, in a great degree, to all the maritime states, and in particular, to France, England, and Holland, in pretty equal proportion. When we consider, indeed, what France was both in America and in India, within half a century, and the prodigious advantages she still has in the Levant trade and that of the West Indies, it cannot but appear surprising that a French writer should inveigh with so much bitterness against colonies and commerce, and represent the balance of Europe as in danger from the preponderance of England, merely because she possesses a part of those advantages which were formerly enjoyed with safety by the continental kingdom of France. The maritime powers, too, M. Gentz observes, form a sort of secondary balance among themselves, and will, in general, throw their united force into the scale, to prevent the disturbance of the greater system to which they adhere. Their chief interest on the continent must always be, to maintain that general balance; and if their commerce has increased their weight and authority, this is a circumstance which tends only to make that balance more secure. If it had not been for the maritime resources of Holland and England, it is not easy to perceive in what way the continental powers could have resisted the attacks of Louis XIV. After all this, we must allow that M. Hauterive's patriotism is more conspicuous than his accuracy, when he informs us, that, for these last hundred and fifty years, 'France alone has conducted herself in conformity to the

general principles of the political balance, while all the surrounding nations appeared to glory in the contempt with which they treated it.'

From these preliminary, but very important, observations, our author proceeds to the proper business of his publication; and begins, in the third chapter, an elaborate and instructive representation of the state of Europe at the æra of the French Revolution. So far from thinking, with M. Hauterive, that it had abandoned all political principle, and was reduced to such a state of internal disorder and debility, as to need or deserve so terrible a purgation, it is the opinion of M. Gentz that at this very time—

'It was easy to discover in all the greater states, without exception, and in most of the smaller ones, an active principle of amelioration, which extended to all the branches of administration, and a spirit of correction and reform, that was communicated from the people to the Sovereign, and reflected again from the Sovereign to the people. Every nation was employed in revising its laws, and suggesting amendments, in particular, of its criminal jurisprudence: and measures were everywhere suggested for the encouragement of industry, agriculture, and commerce. All governments were employed in enriching and adorning their territories with plantations and canals, and in the construction of high-roads, harbours, and public buildings of every description. The greatest zeal, and the greatest talents, were everywhere put in requisition to discover some gentle and effectual substitute for the old and oppressive system of taxation, and to fill the public treasury with the least inconvenience or disadvantage to the people. Private life was everywhere set free from those arbitrary restrictions that disturbed its happiness, and restrained its prosperity. The system of free competition was universally gaining ground over that of unjust monopolies; exclusive privileges were every day becoming milder and more unusual; and a greater equality of rights was generally recognised. Everywhere, too, the education of youth, and the adaptation of their instruction to the departments for which they were destined, had become an object of national solicitude, and was patronised and protected by the government.'

This is certainly a very flattering picture; and M. Gentz admits, that the traits of which it is composed were not to be found united in all their purity and perfection in any one of the nations in question; but he maintains, that there was a tendency to realize this picture in every one of them, and that it had indicated itself very decidedly, even in those where its operation had been most imperfect and incomplete. In confirmation of this assertion, he then proceeds to take an exact and comprehensive survey of the real state of all the great nations that compose the European community. It is impossible for us to pursue him

through this interesting and important detail; nor can we hope to do justice to it in the short and imperfect abstract to which we are necessarily confined. He goes over the different countries, first with a view to their internal prosperity, and then with a view to their political or external relations.

As to *Russia*, he observes that the whole of her modern existence has been a series of brilliant and unparalleled improvements; and that her progress, under the late Empress, was not less wonderful than under the Great Peter. The general spirit of amelioration which animated all Europe, prevailed even to a feverish excess in this remote empire; and the very extravagance and ambition of its sovereign seemed directed only to precipitate the civilization of her people, and to raise her country at once to the level of her southern neighbours. Let M. Hauterive compare the state of Russia in 1690 with her state in 1790, and then determine whether the last century has witnessed nothing but the decay and degeneracy of the European kingdoms.

In *Austria*, M. Gentz alleges that the reign of Joseph II. in particular, exhibited the singular spectacle of a monarch struggling to confer all kinds of benefits upon his subjects; and a people who obstinately rejected the blessing, and clung to their prejudices and their miseries. Upon this prince he pronounces an eulogium in which we cannot altogether concur. Joseph II. with great goodness of disposition, had all the habits of a despot, and all the vanity of an imperial philosopher; and was not so desirous that his people should be prosperous and happy, as ambitious of being himself the artificer of their happiness and prosperity. It is impossible, however, to deny, that many of the regulations which he proposed were politic and salutary; or that Austria, under his administration, was protected and encouraged in all her efforts for internal amelioration.

Of *Prussia*, our author speaks with the partiality of a good patriot. The legislative labours of the great Frederic certainly were little less admirable than his military exploits; but we are not just prepared to follow M. Gentz, in affirming that, 'in the latter years of his reign, Prussia was a model of industry, regularity, and œconomy; and afforded at the same time a pattern of internal energy, and *genuine civil liberty*.' It must be admitted, however, that the internal condition of the Prussian territories had been prodigiously improved in the course of the last century; and that a spirit of activity and enterprise prevailed over all the North of Germany, that gave but little indication of an incurable disorder in its constitution.

The very name of *Great Britain*, M. Gentz conceives to be a satisfactory answer to every thing that M. Hauterive has asserted as to the weak and disordered state of all the European

governments. In that country alone, the true principles of political œconomy had been protected and recommended by the government; and the consequences of this enlightened policy had exalted its commerce to a degree of prosperity unexampled in the history of the world.

In *Denmark* and in *Sweden*, the same judicious regulations were beginning to be generally adopted. In the latter country especially, the activity of Gustavus III. had awakened the industry, and encouraged the exertions of his people; and in spite of the political dissensions by which his reign was molested, the internal prosperity of the kingdom was never at so great a height.

Even in *Poland*, the desire of reform and the spirit of improvement had manifested itself. The partition of 1772 had awakened the cares of her statesmen to the preservation of her remaining territories; and the reports of the Diet in 1788, and the new constitution of 1791, testified sufficiently how much they were in earnest, and gave a promise of tranquillity and happiness that could only have been disappointed by the total annihilation of the kingdom.

Spain and *Portugal*, though in circumstances far more unfavourable than any other states in Europe, began also to feel the vivifying effects of the general tendency to improvement. *Italy* had already made great advances: Tuscany, under the administration of Leopold, had become a model for all small principalities: Rome had adopted the most enlightened views of political œconomy: and Naples itself was preparing a scheme for a radical and systematic reform of its very defective administration.

It only remains to consider the situation of *France* itself. If the Revolution, with all the diffusive evils that it has generated, was occasioned by the internal disorder and misgovernment of the European kingdoms, the symptoms of these abuses must have been most manifest in that country where the explosion took place. M. Gentz does not deny, that there were many defects in the administration of that government; and admits, that under Louis XV. in particular, very great errors and abuses were committed; but, during the reign of his unfortunate successor, he maintains that every thing indicated a disposition to redress all grievances, and to grant all indulgencies.

'Could the monarch, who gave himself up to the counsels of a Turgot and a Malesherbes, and who twice entrusted the fortunes of his kingdom to the hands of a Neckar, be really enamoured of ancient abuses, and zealous for obsolete prerogatives? Did the convocation of the Notables, and the plan of finance which they were assembled to consider, indicate any thing like that illiberal, suspicious, and despicable policy of which he has been accused? Was the imprudent facility with which the Court consented to the assembling of the States-general, a mark of bigoted arrogance, or of blamable indulgence? Was

the edict of 1788, by which the freedom of the press was established, and political discussion invited ou the part of the government, a sign of its abhorrence for every sort of innovation, and its detestation of the name of reform? Was the act of council of December in the same year, or the speech of the minister in May 1789, or the unfortunate declaration that followed it;—were these like the acts of a government that had no sympathy with the wishes of its subjects, or that stood with proud stupidity upon those ancient prerogatives, which had become odious in the eyes of all the virtuous and the wise? If the revolution was at all occasioned by those prerogatives, it was not because they were too obstinately retained, but because they were too hastily surrendered.'

There is something questionable, perhaps, in a part of these observations; but enough is made out, we conceive, to justify M. Gentz, in concluding that there was nothing in the *internal* situation of the European kingdoms that required such a stormy reformation, as the revolution threatened to accomplish; and that this revolution, so far from being the last link in a long chain of disasters and abuses, was, in fact, a most grievous and unexpected interruption to their career of prosperity, and can in no degree be justified by the pretended disorder and desperation of their affairs.

It remains for M. Gentz therefore to consider, whether the causes of this calamitous event, which certainly did not originate from the internal distractions of the European kingdoms, can be found in the disordered state of their *external* or foreign relations. This, indeed, is more immediately the object of his book; for it seems sufficiently evident, that the internal disorder of the adjoining kingdoms could never have produced a revolution in France, though it is conceivable, at least, that her condition may have been affected by the state of her foreign relations.

In entering upon this discussion, M. Gentz admits that the balancing system was far from being established on a footing of absolute perfection in Europe, and that many measures had at all times been adopted in direct opposition to its principles. All that he alleges is, that its authority was higher immediately before the revolution, than it had ever been at any other time, and that its practical efficacy was such, that all the greater powers were perfectly secure from any exterminating combination against them. The only violation of the balance that could justify its utter destruction on the part of France, must have been such a violation as endangered the *security*, or took away the *influence* of that country. M. Gentz, therefore, begins with inquiring into these particulars.—With regard to *security*, he observes, that her geographical position and her internal resources alone made her independent of all hostile combination. De-

fended by inaccessible mountains on the south, and by the ocean on the north and west, she was protected on the east by a chain of fortresses which might bid defiance to the forces of an invading enemy; her population was numerous, warlike, and skilful, and her productions more rich and various than those of any other kingdom in the world. But though her strength might thus have despised all the threats of hostility, she had, in reality no formidable enemy to encounter. Russia was not only weakened by her great distance, but excluded by the same circumstance from any view of conquest on the French frontiers. In Germany she was sure of the support, either of Prussia or Austria, and might almost reckon upon giving predominance to the power to which she was associated. With Austria, however, naturally the most powerful of the two, she had been closely allied for upwards of thirty years, and nothing seemed likely to disturb that pacific union. With Spain her connexions were still more intimate and secure. Switzerland was attached to her by interest and by habit; and such were the fears of her power and the benefits of her alliance, that from the days of Cardinal Fleuri down to the æra of the Revolution, it is not so much as pretended, that any combination of the great powers had ever been projected against her. Without one natural or formidable enemy, therefore, on the whole continent of Europe, and courted and flattered by every one of her neighbours in their turn, France could entertain no apprehensions for her safety, and could see no rival to her influence, except in the commercial greatness of England. The proximity of the two nations, their pride and vanity, their ancient competition in valour, genius, and trade, with the alternations of success and defeat that each had experienced, and the constant clashing of their interests in their colonial and œconomical speculations, had put something of habitual hostility into their mutual relations, and made it difficult to establish a cordial reconciliation between them. But though England stood thus in opposition to France, it would be ridiculous to say that she at all endangered her security. A maritime power could only injure her rival in her colonial possessions; and, upon these, her European influence was in no degree dependent. Even there, the fortune of the contest was alternate: though humiliated in the seven years war, France was able, in less than twenty years, to dispute the empire of the sea with her competitor; and forced from her, by the peace of 1783, those darling colonies upon which so many millions had been expended. Even their ancient rivalry was beginning to be forgotten. In 1786, the first treaty of commerce was concluded between the nations; and, but three years before the Revolution, France appeared to have reconciled her-

self to all the world, and to flourish in the midst of Europe, without one enemy around her.

With regard to the practical use that had been made of all those natural advantages, M. Gentz lays it down as incontestible, that under Louis XIV. the influence of France was a great deal too powerful, and that its subsequent diminution has been beneficial to all Europe, and to France itself. The councils of Louis XV. indeed, he confesses, were remarkable for weakness, rather than moderation: and a certain supine indifference degraded this great state, during that reign, rather below its natural station in the European scale. More recently, however, it had resumed its proper place, and, especially from the commencement of the American war, had conducted itself with all the energy and activity that its position appeared to require. Over Russia, indeed, its influence was very small; but the operations of this power were scarcely within the sphere of its cognizance; and, except in the instances of the attack meditated on Turkey and Poland, in both of which France ought certainly to have interfered, there was scarcely any one enterprise of the Northern Empire which it was called upon to oppose. The interference which it attempted successfully in the affairs of Sweden in 1772, and of Holland in 1787, serves sufficiently to shew, not only the influence of France in European politics, but her consciousness of this influence, and the vigilance with which she watched for opportunities to exert it. The whole of this historical argument, as to the real influence of France, upon which M. Gentz has bestowed a great deal of attention, seems to us very useless and unnecessary. After proving that France was very powerful and formidable, it was scarcely necessary to shew that her influence was very considerable. Her real influence must obviously always be in the proportion of her power, and the advantages of her position. The historical detail into which M. Gentz has entered, proves only that her government thought proper sometimes to exert this influence, and sometimes was led to neglect it, or that its exertion was sometimes less judicious than at others. To prove that France really possessed too little influence in the general system of Europe, it would be necessary to shew, that she had little power to support her friends, or to annoy her enemies; or that she had generally failed in the measures for the promotion of which her influence had been exerted. M. Hauterive himself does not venture to assert this; and, in confirmation of M. Gentz's general conclusion, it is not a little remarkable, that M. Segur, whose authority as a politician is high with all parties of his countrymen, has made this remarkable assertion—'I doubt if it be possible to specify any period in the history of the French Monarchy, during which it maintained so much au-

thority in Europe, as from 1783 to 1787, that is, from the date of the peace with England down to the time of the Dutch revolution.'*

If France was secure, and possessed of a predominating influence in the affairs of the Continent, it is of less consequence to inquire into the foreign relations of the other European states, since it is evident that nothing unfortunate or injudicious in the system of their alliances could ever produce or justify a revolution in the former country. To take away all pretext, however, from his antagonist, and to expose, still more completely, the extent of his misrepresentations as to the actual position of Europe, M. Gentz has subjoined to his examination of the foreign relations of France, an elaborate exposition of the political connexion of the great neighbouring communities. Of this we shall give but a very short abstract.

The whole history of *Austria,* he conceives to be one continued illustration of the force and efficacy of the balancing system. It was by this system that its domineering influence was abridged in the end of the sixteenth century. It was by this system that it was redeemed from utter destruction (principally by the exertions of England), in the war for the succession of Charles VI.; and it was by the irresistible force of this system, that its designs upon Holland were frustrated in 1787, though it wasthen in close and friendly alliance with the power by whose interference its machinations were repressed; and that England and Prussia were enabled, in 1790, to defeat its compact with Russia, for the extirpation of the Turkish power. This last event, which was accomplished without expense or bloodshed, is perhaps the most signal triumph of the balancing system, and the greatest proof of its increasing efficacy. What must perplex M. Hauterive not a little, is, that it took place the very year of the French revolution. The Austrian power has been kept very much at its ancient level of influence and authority, by the contrary operation of four important events; the alliance with France in 1756, and the gradual diminution of the Turkish force, adding as much to its strength and security upon one hand, as was taken away by the successive elevation of Russia and Prussia to the rank which they now hold in the great European community. Though Austria did take a part in the first partition of Poland in 1772, M. Gentz affirms that it was with great reluctance; and refers to the posthumous works of the late king of Prussia, for evidence that Joseph was absolutely forced into that measure by his associates.

Under the article of *Prussia,* we scarcely find any thing new or interesting, but a pretty long disquisition upon the policy and effects of that system of partition, by which that country has been

* Segur, Politique de tous les Cabinets, vol. II. p. 97.

so great a gainer. Though a decided enemy to the principle of such a proceeding, and disposed to condemn it very loudly on the score of morality and justice, M. Gentz is of opinion that it has not been of a nature very materially to alter the balance of Europe, but that, on the other hand, it may in some degree have contributed to confirm it.

The internal condition of Poland, he thinks, was altogether desperate, and its independence irrecoverably lost, while its nominal existence afforded a pretext for the interference of ambitious neighbours, and made it a source of perpetual jealousy and contention to all the surrounding nations. The tranquillity of these nations has, therefore, been promoted by its destruction. The balance between the partitioning powers themselves was not in any degree disturbed, but was rendered more effectual and secure by the partition. Prussia being a greater gainer upon the whole, than the other two, and consequently, more upon a footing with them after that event than before; it did not, even according to M. Gentz, very materially affect the general balance of Europe; Russia and Austria were not made more formidable to their respective opponents; and Prussia, without being raised to any dangerous height, was better enabled to resist its ancient enemy. Turkey, indeed, was endangered by the aggrandisement of her two natural enemies; but the acceleration of the Turkish downfal is no inexpiable crime; and France lost nothing by the change, but a mischievous and precarious influence, by which her peace was often disturbed, and her substantial power in no degree increased. In these considerations, M Gentz flatters himself that some consolation may be found for the extinction of the Polish kingdom; and seems to be persuaded, that though the partition violated all the laws of national right and ordinary justice, the effect of it will not be directly detrimental to the interest of the remaining powers.

There are few of the speculations contained in this volume with which we are so little disposed to agree, as with those we have just noticed. They naturally assume the form of an apology for one of the most profligate transactions that history will have to record, and have it professedly for their object to reconcile the European nations to an event which appears to threaten their general felicity and independence. Upon the partitioning system, indeed, we have always been accustomed to look with the greatest horror and apprehension, not merely because every particular display of it has been attended with the most insolent violation of all moral or political principle, but because it appears to us to be a natural, though very alarming, corruption of that very balancing system upon which we have relied so implicitly

for protection from all such disasters. The balancing system arms all against the usurpation of one, and secures us completely in ordinary times from the danger of universal dominion; but it affords no protection to the smaller states against the combination of two or three ambitious sovereigns, and even seems to facilitate the concentration of all power and authority into the usurping hands of a few great potentates. Such combinations are evidently the devices upon which the ambition of those who would formerly have conquered alone, have recently been driven by the prevalence of the system of balance; and they seem only to give that ambition a greater steadiness of direction and greater assurance of success. M. Gentz, and those who can reconcile themselves so readily to the partition of Poland, dwell much upon the fairness of the distribution, and the equality that was maintained among the partitioning powers in the allotment of their new acquisitions, and seem to imagine, that if the great states continue to bear their accustomed proportion to each other, it is of no consequence to what extent they may be themselves increased by the destruction of their weaker neighbours. The balancing system, however, was devised, we apprehend, not merely to maintain a certain equality among the powers, whatever they be, who hold the dominion of Europe, but to secure and provide for the independent existence of a *considerable number* of different communities, with all their varieties of magnitude and resources, and all their distinctions of manners, situations, and designs. The international law with regard to power, is in this respect like the municipal law with regard to property. Its object is, not to establish a fantastic and irksome equality, like the Agrarian schemes of antiquity, but to protect and secure the irregularities to which fortune has given existence; to make wealth and poverty alike safe and independent; to defend the weak and the humble against the rapacity of their superiors; and to maintain legitimate power and authority against the combinations of discontented inferiors. It is in its tendency to produce this effect, that all the value of the balancing system consists; it is from the coexistence of many independent states, of moderate extent and various character, that the European nations have derived all their pre-eminence and all their felicity, the benefits of mutual competition and mutual control, and the instructive example of all the effects that can be produced by political wisdom or misconduct in every combination of circumstances. Without this, there can be no grave or worthy object in the mutual alliances of countries: and the subsistence of a naked and unprofitable balance must be, to all just apprehension, a matter of the most absolute indifference. All the substantial benefits of the modern system are lost, as

soon as the smaller states are annihilated; and the prosperity and independence of all Europe is just as effectually ruined by dividing it into two or three great and equal empires, as by giving it up to the dominion of one universal monarch. Even in the latter case, if the mere existence of a balance would satisfy us, Asia might be conveniently balanced against Europe, or the whole globe might be divided into two vast empires in the Northern and the Southern hemispheres.

The particular reasons which M. Gentz has assigned for the partition of Poland, appear to us to be no less dangerous and fallacious than the general considerations that lead him to represent it as harmless. Poland itself, he says, was unable to maintain its independence: and Prussia was not sufficiently on a level with its powerful neighbours, till it had strengthened itself by the plunder of its weaker ones. We have already said, that the security of the smaller states was the great boast, and the great benefit of the balancing system; but M. Gentz seems to take it for granted, that such states can never possibly be in security, and that it is better, therefore, that they should all be absorbed into the substance of the nearest expanding empire. We only beg M. Gentz to consider how far these principles will go, and whether they leave any thing to be the subject of contention between him and M. Hauterive. If all Europe is to be broken up into states as powerful as Austria and Russia, it will not be easy to shew that France herself has very greatly exceeded the limits of salutary grandeur; and if it be a benefit to all states as inconsiderable as ancient Poland, to be swallowed up by a powerful neighbour, it is plainly with very little reason that we exclaim against the annexation of Savoy and Flanders, or the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. If Poland was a great deal too weak to maintain its independence under any conditions whatsoever, and if Prussia was not in safety between Austria and Russia, till it was strengthened by the consequences of this partition, in what situation, we may ask, have Sweden and Denmark hitherto existed within the grasp of Russia, and how have Saxony and Bavaria, and the two hundred little principalities of Germany, been able to maintain their independence for these five hundred years, in the neighbourhood of the Austrian greatness? The balancing system made all these safe: it ought to have protected Poland, and would infallibly have secured Prussia against every thing but such a combination as that of which it has set the example, and of which it and every state in Europe may ultimately become the victim.

Upon this unprincipled and unfortunate system of partition, we cannot help looking with the greater aversion, because it stands in such terms of relation with the great balancing system

to which Europe has been used to look up for salvation, as to exclude any hope of resistance or opposition from that quarter. The partitioning system is the undoubted offspring of the system of balance; it proceeds on the very same principles, and merely applies, for the purposes of destruction and partial aggrandisement, those artificial powers that had been created to preserve independence, and repress ambition. It is the corrupt consummation of a system of policy, that was undoubtedly salutary in the beginning, but seems destined, in its maturity, to disappoint the views of its founders. The ambition of great and powerful states seldom aims at the subjugation of a great and powerful antagonist; it is satisfied, in the beginning, with the easier acquisition of some petty dominion; and their weaker neighbours are only protected by the jealousy which such an act of depredation would excite among the peers and equals of the spoiler. By the system of partition, however, all this jealousy is disarmed; the great powers are united; they are bribed with a share of the plunder; they proceed in concert, and deliberately trim the ponderous balance of their empires by a skilful division of the booty upon which they have seized. The smaller states can offer nothing either in the way of resistance or inducement, by which such a gigantic confederacy may be dissolved, and will, in general, submit to their destiny with a feebler struggle than signalized the extinction of the Polish name. Unless nations can be effectually taught that there are limits to the salutary extension of territory and power, it does not appear to us by any means chimerical to suppose, that, in the course of another century, the partitioning system may have entirely subverted the old constitution of Europe. No man will deny, that three or four great powers may, by concerted and successive attacks, annihilate all the rest of the Continent; and then, turning their united strength against the weakest of their associates, proceed in the great system of a balancing partition, till only one or two are left to enjoy the glories of universal dominion. Turkey will probably go first; the middling states of Germany will follow; Holland and Italy will come after; Spain and Portugal will fall into the great southern empire, by policy or force; and Denmark and Sweden into that of the north. How long Great Britain will be left a mere spectator of the scene, we have no inclination to calculate.

But though we cannot agree with M. Gentz in his apology for the partition of Poland, which has drawn us into this long digression, we cannot refuse to conclude with him, that the power and security of *Prussia* was increased by that event, and that the foreign relations of that state were admirably adjusted for the maintenance of its own tranquillity, and the moderation of its neighbours' ambition.

Russia, according to M. Gentz, was self-sufficient and secure, without alliances or federative stipulations, from her first appearance on the scene of European politics. Her great extent, arbitrary government, and hardy population, raised her at once to the rank of a first-rate power; and her remote situation and boisterous climate protected her from attack or invasion from any of her southern rivals. The nature and distribution of her power, too, though quite sufficient for defence, was fortunately such as rendered her incapable of disturbing the tranquillity of her neighbours. The aspiring character of her two great sovereigns gave some little disturbance to the established system of Europe; but the issue of their most alarming attempts served only to shew that their means were inadequate to their ambition. Russia, in fact, has never been able to maintain so large an army as either France, Austria, or Prussia, and cannot bring her forces to act upon the great stages of European contention, except at a great disadvantage. Even upon the side of Turkey, where her temptations and opportunities were the greatest, she has experienced the control of the European balance, and been forced to submit to the great federation that possesses that quarter of the world. In 1790, the firm and pacific interference of England, Prussia, and Sweden, compelled her to relinquish her conquests, and abstain from the easy triumph that seemed to await her at Constantinople.

With regard to the foreign relations of *England*, M. Gentz seems inclined to think, that they may all be referred to the head of commercial regulations; and that she has, in fact, no permanent connexion with the Continent, either in military or strictly political affairs. As a maritime nation, she can never be led away by views of Continental conquest; and as a commercial power, she must be interested in the maintenance of that general peace, by which alone the great markets of the world can be kept open to the produce of her industry. M. Hauterive, however, has represented her as constantly engaged in fomenting dissension among the Continental powers, bribing them into hostility by her subsidies, and holding their industry and commerce in subjugation by the arbitrary and oppressive exertions of her naval power. M. Gentz denies this, and refers to the history of the last hundred and fifty years, in order to shew that all the wars in which England has been engaged have either been wars in support of the balance of Europe when it was endangered by the ambition of France, or wars in which the quarrel was particular to the two nations, and arose from some misunderstanding as to the regulation of their trade or their colonies. In those of the former description, the exertions of England have been beneficial to all her neighbours; in the latter, they have been altogether indifferent, and can afford no pretext for invoking the general ven-

geance on her head. The wars against Louis XIV. require no explanation, nor the conduct of England in the course of them. The war of the Austrian succession was undertaken by England upon the same general principle of preventing the undue humiliation of that ancient monarchy; and the generosity with which she gave up every thing at the peace, by which her private interest might have been promoted, demonstrates by what liberal motives she had been induced to enter into the contest. The Seven-years war, on the part of England, was partly a war in defence of the general system of balance, then exposed to such manifest danger by the coalition against the King of Prussia; and partly a private quarrel between France and England on account of their North American colonies. It turned out gloriously for England; and France has never forgiven her for the humiliation and loss to which she was obliged to submit; though that loss and humiliation, which related merely to her colonies and her marine, had no effect upon her Continental influence or power. In the succeeding war of America, the cause of contest was, in like manner, peculiar to the two countries, and indifferent to the rest of Europe. Here the success was on the side of France: she retorted on her adversary the loss of her American colonies, and proved that her maritime resources were in no respect inferior to those of her industrious rival. With regard to the charge of fomenting wars, by subsidizing the weaker continental powers, M. Gentz treats it with the contempt it appears to merit, as a vulgar prejudice that could only have originated in ignorance or animosity. No subsidy ever paid the third part of the mere expense which was occasioned by the war to the nation that received it; and if any valuation could be put upon the loss of lives and of happiness, and the prosperity and opulence, both general and individual, that it must necessarily have intercepted, we might say with probability, that no subsidy ever replaced one hundredth part of what the war had taken away. Subsidies may facilitate the operations of war, but never can give occasion to it. They form a natural and salutary part of those arrangements by which allied nations equalize their contributions to the common cause; but the statesman who could be tempted by them to engage in a war, when he might have remained in peace, must know little of the nature of war, and nothing of the duties of his station.

With these observations, M. Gentz concludes the first part of his work, or the survey of the actual situation of Europe at the beginning of the French revolution. At this time, he says, it appears that all the European nations were advancing rapidly to a state of internal prosperity and external security; every government was more and more convinced that national strength and felicity was to be found in the cultivation of the arts of peace,

rather than in enterprises of hostility and ambition. War was gradually becoming more odious, and the control of public opinion was every day adding force to those salutary maxims of public law that had increased in authority from the first hour of their promulgation. Let any man cast but a glance upon the condition of Europe at the date of the treaty of Westphalia (1648,) and at that of the French revolution, and persuade himself, if he can, that the degeneracy and misconduct of the intermediate years had brought on such a state of disorder and decay, as could only be expiated by all the sufferings and the struggles with which that latter event was attended.

The length to which our review of the first and most important part of M. Gentz's book has extended, must confine our remaining observations within very narrow bounds. Indeed, the doctrine of the remaining parts is very easily stated, and has long been familiarized to the politicians of this island by the eloquent speeches and publications that contain the tenets of that sect of politicians which acknowledges the authority of Messrs. Burke and Windham. Our author agrees with these statesmen in thinking, that the ancient balance of Europe has been entirely overthrown by the enormous and disproportioned power that France has acquired, and in considering the future state of Europe as entirely dependent on her caprice. He draws an alarming picture of the strength and military resources of this mighty nation, which commands the whole sea coast from the Texel to the Adriatic, and holds at its absolute disposal the whole force of Holland, Flanders, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy, besides the Germanic provinces and strong places that have been incorporated with its territory. Its past operations, and the continued course of its proceedings, testify sufficiently to the extent of its ambition; and the regularity and military subordination which its new government has established, secure it in a great measure from any internal dissensions, and give it the full use of all its extensive resources. In the statement of those causes of apprehension, M. Gentz declares, that he is not influenced in any degree by the character of its present rulers: he looks merely to the solid and established power which has been accumulated in the French nation, which is too great to be trusted to any hand, and too tempting to be voluntarily abandoned by any to which it may devolve. While the influence and the military power of France continue as they are, the nations of Europe will have reason to tremble, he thinks, whether it be governed by a Robespierre, a Bonaparte, or a Bourbon. That state is too powerful that may overwhelm its neighbours if it think proper; and that safety is precarious, indeed, that depends not upon our own power and resistance, but on the probable moderation of another. M.

Gentz goes over most of the topics of consolation that have been suggested, to reconcile us to our unhappy situation, and pronounces them all to be very fallacious or uncertain, and such as ought never to be relied on, while any exertion of activity seems to promise us deliverance. This too, however, he appears to consider as hopeless; and concludes that the only chance that remains to Europe for the recovery of her independence, is founded on the cordial co-operation of Prussia and Austria, in alliance with the maritime powers, for the diminution of the French power. Such an union, however, he confesses, is rather to be wished for, than expected; and leaves the subject, at last, with expressions of the deepest despondency and the most lively apprehension.

It is not very easy to resist the contagion of sentiments so eloquently expressed, and so ably defended; yet we feel a natural reluctance to adopt M. Gentz's conclusions; and even fancy that we see some reasons for believing that the condition of Europe is not altogether so hopeless and forlorn as he has represented it.

In the *first* place, it seems to be rather a figure of rhetoric, than a sober statement of the fact, to allege that the whole system of the balance is fundamentally overthrown. That system did not consist in treaties or alliances, so as to perish by their violation; but it consisted in a principle, that from its very nature was immortal; the knowledge and the influence of which can never perish, while men continue rational and civilized, and which will easily find a way to manifest and apply itself in every new combination of circumstances to which the destiny of nations may give rise. The evils of universal monarchy, and the disasters and disgrace that would ensue from the subjugation of all Europe by a military government, are certainly felt as generally and as strongly at this moment, as at any former period; and the only question therefore is, whether there exists a power by which those evils can be averted. M. Gentz himself has answered this question. He admits, that the united strength of Prussia and Austria would be altogether sufficient to repel the exorbitant power of France, or even that a coalition of the smaller powers under *one* of these great military states, if not opposed by the other, might be adequate to that purpose. Why, then, does he despair of the coalition! The principle by which it is recommended, is fully as little likely to be overlooked at present, as at any former time: the whole doctrine of it is perfectly understood, and familiarly discussed in every cabinet of Europe; and the interest by which it is suggested, is of a kind that can never be supposed to be for a moment dormant or ineffectual. We believe, therefore, that such a coalition will take place, whenever the emergency of the case shall require it; and that, though it may be retarded by jealousy and selfishness, and

all those private and shortsighted passions that derange the public conduct of nations, it will still be early enough to accomplish its purpose, and effect the object of its institution. If this be not the case, then M. Hauterive, and not M. Gentz, is in the right; the principle of the balance has indeed been forgotten, and universally abandoned in Europe, and that, not in consequence of the French revolution, but in spite of the urgent and alarming reasons that the revolution holds out for recurring to it.

In the *second* place, M. Gentz, in estimating the enormous power of France, has evidently been led to exaggerate it, by representing her influence over the conquered countries around her, as equally permanent and beneficial with that which she possesses within her own ancient territory. Spain and Italy, however, and Switzerland and Holland, are not integral parts of the French republic; nor can she derive the same advantages from their subjection, as if they had been annexed to her by the free consent of their respective inhabitants. They are countries whose resistance she has overcome, and whose hostility she knows she has deserved. Instead of acting the part of her faithful allies, therefore, in opposition to any coalition that may be entered into for repressing her usurpations, they will naturally be the most zealous and the most active parties in such a coalition, and will eagerly seize on the first opportunity to resume their independence, and revenge themselves on their oppressors. France, therefore, is not strong in their strength; she is only safe in their weakness; and knows, that whenever their resources become formidable, they must be directed against her power. In her attempts upon the great balance of Europe, she has not taken the weight of these nations, and placed it in her own preponderating scale; she has merely diminished their weight for a season, and made it difficult for her antagonists to avail themselves of its influence. In the present situation of Europe, every separate government must soon become an independent one, and will infallibly pursue its own interests as soon as it perceives them. Every nation is naturally ambitious of independence and authority; and will tend, therefore, as long as its identity is distinguished by language, or manners, or institutions, to connect itself with those powers that are most likely to contribute to its security, to gratify its pride, and deliver it from oppression. If there be any value in independence, therefore, or any real wisdom in the system of balance, all those countries may be reckoned upon as auxiliaries against France, much more securely than if they had acceded to treaties, or joined in manifestoes.

M. Gentz, too, in his terrifying estimate of the French power, appears to forget that he has himself represented that power as arising, in a great measure, from an unnatural state of society that

cannot possibly become permanent. The strength of France arose from the enthusiasm, and terror, and disorder, that accompanied her revolutionary movements; it arose from the sacrifice of all peaceful prosperity, and all individual indulgence; from the cessation of her commerce, the plundering of her opulent inhabitants, and all those requisitions and emergencies that put an armed nation in the place of a regular army. When this effervescence has once subsided, a great part of the formidable force which it created will disappear along with it; and as soon as a regular government has held out any thing like security to private life, and protection to peaceful pursuits, the opulent and industrious will be withdrawn from the fields of battle, and the military power of France be diminished by the progress of her commercial greatness. The same circumstances may reasonably be expected to repress the spirit of ambition, both in the government and among the people; and to impress upon their minds that dislike to war, and that conviction of the ultimate inutility of military successes, which M. Gentz has himself enumerated as one of the characteristics of the period that preceded the revolution.

It seems evident to us also, that M. Gentz has considered the subject a great deal too abstractedly, in laying altogether out of view the character of the present government, and the chances of new revolutions. Alexander was a mighty conqueror; yet, at his death, his great empire was crumbled down into its original elements, and Macedonia returned to the condition of a petty principality. Under the administration of her Directory, France was stripped of the greater part of her conquests, though at that time she was not a prey to any formidable civil dissensions. There are many other considerations that lead us to judge less despairingly of the future destinies of Europe, than M. Gentz seems willing to permit us. But it is necessary to hasten to the conclusion of these observations.

M. Gentz bestows a good deal of pains in pointing out the futility and tyranny of the maxims by which France, according to M. Hauterive, is to comport herself hereafter towards her allies and her enemies. There is one short passage, however, in M. Hauterive's own publication, that seems to supersede the use of any other commentary on his system. 'If France,' (says the Minister of Foreign Relations) 'cannot establish the system of continental federation which she has in view in any other way, she will employ the only means that have been left her by the obstinacy of other powers, who prefer a destructive war to her alliance. She will substitute her military power to her federative protection; and if any prince shall be insensible to the interest which should make him court her alliance, she *will ally herself*, without his consent, to the country which he will be incapable of

defending, and will force into her service all the means of subsistence and defence that may be furnished by the territory she has seized upon.' It seems quite unnecessary to say any thing more upon the system of French alliances.

The last, and to English readers probably the most interesting chapter in the book, is dedicated to the refutation of those complaints that have been so generally made on the Continent, as to the commercial tyranny of England. The extent to which these prejudices have prevailed, is admitted by M. Gentz, where he says, that M. Hauterive, even in his most abusive declamation, has not so much expressed his own particular sentiments, as those of the age in which he lives, and that he has been the faithful echo of the greater part of continental and contemporary politicians. The weight of the accusation, however, when it comes to be distinctly stated, does not seem to justify this violence of clamour. It consists principally in stating, *1st*, That the English, by their *navigation act*, have excluded all other nations from the benefit of their trade: *2d*, That they have usurped the possession of all the commercial establishments of the world; and, after having put fetters on the industry of every other nation, have established over them a most tyrannous and oppressive monopoly: and, *3d*, That they have invented a new code of maritime laws, by which the rights of neutrality are violated, as often as Great Britain is at war.

In answering to these heads of accusation, M. Gentz displays a great deal of ingenuity, and enters into a variety of details, through which we have no longer room to pursue him. The substance of his argument, however, may be given in a very short compass. He explains very accurately the origin and design of the famous statute of Charles II, of which the continental politicians have spoken so much, without understanding it; and then proceeds to shew, upon the clearest and most generally admitted principles of political œconomy, that the operation of that law has been directly *detrimental* to the *commerce* of Great Britain, and that its subsistence can only be justified from its tendency to promote the *naval strength* of the country, upon which its security so immediately depends, and to which every thing else ought therefore to be subordinate. The commercial greatness of England, therefore, has arisen in spite of this law, and not in consequence of it; and the jealousy which that greatness has excited, is erroneously directed towards this famous enactment. Even if its consequences were prejudicial to other nations, they have no right to complain of its injustice. It is not an international law, in which they have any immediate concern, but a private regulation of internal police, with which France has as little concern

as England could have with a French statute requiring that all her soldiers should be natives of her territory.

With regard to the alleged *monopoly* which England is said to usurp or enjoy, in all the colonies and all the markets of the world, M. Gentz observes, that the advantages to which those odious names have been applied, are nothing more than the natural and fair rewards of superior skill and industry, and that it would be an injury to the world at large, if they were to be intercepted or withdrawn. They are prizes won in a free and honourable competition, where the success of the victor affords instruction to those who are left behind, and advances the general interest along with that of the individual. In point of fact, however, he observes, that it is far from being true that England has engrossed all the trade and the wealth of the world for this last century. In India, indeed, her influence has preponderated over that of France, ever since the war of 1756; yet Holland still holds possessions in that quarter of great extent and value; and the establishments of France were rather neglected than insignificant, up to the war of the Revolution In the West Indies, both Spain and France were in possession of settlements considerably more valuable than those that belonged to England; and Holland and Denmark had also their share in that lucrative commerce. On the continent of America, England retained nothing but Canada and Nova Scotia, while Spain and Portugal monopolized the trade of a whole quarter of the globe; and France shared largely with them in that of its northern division. In this part of the world, England was a power of the second or third order only. In her colonial possessions, therefore, it is plain that England has enjoyed no great or decided superiority; and it is equally plain, that, in a political view, the possession of these colonies adds scarcely any thing to her power. The richest of them all brings in no direct revenue to the government; they pay no taxes; and it is only in their subserviency to her industry and trade that they have any real value whatsoever.

The real source of the commercial greatness of England, then, is to be found in that honest industry and distinguished skill which will scarcely be imputed to any nation as a crime, and which her rivals should rather imitate than decry. Nay, it is very evident, that they themselves constitute and support that monopoly of which they complain so loudly. Who forces the nations of Europe to buy the manufactures of England, and to neglect their own? If it be a crime in us to sell, it must be doubly a crime in them to buy; and if Europe has been enthralled by the commercial policy of England, it is evident that she has forged the fetters for herself, and put them on deliberately of her own accord. As to the charge of England having exerted herself to

depress and discourage the industry of all her neighbours, it is confuted by the absurdities that it involves. The rude and the beggarly can never be good customers; and they who have nothing to sell, will not long get any thing to buy. England outstrips her neighbours, perhaps, in mechanical inventions and commercial activity; and, by means of these, she keeps the advantages of her pre-eminence: but she can never desire to see her neighbours unskilful and indolent, because she sells, only to buy with advantage; and could not continue to subsist, if the surrounding countries did not supply her with commodities as valuable as those which she furnishes to them in return. If any part of the English prosperity be referable to the carelessness and neglect of other countries, who might have vindicated a part of those advantages which she now enjoys alone, this is their fault and their loss, and nothing but the profit and the praise is hers. They would not be better, although her enterprising spirit had not opened the sources of wealth which they overlooked; and all the rest of the world would have been worse; nay, they would have been worse also themselves; since her success must awaken their emulation, and her discoveries direct their undertakings. What is called the monopoly of England, therefore, is nothing else than the preference which good and cheap articles will always obtain in the market, over those that are dear and defective. It is not imposed upon the other nations by England, but conferred by them upon her; and as they thus contribute to it, in spite of violent prejudices, and in the midst of outrageous clamours, it may be presumed that they find their advantage in its subsistence. In fact, it promotes their present prosperity, by furnishing them with commodities at an easier rate than they could otherwise procure them; and contributes to their future greatness, by setting before them the most perfect patterns of manufacturing ingenuity, and commercial wisdom.

In addition to those permanent and inherent sources of English prosperity, M. Gentz observes, that the war itself has given birth to another, of no trifling importance. The naval power of England, and the excellent regulation of her convoys, render the seas safe to her, while they are impracticable to any other belligerent power. All the *carrying trade*, therefore, that was in the hands of Holland, Spain, and France, naturally fell into hers, when the ships of those nations were confined to their harbours, and thus became a new source of revenue to answer the exigencies of her new situation. As this was a benefit arising from the attempts of her enemies to injure her, and obtained, in a great measure, at their expense, it is natural to suppose that their disappointment and vexation should have made it the object of some clamour and detraction. At the same time, it is

perfectly evident that it is an event for which England cannot possibly be censured, upon any principle either of equity or reason. It was not brought about by any act of her usurpation or injustice; but resulted spontaneously from the interested wisdom of the neutral powers who sought for safety in her protection: and it has plainly been of advantage to all Europe, as it has given a security and freedom to her general commerce, which was scarcely to have been expected during the subsistence of a war so general and so active.

With these remarks M. Gentz concludes this very interesting and able publication; for, though he has enumerated, among the subjects of his discussion, the pretended outrages of the English against the rights of neutrality, we find him, in the conclusion of the volume, reserving that difficult and important topic for the subject of another work. It forms undoubtedly the most plausible ground of accusation to which our conduct is liable; and is closely connected with another great and general question, upon which we shall impatiently look forward with some satisfaction in M. Gentz's next dissertation.

The great and fundamental question to which we now allude, is that which relates to the apprehensions which the maritime states of Europe may reasonably entertain from the vast naval strength of this country. That this is a power which puts the greater part of their trade and their foreign possessions almost entirely at our mercy, and renders their maritime prosperity almost as dependent upon our good pleasure, as that of the Continent is said to be on the good pleasure of France, is a proposition that can scarcely be denied; and though it may be urged that our past conduct has proved us to be incapable of abusing our power to the purposes of malignity or ambition, yet M. Gentz has himself informed us, that every power is dangerous against which there is no other security than the improbability of its being abused, and that no nation should entrust its safety to the presumption of its neighbour's moderation. It is our naval power, we are persuaded, rather than our commercial supremacy, that is the great object of continental jealousy and apprehension; and it is more against our ships of war, and the unrivalled skill and bravery of our seamen, than against our merchantmen and traders, that their fears and animosity are directed. How far these apprehensions are reasonable, or how far this general distrust and prepared hostility may be justified upon the great principles of the balance of power, which M. Gentz has now been engaged in vindicating, are questions upon which we cannot presume to determine. They are questions, however, of such interest and importance that we should wish to see them fairly stated and discussed by the candour and ability

of that writer whose performance we have now been considering. They are out of our department, and very far beyond the sphere of our abilities; and yet we cannot abandon the subject, without suggesting to our readers the few following considerations as grounds of distinction between a naval and military power, and reasons for defending the maritime supremacy of Great Britain, while we look with jealousy and apprehension on the continental greatness of France.

In the *first* place, it is obvious that a maritime power can never endanger the independent *existence* of any other community, nor deprive it of its natural and inherent influence among its neighbours; it can only intercept its commercial greatness by cutting off its *foreign trade.* A maritime power, therefore, is formidable in a much less degree, and is a less reasonable object of general distrust and apprehension.

But, in the *second* place, a maritime power can scarcely have any interest in cutting off the foreign trade or possessions of its neighbours. The ruin of their trade, would be the ruin of its own. Their possessions could not be occupied or retained without land forces; and their mere destruction could have no other effect, than that of diminishing the supply of those articles, the want of which would be felt by a commercial country more than any other.

The habits of a commercial country moreover, must generally be pacific, and war will usually be more injurious to such a country than to any other. Now, no maritime power can render a nation absolutely invulnerable, or insure its superiority against a combination of its enemies; and the risk to which it would be exposed in such a contest is so terrible, that it may fairly be presumed that it will not provoke general hostility by any wanton act of usurpation.

Finally, it ought to be remembered, as the great ground-work of all these distinctions, that maritime power is the natural, peaceful, and necessary result of great commercial prosperity, and that it cannot be effectually diminished without checking that great career of improvement, the benefits and blessings of which are far more extensive and important than any other with which they can be put in competition. The naval strength of a nation consists primarily in the number and the skill of its seamen; and these again depend immediately on the extent of its trade. The trade, therefore, must be diminished before the power can be repressed: But it may well be questioned, if any apprehension of problematical and contingent danger can justify a measure attended with so great and immediate evil. Power acquired by trade should be as sacred among nations, as riches acquired by trade among individuals; and the fear of abuse, from some occasional

excess in either, can never afford an excuse for defrauding industry of its reward, or imposing a check upon that salutary spirit of commercial enterprise which is the main source of all permanent improvements among mankind. Naval power is not naturally a weapon of offence, but an implement of industry; and the emergency must be great and urgent, indeed, that could justify the destruction of so invaluable an implement, because it was capable of being converted into an engine of war. More benefit, in short, is derived to the world at large from the commercial prosperity in which maritime power has its origin, than would be compensated by the additional security which some of its rivals might acquire from the abolition of this power and its foundation. To aim at the humiliation of such power, therefore, is to resist the development of general prosperity; to discourage industry and all peaceful improvement; and to conspire against the felicity of all future generations in every quarter of the world.

ART. II. *Account of the English Colony of New South Wales.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Collins of the Royal Marines. Vol. II. 4to. Cadell & Davies, London.

TO introduce an European population, and consequently the arts and civilization of Europe, into such an untrodden country as New Holland, is to confer a lasting and important benefit upon the world. If man be destined for perpetual activity, and if the proper objects of that activity be, the subjugation of physical difficulties, and of his own dangerous passions, how absurd are those systems which proscribe the acquisitions of science and the restraints of law, and would arrest the progress of man in the rudest and earliest stages of his existence! Indeed, opinions so very extravagant in their nature, must be attributed rather to the wantonness of paradox, than to sober reflection, and extended inquiry.

To suppose the savage state permanent, we must suppose the numbers of those who compose it to be stationary, and the various passions by which men have actually emerged from it to be extinct: and this is to suppose man a very different being from what he really is. To prove such a permanence beneficial (if it were possible) we must have recourse to matter of fact, and judge of the rude state of society, not from the praises of tranquil *literati*, but from the narratives of those who have seen it, through a nearer and better medium than that of imagination. There is an argument, however, for the continuation of evil, drawn from

the ignorance of good; by which it is contended, that to teach men their situation *can* be better, is to teach them that it *is* bad, and to destroy that happiness which always results from an ignorance that any greater happiness is within our reach. All pains and pleasures are clearly by comparison; but the most deplorable savage enjoys a sufficient contrast of good, to know that the grosser evils from which civilization rescues him *are* evils. A New-Hollander seldom passes a year without suffering from famine; the small-pox falls upon him like a plague; he dreads those calamities, though he does not know how to avert them; but, doubtless, would find his happiness increased, if they *were* averted. To deny this, is to suppose that men are reconciled to evils, because they are inevitable; and yet hurricanes, earthquakes, bodily decay, and death, stand highest in the catalogue of human calamities.

Where civilization gives birth to new comparisons unfavourable to savage life, with the information that a greater good is possible, it generally connects the means of attaining it. The savage no sooner becomes ashamed of his nakedness, than the loom is ready to clothe him; the forge prepares for him more perfect tools, when he is disgusted with the awkwardness of his own; his weakness is strengthened, and his wants supplied, as soon as they are discovered; and the use of the discovery is, that it enables him to derive from comparison the best reasons for present happiness. A man born blind, is ignorant of the pleasures of which he is deprived. After the restoration of his sight, his happiness will be increased from two causes;—from the delight he experiences at the novel accession of power, and from the contrast he will always be enabled to make between his two situations, long after the pleasure of novelty has ceased. For these reasons, it is humane to restore him to sight.

But, however beneficial to the general interests of mankind the civilization of barbarous countries may be considered to be, in this particular instance of it, the interest of Great Britain would seem to have been very little consulted. With fanciful schemes of universal good, we have no business to meddle. Why we are to erect penitentiary houses and prisons at the distance of half the diameter of the globe, and to incur the enormous expense of feeding and transporting their inhabitants too, and at such a distance, it is extremely difficult to discover. It certainly is not from any deficiency of barren islands near our own coast, nor of uncultivated wastes in the interior; and if we were sufficiently fortunate to be wanting in such species of accommodation, we might discover in Canada, or the West Indies, or on the coast of Africa, a climate malignant enough, or a soil sufficiently sterile, to revenge all the injuries which

have been inflicted on society by pickpockets, larcenists, and petty felons.—Upon the foundation of a new colony, and especially one peopled by criminals, there is a disposition in government (where the circumstance in the commission of the crime affords the least pretence for the commutation) to convert capital punishments into transportation; and by these means to hold forth a very dangerous, though certainly a very unintentional encouragement to offences. And when the history of the colony has been attentively perused in the parish of St. Giles, the ancient avocation of picking pockets will certainly not become more discreditable, from the knowledge, that it may eventually lead to the possession of a farm of a thousand acres on the river Hawkesbury. Since the benevolent Howard attacked our prisons, incarceration has become not only healthy but elegant; and a country jail is precisely the place to which any pauper might wish to retire to gratify his taste for magnificence, as well as for comfort. Upon the same principle, there is some risk that transportation will be considered as one of the surest roads to honour, and to wealth: and that no felon will hear a verdict of '*not guilty*,' without considering himself as cut off in the fairest career of prosperity. It is foolishly believed that the colony of Botany Bay unites our moral and commercial interests, and that we shall receive hereafter an ample equivalent, in bales of goods, for all the vices we export. Unfortunately, the expense we have incurred in founding the colony, will not retard the natural progress of its emancipation, or prevent the attacks of other nations, who will be as desirous of reaping the fruit, as if they had sown the seed. It is a colony, besides, begun under every possible disadvantage: it is too distant to be long governed, or well defended: it is undertaken, not by the voluntary association of individuals, but by government, and by means of compulsory labour. A nation must, indeed, be redundant in capital, that will expend it where the hopes of a just return are so very small.

It may be a curious consideration, to reflect, what we are to do with this colony when it comes to years of discretion. Are we to spend another hundred millions of money in discovering its strength, and to humble ourselves again before a fresh set of Washingtons and Franklins? The moment after we have suffered such serious mischief from the escape of the old tiger, we are breeding up a young cub, whom we cannot render less ferocious, or more secure. If we are gradually to manumit the colony, as it is more and more capable of protecting itself, the degrees of emancipation, and the periods at which they are to take place, will be judged of very differently by the two nations. But we confess ourselves not to be so

sanguine as to suppose, that a spirited and a commercial people would, in spite of the example of America, ever consent to abandon their sovereignty over an important colony, without a struggle. Endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then become a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism, not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled.

The experiment, however, is not less interesting in a moral, because it is objectionable in a commercial point of view. It is an object of the highest curiosity, thus to have the growth of a nation subjected to our examination; to trace it, by such faithful records, from the first day of its existence; and to gather that knowledge of the progress of human affairs, from actual experience, which is considered to be only accessible to the conjectural reflections of enlightened minds.

Human nature, under very old governments, is so trimmed, and pruned, and ornamented, and led into such a variety of factitious shapes, that we are almost ignorant of the appearance it would assume, if it were left more to itself. From such an experiment as that now before us, we shall be better able to appreciate what circumstances of our situation are owing to those permament laws by which all men are influenced, and what to the accidental positions in which we have been placed. New circumstances will throw new light upon the effects of our religious, political, and economical institutions, if we cause them to be adopted as models in our rising empire; and if we do not, we shall estimate the effects of their presence, by observing those which are produced by their non-existence.

The history of the colony is at present, however, in its least interesting state, on account of the great preponderance of depraved inhabitants, whose crimes and irregularities give a monotony to the narrative, which it cannot lose, till the respectable part of the community come to bear a greater proportion to the criminal.

These Memoirs of Colonel Collins resume the history of the colony from the period at which he concluded it in his former volume, September 1796, and continue it down to August 1801. They are written in the style of a journal, which, though not the most agreeable mode of conveying information, is certainly the most authentic, and contrives to banish the suspicion (and most probably the reality) of the interference of a book-maker—a species of gentlemen who are now almost become necessary to deliver naval and military authors in their literary labours, though they do not always atone, by orthography and grammar,

for the sacrifice of truth and simplicity. Mr. Collins's book is written with great plainness and candour: he appears to be a man always meaning well; of good, plain, common sense; and composed of those well-wearing materials which adapt a person for situations, where genius and refinement would only prove a source of misery and of error.

We shall proceed to lay before our readers an analysis of the most important matter contained in this volume.

The natives in the vicinity of Port-Jackson, stand extremely low, in point of civilization, when compared with many other savages, with whom the discoveries of Captain Cook have made us acquainted. Their notions of religion exceed even that degree of absurdity which we are led to expect in the creed of a barbarous people. In politics, they appear to have scarcely advanced beyond family government. Huts they have none; and, in all their economical inventions, there is a rudeness and deficiency of ingenuity, unpleasant, when contrasted with the instances of dexterity with which the descriptions and importations of our navigators have rendered us so familiar. Their numbers appear to be very small: A fact, at once, indicative either of the ferocity of manners in any people, or more probably of the sterility of their country; but which, in the present instance, proceeds from both these causes.

'Gaining, every day, (says Mr. Collins) some further knowledge of the inhuman habits and customs of these people, their being so thinly scattered through the country ceased to be a matter of surprise. It was almost daily seen, that from some trifling cause or other, they were continually living in a state of warfare: to this must be added their brutal treatment of their women, who are themselves equally destructive to the measure of population, by the horrid and cruel custom of endeavouring to cause a miscarriage, which their female acquaintance effect by pressing the body in such a way, as to destroy the infant in the womb; which violence not unfrequently occasions the death of the unnatural mother also. To this they have recourse, to avoid the trouble of carrying the infant about when born, which, when it is very young, or at the breast, is the duty of the woman. The operation for this destructive purpose is termed Mee-brā. The burying an infant (when at the breast) with the mother, if she should die, is another shocking cause of the thinness of population among them. The fact, that such an operation as the Mee-brā was practised by these wretched people, was communicated by one of the natives to the principal surgeon of the settlement.' pp. 124-25.

It is remarkable, that the same paucity of numbers has been observed in every part of New Holland which has hitherto been explored; and yet there is not the smallest reason to conjecture that the population of it has been very recent; nor do

the people bear any marks of descent from the inhabitants of the numerous islands by which this great continent is surrounded. The force of population can only be resisted by some great physical evils; and many of the causes of this scarcity of human beings, which Mr. Collins refers to the ferocity of the natives, are ultimately referable to the difficulty of support. We have always considered this phenomenon as a symptom extremely unfavourable to the future destinies of this country. It is easy to launch out into eulogiums of the fertility of nature in particular spots; but the most probable reason why a country that has been long inhabited, is not well inhabited, is, that it is not calculated to support many inhabitants without great labour. It is difficult to suppose any other causes powerful enough to resist the impetuous tendency of man, to obey that mandate for increase and multiplication, which has certainly been better observed than any other declaration of the Divine will ever revealed to us.

There appears to be some tendency to civilization, and some tolerable notions of justice, in a practice very similar to our custom of duelling; for duelling, though barbarous in civilized, is a highly civilized institution among barbarous people; and, when compared to assassination, is a prodigious victory gained over human passions. Whoever kills another in the neighbourhood of Botany Bay, is compelled to appear at an appointed day before the friends of the deceased, and to sustain the attacks of their missile weapons. If he is killed, he is deemed to have met with a deserved death; if not, he is considered to have expiated the crime, for the commission of which he was exposed to danger. There is, in this institution, a command over present impulses, a prevention of secrecy in the gratification of revenge, and a wholesome correction of that passion, by the effects of public observation, which evince such a superiority to the mere animal passions of ordinary savages, and form such a contrast to the rest of the history of this people, that it may be considered as altogether an anomalous and inexplicable fact. The natives differ very much in the progress they have made in the arts of economy. Those to the north of Port-Jackson evince a considerable degree of ingenuity and contrivance in the structure of their houses, which are rendered quite impervious to the weather, while the inhabitants of Port-Jackson have no houses at all. At Port-Dalrymple, in Van Diemen's Land, there was every reason to believe the natives were unacquainted with the use of canoes; a fact extremely embarrassing to those who indulge themselves on speculating on the genealogy of nations; because it reduces them to the necessity of supposing, that the progenitors of this insular people swam over from the main land, or that they were aboriginal; a species of dilemma,

which effectually bars all conjecture upon the intermixture of nations. It is painful to learn that the natives have begun to plunder and rob in so very alarming a manner, that it has been repeatedly found necessary to fire upon them; and many have, in consequence, fallen victims to their rashness.

The soil is found to produce coal in vast abundance, salt, lime, very fine iron ore, timber fit for all purposes, excellent flax, and a tree, the bark of which is admirably adapted for cordage. The discovery of coal (which, by the by, we do not believe was ever before discovered so near the line) is probably rather a disadvantage than an advantage; because, as it lies extremely favourable for sea carriage, it may prove to be a cheaper fuel than wood, and thus operate as a discouragement to the clearing of lands. The soil upon the sea coast has not been found to be very productive, though it improves in partial spots in the interior. The climate is healthy, in spite of the prodigious heat of the summer months, at which period the thermometer has been observed to stand in the shade at 107, and the leaves of garden vegetables to fall into dust, as if they had been consumed with fire. But one of the most insuperable defects in New Holland, considered as the future country of a great people, is the want of large rivers penetrating very far into the interior, and navigable for small craft. The Hawkesbury, the largest river yet discovered, is not accessible to boats, for more than twenty miles. This same river occasionally rises above its natural level, to the astonishing height of fifty feet; and has swept away, more than once, the labours and the hopes of the new people exiled to its banks.

The laborious acquisition of any good we have long enjoyed, is apt to be forgotten. We walk and talk, and run and read, without remembering the long and severe labour dedicated to the cultivation of these powers, the formidable obstacles opposed to our progress, or the infinite satisfaction with which we overcame them. He who lives among a civilized people may estimate the labour by which society has been brought into such a state, by reading, in these annals of Botany-Bay, the account of a whole nation exerting itself to new-floor the government house, repair the hospital, or build a wooden receptacle for stores. Yet the time may come, when some Botany-Bay Tacitus shall record the crimes of an Emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valour with which he has led his New-Hollanders into the heart of China. At that period, when the grand Lama is sending to supplicate alliance; when the spice islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs; when enormous tributes of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port-Jackson, and landed on the keys of Sydney, who will ever remember, that the sawing a few planks, and

the knocking together a few nails, were such a serious trial of the energies and resources of the nation?

The government of the colony, after enjoying some little respite from this kind of labour, has began to turn its attention to the coarsest and most necessary species of manufactures, for which their wool appears to be extremely well adapted. The state of stock in the whole settlement, in June 1801, was about 7000 sheep, 1300 head of cattle, 250 horses, and 5000 hogs. There were under cultivation at the same time, between 9 and 10,000 acres of corn. Three years and a half before this, in December 1797, the numbers were as follows— Sheep, 2500; cattle, 350; horses, 100; hogs, 4300; acres of land in cultivation, 4000. The temptation to salt pork, and sell it for Government stores, is probably the reason why the breed of hogs has been so much kept under. The increase of cultivated lands between the two periods is prodigious. It appears (p. 319.) that the whole number of convicts imported between January 1788, and June 1801, (a period of thirteen years and a half,) has been about 5000, of whom 1157 were females. The total amount of the population on the continent, as well as at Norfolk island, amounted, June 1801, to 6500 persons: of these, 766 were children born at Port-Jackson. In the returns from Norfolk island, children are not discriminated from adults. Let us add to the imported population of 5000 convicts, 500 free people, which (if we consider that a regiment of soldiers has been kept up there) is certainly a very small allowance; then, in thirteen years and a half, the imported population has increased only by two thirteenths. If we suppose that something more than a fifth of the free people were women, this will make the total of women 1270; of whom we may fairly presume, that 800 were capable of child-bearing: and if we suppose the children of Norfolk island to bear the same proportion to the adults as at Port-Jackson, their total number at both settlements will be 913:—a state of infantine population which certainly does not justify the very high eulogiums which have been made on the fertility of the female sex in the climate of New Holland.

The Governor, who appears on all occasions to be an extremely well-disposed man, is not quite so conversant in the best writings on political œconomy as we could wish; and indeed (though such knowledge would be extremely serviceable to the interests which this Romulus of the Southern Pole is superintending), it is rather unfair to exact from a superintendant of pickpockets, that he should be a philosopher. In the 18th page, we have the following information respecting the price of labour.

'Some representations having been made to the Governor from the settlers in different parts of the colony, purporting, that the wages demanded by the free labouring people, whom they had occasion to

hire, was so exorbitant as to run away with the greatest part of the profit of their farms, it was recommended to them to appoint quarterly meetings among themselves, to be held in each district, for the purpose of settling the rate of wages to labourers in every different kind of work; that, to this end, a written agreement should be entered into and subscribed by each settler, a breach of which should be punished by a penalty, to be fixed by the general opinion, and made recoverable in a court of civil judicature. It was recommended to them, to apply this forfeiture to the common benefit; and they were to transmit to the head-quarters a copy of their agreement, with the rate of wages which they should from time to time establish, for the Governor's information; holding their first meeting as early as possible.'

And again, at p. 24, the following arrangements on that head are enacted.

'In pursuance of the order which was issued in January last, recommending the settlers to appoint meetings, at which they should fix the rate of wages that it might be proper to pay for the different kinds of labour which their farms should require, the settlers had met, and submitted to the Governor the several resolutions that they had entered into; by which he was enabled to fix a rate that he conceived to be fair and equitable between the farmer and the labourer.

'The following prices of labour were now established, viz.

	£	s.	d.
'Felling forest timber, *per acre.*	0	9	0
Do. in brush ground, do.	0	10	6
Burning off open ground, do.	1	5	0
Do. brush ground, do.	1	10	0
Breaking up new ground, do.	1	4	0
Chipping fresh ground, do.	0	12	3
Chipping in wheat, do.	0	7	0
Breaking up stubble or corn ground, 1¼d. per rod, or do.	0	16	8
Planting Indian corn, do.	0	7	0
Hilling do. do.	0	7	0
Reaping wheat, do.	0	10	0
Thrashing do. per bushel, do.	0	0	9
Pulling and husking Indian corn, per bushel	0	0	6
Splitting paling of seven feet long, per hundred	0	3	0
Do. of five feet long, do.	0	1	6
Sawing plank, do.	0	7	0
Ditching per rod, three feet wide and three feet deep	0	0	10
Carriage of wheat, per bushel, per mile, ...	0	0	2
Do. Indian corn, neat	0	0	3
Yearly wages for labour, with board	10	0	0
Wages per week, with provisions, consisting of 4 lib. of salt pork, or 6 lib. of fresh. and 21 lib. of wheat, with vegetables	0	6	0

A day's wages, with board	0	1	0
Do. without board	0	2	6
A government man allowed to officers or settlers in their own time	0	0	10
Price of an axe	0	2	0
New steeling do.	0	0	6
A new hoe	0	1	9
A sickle	0	1	6
Hire of a boat to carry grain, per day	0	5	0

'The settlers were reminded, that, in order to prevent any kind of dispute between the master and servant, when they should have occasion to hire a man for any length of time, they would find it most convenient to engage him for a quarter, half year, or year, and to make their agreement in writing; on which, should any dispute arise, an appeal to the magistrates would settle it.'

This is all very bad; and if the Governor had cherished the intention of destroying the colony, he could have done nothing more detrimental to its interests. The high price of labour is the very corner-stone on which the prosperity of a new colony depends. It enables the poor man to live with ease; and is the strongest incitement to population, by rendering children rather a source of riches than of poverty. If the same difficulty of subsistence existed in new countries as in old, it is plain that the progress of population would be equally slow in each. The very circumstance which causes the difference is, that, in the latter, there is a competition among the labourers to be employed; and, in the former, a competition among the occupiers of land to obtain labourers. In the one, land is scarce, and men plenty; in the other, men are scarce, and land is plenty. To disturb this natural order of things (a practice injurious to all times) must be particularly so, where the predominant disposition of the colonists is an aversion to labour, produced by a long course of dissolute habits. In such case, the high prices of labour which the Governor was so desirous of abating, bid fair, not only to increase the agricultural prosperity, but to effect the moral reformation of the colony. We observe the same unfortunate ignorance of the elementary principles of commerce, in the attempts of the Governor to reduce the prices of European commodities, by bulletins and authoritative interference, as if there were any other mode of lowering the price of an article (while the demand continues the same) but by increasing its quantity. The avaricious love of gain, which is so feelingly deplored, appears to us a principle which, in able hands, might be guided to the most salutary purposes. The object is, to encourage the love of labour, which is best encouraged by the love of money. We have very

great doubt on the policy of reserving the best timber on the estates as government timber. Such a reservation would probably operate as a check upon the clearing of lands, without attaining the object desired; for the timber, instead of being immediately cleared, would be slowly destroyed, by the neglect or malice of the settlers whose lands it incumbered. Timber is such a drug in new countries, that it is at any time to be purchased for little more than the labour of cutting. To secure a supply of it by vexatious and invidious laws, is surely a work of supererogation and danger. The greatest evil which the government has yet had to contend with, is, the inordinate use of spirituous liquors; a passion, which puts the interests of agriculture at variance with those of morals: for a dram drinker will consume as much corn, in the form of alcohol, in one day, as would supply him with bread for three; and thus, by his vices, opens an admirable market to the industry of a new settlement. The only mode, we believe, of encountering this evil, is by deriving from it such a revenue as will not admit of smuggling. Beyond this, it is almost invincible by authority; and is probably to be cured only by the progressive refinement of manners.

To evince the increasing commerce of the settlement, a list is subjoined of one hundred and forty ships which have arrived there since its first foundation; forty only of which were from England. The colony at Norfolk Island is represented to be in a very deplorable situation, and will most probably be abandoned for one about to be formed on Van Diemen's Land,* though the capital defect of the former settlement has been partly obviated, by the discovery of a harbour for small craft.

The most important and curious information contained in this volume, is the discovery of straits which separate Van Diemen's Land (hitherto considered as its southern extremity) from New Holland. For this discovery, we are indebted to Mr. Bass, a surgeon, after whom the straits have been named, and who was led to a suspicion of their existence by a prodigious swell which he observed to set in from the westward, at the mouth of the opening which he had reached on a voyage of discovery, prosecuted in a common whale-boat. To verify this suspicion, he proceeded afterwards in a vessel of 25 tons, accompanied by Mr.

---

* It is singular, that Government are not more desirous of pushing their settlements rather to the north, than the south of Port-Jackson. The soil and climate would probably improve, in the latitudes nearer the equator; and settlements in that position would be more contiguous to our Indian colonies.

Flinders, a naval gentleman; and, entering the Straits between the latitudes of 39° and 40′ south, actually circumnavigated Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Bass's ideas of the importance of this discovery, we shall give from his narrative, as reported by Mr. Collins.

'The most prominent advantage which seemed likely to accrue to the settlement from this discovery was, the expediting of the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to port Jackson; for although a line drawn from the cape to 44° of south latitude, and to the longitude of the South Cape of Van Diemen's Land, would not sensibly differ from one drawn to the latitude of 40°, to the same longitude; yet it must be allowed, that a ship will be four degrees nearer to Port-Jackson in the latter situation, than it would in the former. But there is, perhaps, a greater advantage to be gained by making a passage through the strait, than the mere saving of four degrees of latitude along the coast. The major part of the ships that have arrived at Port-Jackson have met with N. E. winds on opening the sea round the South Cape, and Cape Pillar, and have been so much retarded by them, that a fourteen days passage to the port is reckoned to be a fair one, although the difference of latitude is but ten degrees, and the most prevailing winds at the latter place are from S. E. to S. in summer, and from W. S. W. to S. in winter. If, by going through Bass Strait, these N. E. winds can be avoided, which in many cases would probably be the case, there is no doubt but a week or more would be gained by it; and the expense, with the wear and tear of a ship for one week, are objects to most owners, more especially when freighted with convicts by the run.

'This strait likewise presents another advantage. From the prevalence of the N. E. and easterly winds off the South Cape, many suppose that a passage may be made from thence to the westward, either to the Cape of Good Hope, or to India; but the fear of the great unknown bight between the South Cape and the S. W. Cape of Lewen's Land, lying in about 35° south and 113° east, has hitherto prevented the trial being made. Now, the strait removes a part of this danger, by presenting a certain place of retreat, should a gale oppose itself to the ship in the first part of the essay; and should the wind come at S. W. she need not fear making a good stretch to the W. N. W. which course, if made good, is within a few degrees of going clear of all. There is besides King George the Third's Sound, discovered by Captain Vancouver, situate in the latitude of 35° 03′ south, and longitude 118° 12′ east; and it is to be hoped, that a few years will disclose many others upon the coast, as well as the confirmation or futility of the conjecture, that a still larger than Bass Strait dismembers New Holland. pp. 192-193.

We learn from a note subjoined to this passage, that in order to verify or refute this conjecture, of the existence of other im-

portant inlets on the west coast of New Holland, Captain Flinders has sailed with two ships under his command, and is said to be accompanied by several professional men of considerable ability.

Such are the most important contents of Mr. Collins's book, the style of which we very much approve, because it appears to be written by himself: and we must repeat again, that nothing can be more injurious to the opinion the public will form of the authenticity of a book of this kind, than the suspicion that it has been trick'd out, and embellished by other hands. Such men, to be sure, have existed as Julius Cæsar; but, in general, a correct and elegant style is hardly attainable by those who have passed their lives in action; and no one has such a pedantic love of good writing, as to prefer mendacious finery to rough and ungrammatical truth. The events which Mr. Collins's book records, we have read with great interest. There is a charm in thus seeing villages, and churches, and farms, rising from a wilderness, where civilized man has never set his foot since the creation of the world. The contrast between fertility and barrenness, population and solitude, activity and indolence, fill the mind with the pleasing images of happiness and increase. Man seems to move in his proper sphere, while he is thus dedicating the powers of his mind and body to reap those rewards which the bountiful Author of all things has assigned to his industry. Neither is it any common enjoyment, to turn for a while from the memory of those distractions which have so recently agitated the Old World; and to reflect, that its very horrors and crimes may have thus prepared a long æra of opulence and peace for a people yet involved in the womb of time.

ART. III. *The Life of Poggio Bracciolini.* By the Reverend William Shepherd. Printed for Cadell & Davies, London. 4to. pp. 487. Liverpool, 1802.

THE too splendid reputation which the 'Life of Lorenzo de Medicis' acquired for its author, has attracted, as might naturally be expected, a crowd of candidates for fame in the same department of literature. The history of the revival of letters, and the memoirs of those who, by their labours, rescued from absolute destruction the monuments of ancient science and art, had hitherto been little handled, except in the pedantic productions of the schools; but the approbation so lavishly bestowed by the public upon Mr. Roscoe's finished performance, soon created a rage for dilating and embellishing, in imitation of him, a subject, which, in its first aspect, assumes so classical an air. But the im-

portance and dignity of these researches have been greatly overrated; and authors of very inferior talents have presumed upon their laborious industry in attempting works which can be recommended to public esteem, almost solely by felicity of execution. An inundation of barbarous names, attached to accounts of civil commotions in the petty states of Italy, or the more frivolous, and therefore more violent dissensions of polemics, is poured before the public, as important history, or valuable learning. The enlightened and scientific philosopher of the present day is called upon to peruse the annals of an ignorant and superstitious age, to study the effusions of scholastic ostentation, and to enlarge his understanding, by contemplating the exploits of monks, in plundering half demolished libraries, and cleansing their mouldy treasures. Even though the private histories of some of the scholars, which those ages produced, had been eminently striking or diversified, the scanty materials which remain to this day are insufficient to display them with advantage. Dry details, interspersed with trifling incidents and silly stories, are eked out into expensive works; which are, however, recommended to the taste and judgment of a very large class of readers, by the beauty of the typography, and the vast expanse of margin.

That the revival of learning in the fifteenth century is an interesting subject in itself; and that, as an epoch in the history of man, it is deserving of contemplation, we very readily admit. The reflecting mind, too, may perhaps with pleasure turn back from the violent political distractions of the present period, to repose upon those remote histories and events, when the dawn of science seemed to promise that the prosperity of nations would now be advanced upon the most enlightened principles, and their tranquillity secured upon the firmest foundations. But these speculations, however amusing, are of inferior moment, and productive of little advantage. It is not from the barbarous ages of the Medicis' that improvements in the modern art of government, or the principles of modern policy are to be derived. Nor is it in those dark and superstitious periods, that we are to search for models of imitation, either in public or in private life. The memoirs of the doubts and difficulties, the vicissitudes of perplexity and illumination, incident to a host of closeted pedants and a few scholars, cannot be accounted very dignified subjects for the pen of the modern historian. They are barren both of instruction and entertainment, and are at best fitted only to amuse the antiquary or the dilettanti. Even the political history of the fifteenth century is scarcely worthy of study, as it consists merely of a succession of civil and ecclesiastical dissensions, tedious by the uniformity of their aspect,

and uninstructive from the rare occurrence of great counsels, or great events. And, assuredly, they who have beheld the tremendous convulsions, and gigantic revolutions which late years have brought forth, cannot but look down with an indifference, mingled perhaps with contempt, upon the petty disputes of popes and cardinals.

The work under review merits a considerable share of the censure we have bestowed upon those productions in general, which overrate the characters and exploits of the restorers of learning. It challenges censure too, as a performance (for which there were few materials of interesting biography, or instructive history) eked out by tedious details of pontifical and state affairs, in which the subject of the memoirs had little concern, and from which the reader can derive little amusement. In truth, Poggio Bracciolini does not form the striking figure of the work; nor does his history shew, that he was peculiarly distinguished above the other scholars of the revival. Though he filled an important public office, he rarely appears active in public life; and, amidst the distractions of a turbulent period, he seems to have indulged himself in a prudent or contemptible quietude. The scanty records of his private life are hardly sufficient to keep alive the interest of the reader in his personal affairs, through so long a narration, and so crowded a detail of popes and prelates. The points of view in which Poggio most engages our attention, and solicits our admiration, are in his industrious and successful labours, as a Restorer of letters, and in his learning and classical accomplishments as a Scholar. To his skill and assiduity we are indebted for the preservation of some of the most valuable productions of the Roman authors. His searches for ancient manuscripts and precious reliques were attended with singular good fortune; and his zeal in the cause, highly meritorious in himself, promoted in no small degree the useful exertions of others. He was likewise active in disseminating amongst his countrymen the love of literature; and persevered in his own studies to the last period of a very long life. As a scholar, Poggio certainly merits high encomiums; and the more so, that in an age when classical learning was not very easy of acquisition, and when bigotry and pedantry were the ordinary produce of the closet, he contrived to accomplish himself in all the departments of literature, and to imbibe in some degree the liberal spirit of his ancient masters.

But our author seems to have cherished a veneration for the subject of his memoirs, which neither his talents, nor the services which he rendered to the world, can authorize. The plundering of monastic libraries, the searching collections of

manuscripts mouldering under heaps of ruins, and the discovering those lights which have since illuminated a great portion of the globe, sound as mighty exploits in the ears of the vulgar and superficial. Even the cultivated admirer of Old Rome views with fond partiality those achievements, gilded as they are by the distance of four centuries. But, in truth, the talents required and exercised in these occupations are of no very high order: nor, at the same time, are we to consider Poggio and his associates as possessed of some rare and transcendent endowments, which peculiarly enabled them to effect the restoration of letters. That event must be 'considered as a step in the natural history of man,' to which the preceding circumstances of progressive improvement and growing curiosity had led the way, and which must have developed itself about this period, had Poggio and his circle of classical compeers directed their labours to other objects. We have deemed it proper to premise these remarks, that the nature and importance of those studies, which it is at present a good deal the fashion to exalt, may be fairly estimated, and the rank which they are entitled to hold duly ascertained. It is high time to arrest the progress of that rage, which has a rapid tendency to pervert the judgment, and debauch the taste of a very large class of readers, admirers, and critics. Let the press no longer groan under a weight of useless lumber, treasured up as valuable knowledge, and of absurd anecdotes, collected and preserved as precious reliques. The manes of the departed restorers have long ago been appeased, by the ample tributes of applause which all ages have paid to their labours. Let us not, in the nineteeth century, deify monks of the fifteenth, when the present age furnishes subjects infinitely more worthy of those immortal honours.

'Poggio, the son of Guccio Bracciolini, was born in the year 1380 at Terranuova, a small town situated in the territory of the republic of Florence, not far from Arezzo.' After informing us, by a pompous circumlocution, that nothing is known of his grandfather, the author proceeds to relate, that from his father (who exercised the office of notary) Poggio 'inherited no advantages of rank or fortune.' It is probable, therefore, that he was induced to enter upon his literary pursuits, as the road both to emolument and distinction. He studied at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, with ardour and success. And he appears early to have distinguished himself, by the amiableness of his dispositions, and by the warmth and sincerity of his friendships. The first and second chapters of this work present us with few particulars of his life. The hero of the piece is thrown into the

back-ground, to make way for a long procession of contending pontiffs, and factious demagogues. In the latter chapter, however, some amends is made, by the introduction of two very interesting epistles, or rather essays of Poggio's: one describing the customs and amusements of Baden, a German watering-place in the neighbourhood of the Rhine; the other, reciting an account of the trial, or rather the impeachment, conviction, and execution of Jerome of Prague. Both compositions display considerable powers; the former exhibits an elegant, cheerful, and versatile mind; the latter, a liberal spirit and manly understanding. The next chapter details his industrious and successful searches for ancient MSS. the invaluable remains of Roman learning. Assisted by some friends equally zealous with himself, he brought to light a complete copy of Quintilian, part of the Argonautics of Valerius Flaccus, and Asconius Pedianus's comment on Eight of Cicero's Orations. He discovered, in the course of various journies, many of Cicero's orations, 'the poem of Silius Italicus, Lactantius's treatise *De ira Dei et opificio hominis*, Vegetius *De re Militari*, Nonius Marcellus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Lucretius, Columella, and Tertullian.' Poggio likewise sent Nicolas of Treves upon journies of research to the monasteries of Germany; and he had the good fortune to bring back with him Twelve of the Comedies of Plautus, and a fragment of Aulus Gellius. At this period, many scholars were engaged in the same pursuit; and, in the course of a very short time, was effected the most astonishing revolution in literature and civilization that the world had ever witnessed.

It appears from the narration, that Poggio, like most literary adventurers, met with the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune; that he was happy in the patronage and assistance of some great men, and harassed by the discouragements of others. About the year 1418, Poggio made a visit to England, by invitation from Beaufort, at that time Bishop of Winchester. Our author conducts his hero thither in great state, and sensibly sympathizes in the mortification which he experienced, at the indifferent reception he met with from that ambitious and intriguing prelate. The author here takes the opportunity of digressing upon the causes of the ignorance and barbarism which prevailed in England at that period; and then returns with Poggio to Italy; not, however, without duly apprizing the reader, 'that of the incidents of his journey, no record appears in his works.' The incidents thrown in, to relieve the barrenness of this chapter, are, a tale about a mistress, (which did not merit relation, either by the singularity of the circumstances, or the connexion which it holds with the main subject;) and a

jest upon an Irish sea captain, the merit of which we have not been able to discover. The latter, however, is introduced with a mock heroic gravity, under the sanction of Poggio's authority, who had inserted it in his lamentable work, entitled *Facetiæ.*

The year 1420 witnessed the final settlement of the dissensions and contests respecting the pontificate. In Martin the Fifth, all parties agreed to recognize the true successor to the Papal throne. About this time, Poggio was advanced by Cardinal St. Eusebius to the office of Secretary. Our author next represents Poggio as exercising the amiable office of mediator and peacemaker between Leonardo Aretino and Niccolo Niccoli; in which, after infinite pains, he is at last successful. In the year 1429, he offered to public notice his first literary production, a 'Dialogue on Avarice,' which seems to possess considerable merit. In an age of bigoted reverence for every one who professed sanctity, and of jealousy and fear of whatever tended to weaken the superstitious prejudices of the day, the man who boldly arraigned the vices of the clergy, and pursued the voluptuous and selfish monks into their cloistered retreat, for the purpose of exposing their enormities, merited no mean praise; and to these was Poggio fairly entitled. His situation gave him ample opportunities of witnessing the criminal indulgences and excesses which were practised by men habited in the garb of religion, and professing abstemiousness of life, and austerity of manners; and, in opposition to the earnest and repeated entreaties of his more prudent friends, he embraced every opportunity of fearlessly expressing his detestation of them.

The fifth chapter contains a long, and not very interesting detail of the contentions carried on between Pope Eugenius IV. and the Council of Basil, headed by Angelotto, Cardinal of St. Mark. In the end, Eugenius is forced from his throne, and obliged to fly to Florence; whither Poggio, in attempting to follow him, is captured, and for some time detained in confinement. By the payment of a ransom, which his pecuniary circumstances rendered very oppressive, he is set free, and finally, accomplishes his retreat to Florence. Poggio's residence in Florence naturally introduces some account of the illustrious family of Medicis. And our author quits this subject, to detail a fierce quarrel and lampoon war which took place between Poggio and Filelfo, in which they seem to have vied with each other in inventing falsehoods of the blackest nature, and in disgracing their pages by the most malevolent, indecent, and filthy calumnies. Filelfo, who was a public teacher, appears not to have been destitute of talents, but scurrilous and inveterate to the last degree. A long extract is quoted from his satire, and translated in a style which

does too much honour to the original. Poggio was content to reply in prose, and the contest between two of the most learned men of the age, was thus conducted, no doubt, to the amusement of their contemporaries, but to the lasting disgrace of both parties with posterity.

In the seventh chapter, our author conducts into retreat, somewhat too pompously and pathetically, a man who does not appear ever to have greatly distinguished himself in public life. From the preceding part of his history, the reader would naturally conclude, that the greatest part of Poggio's time had been devoted to his studies, or to his searches for MSS. in monasteries and secluded places. His retirement to a villa which he purchased in the delightful district of Valdarno, might therefore have been announced with less parade, as it was indeed only a continuation of his very private life. The taste and curiosity of Poggio had led him to pay considerable attention to statuary; and in his travels, he had not neglected to procure some fine specimens of ancient skill in this art. His mansion and gardens were adorned by an elegant distribution of busts and statues; and it seemed his favourite object to draw together all the literati of his day, to admire his collection, and to enjoy the pleasures of classical conversation.

To this account of Poggio's occupations, succeeds the detail of his marriage, which confers on him no new title to praise, and the recital of which borders upon the disgusting. It is sufficient to say, that at the age of fifty-five, he married a young lady of honourable family in her eighteenth year; and that to this alliance he sacrificed a mistress, by whom he had had twelve sons and two daughters, and set aside a bull of legitimacy, which he had procured for them, in order that they might be enabled to inherit his fortune. This anecdote is certainly the principal feature of his private life; and we are inclined to think it a sufficient proof that such a life need not have been recorded. Not long after this event (1437,) his friend Niccolo Niccoli died, and Poggio composed and published his funeral eulogium. The extracts which the author presents to the reader, exhibit some eloquence and pathos.

The eighth chapter is almost entirely taken up by a tedious recital of the dissensions between the Greek and the Roman churches, and between the Pontiff Eugenius and the Emperor of Milan. It concludes with the cursory review of a literary performance of Poggio's, 'A Dialogue on Nobility.' Lorenzo de Medicis and Niccolo Niccoli are the interlocutors, and the scene of the discussion is laid in Poggio's gardens. Such arguments appear at the present day trifling and unimportant. To

ascertain the precise meaning of the word *nobility* (upon which the principal part of the discussion rested), a term which varies with the customs of every different nation, if it were possible, would be useless; and to dispute whether it *ought* to signify pre-eminence in wealth, power, or virtue, is to quibble upon what all are agreed, that the highest species of nobility unites all the three. Any subject, however, may, to a well-furnished mind, afford occasion for the display of taste, sentiment, and even acuteness. But what shall we say of the dilettante who could seriously compose a formal dissertation on the question, 'Whether the master of a feast ought to thank his guests for the honour of their company, or whether the guests should express their gratitude to their host for his hospitality?' p. 448. We agree with our biographer, that this must have been a very '*whimsical*' manner of person.

The ninth and tenth chapters conduct the reader through a series of pontifical and state affairs. Poggio, as we before observed, never appears in the fore ground of the picture. A circumstance which induces the reader either to lower his estimation of the subject, or to censure the author of his life, for interweaving with private biography, so great a mass of public and irrelevant matter. It is not improbable, however, that Poggio took a more active part in state business, than the scanty materials of his history enable us now to ascertain. In the latter of these chapters, are many extracts from his occasional compositions, translated with our author's usual felicity, several of which are interesting and amusing.

The concluding chapter commences with Poggio's elevation to the Chancellorship of Florence, A. D. 1453. At the same time, he was chosen one of the *Priori degli arti*. These offices he held till his death, which happened on the 30th of October 1459. He continued, even in his very old age, that unremitting assiduity in his studies which he had all along pursued; and seems to have concluded his career in the dignified possession of universal respect, and in the tranquil enjoyment of social and domestic comforts. His last literary production was a History of Florence, a work of some value, and in high esteem amongst his countrymen.

Upon the whole, we are of opinion, that the 'Life of Poggio Bracciolini' displays some ingenuity, and powers of composition. To the mere English reader, however, it cannot be very interesting or instructive, as the narration is not sufficiently diversified to amuse, nor the political history sufficiently important to enlighten. Even for the perusal of the scholar, it is in many parts ponderous; a fault not solely proceeding from the nature of the subject, but, in a very great measure, resting with the author,

who has injudiciously swelled into a quarto, materials that would have better suited the size of a small octavo. We have to regret, that the author did not introduce into his work more specimens of Poggio's Latin compositions, and some of his Italian, which, however, we know nothing about.

Of Mr. Shepherd's style, we hardly know what judgment to give. It is, for the most part, elegant and classical; but too much laboured, and in many places ludicrously pompous upon a trivial subject, or a hackneyed sentiment. For instances of these, we refer the reader particularly to pages 476, 477. Many similar specimens of false taste may be found scattered throughout the performance. Some of these are so amusing, that we cannot forbear gratifying our readers with a sample, while we suppress many examples of dulness, which could only fatigue and disgust.

In p. 475, we are introduced to the author of the '*Art of Love*,' under the title of the '*Amiable Ovid*.' Unless this epithet is a wretched pun (imitated, perhaps, from Poggio's Jest-book), it is ludicrously false. This jest-book of Poggio, indeed, frequently appears in Mr. Shepherd's narrative, and is the occasion of an elaborate and impassionate defence of jest-books in general. In the following passage, the '*fancy*' is mistaken for the *diaphragm* or the *epiglottis*, or whatever part of the body is the seat of laughter; and a book is curiously termed the '*representative*' of its author. It would have been more intelligible, though less uncommon, to have called it 'the work of its author.'

'The idle and the dissipated are pleased with a sally of hilarity, which gives a stimulus to their fancy; and they who are habituated to study, or who are fatigued by the more weighty concerns of life, are happy to enjoy an opportunity of occasional relaxation. As a vehicle of sentiment, a book may be considered as the representative of its author; and in a world of anxiety and trouble, he who is endued with the happy talent of causing the wrinkle of care to give place to the pleasing convulsion of mirth, will find few circles of society in which he is not a welcome guest.' pp. 446-7.

In the passage immediately following, we meet with a grotesque and fantastic group of patriots. Poggio '*aims a thrust at Filelfo*'—in a tale. At this ridiculous pass, '*gravity*,' who happens to be on the spot, '*has her steady* countenance' visibly '*disturbed*,' and her relative '*strictest severity*' falls a '*smiling*' at the '*indelicate*' part to which Poggio's stroke is directed. Filelfo, in his distress, is introduced, invoking a being whose existence is entirely new to us—the Muse of Satire; and the friends of both these 'redoubted champions' then interfere to make up the matter.

In p. 277, our author gives us a parallel between prose and poetical invective. The former, he ingeniously terms 'a ponderous mace, the unmanageable weight of which is the best security of him at whom the blow is aimed.' We do not desire Mr. Shepherd to read Hottoman's Antitribonianus; but we envy him the pleasure that awaits him, when he shall have the curiosity to turn from the age of Eugenius IV. to the times of George III., and take a look at '*the ponderous maces*' which Wilkes and Junius aimed at the devoted heads of the Butes, the Graftons, and the Bedfords.

With the indecent details of pages 266 7 & 8, excused by no necessity, and redeemed by no spark of genius or merit of any species, we have been so disgusted, that we entreat the Reverend Author (if his work shall see another edition) to veil, in some foreign tongue, so odious a collection of images, if he cannot prevail upon himself to cleanse his page of them altogether.

The whole of p. 235 & 6, is absurdly pompous and empty. The following exclamation is not very novel; yet we really do not remember ever having seen it in a book before. 'How frequently do events demonstrate the fallaciousness of human expectations!'

In p. 198, the author is prompted, evidently by the same love of truth which dictated the last sentence, to inform us, that 'a mind irritated by disappointment and disgrace, is but ill prepared to bear with patience the lashes of satyric wit.' Perhaps, the most delicate part of the historian's task is, the skilful introduction of those general observations which at once diversify the narrative, and smooth the different joinings of its parts. But, alas! such observations as Mr. Shepherd's, though abundantly general, and unquestionably true, tend only to render the narration more heavy: they are as little worthy of enunciation, as the facts which they connect are deserving of record: they preserve indeed that unbroken consistency of insipidity, which the weary reader of Poggio's life so often deplores, and which often forces from him a wish that Horace had never said,

'*Qualis ab incepto,*' &c.

At the same time, we must remark, that in many parts of this work we meet with successful attempts at fine writing.

For the benefit of our readers, we shall quote the character of Pope Nicolas V.

'Nicolas V. was one of the brightest ornaments of the pontifical throne. In the exercise of authority over the ecclesiastical dominions,

he exhibited a happy union of the virtues of gentleness and firmness. Purely disinterested in his views, he did not lavish upon his relatives the wealth which the prudent administration of his finances poured into his coffers; but appropriated the revenues of the church to the promotion of its dignity. The gorgeous solemnity which graced his performance of religious rites, evinced his attention to decorum, and the grandeur of his taste, in the superb edifices which were erected under his auspices, the admiring spectator beheld the revival of ancient magnificence. As the founder of the Vatican library, he claims the homage of the lovers of classic literature. His court was the resort of the learned, who found in him a discriminating patron, and a generous benefactor. It was the subject of general regret, that the brief term of his pontificate prevented the maturing of the mighty plans which he had conceived for the encouragement of the liberal arts. When his lifeless remains were consigned to the grave, the friends of peace lamented the premature fate of a pontiff, who had assiduously laboured to secure the tranquillity of Italy; and they who were sensible of the charms of enlightened piety, regretted the loss of a true father of the faithful, who had dedicated his splendid talents to the promotion of the temporal, as well as the spiritual welfare of the Christian Community.' p. 462-3.

As a specimen of the author's talents for versification, we shall favour the reader with the following extract from the translation of Filelfo's satire on Poggio.

'Poggio! ere long thy babbling tongue shall feel
The keen impression of the trenchant steel;
That tongue, the herald of malicious lies,
That sheds its venom on the good and wise.
What mighty master in detraction's school
Thus into knavery has matur'd a fool?
Has Niccolo—that scandal of the times,
Taught thee to dare the last extreme of crimes!
Yes! taught by Niccolo, thou spread'st thy rage
O'er the wide area of thy feeble page.
Fain wouldst thou pour the torrent of thine ire
From lips that glow with all a Tully's fire;
But thy weak nerves, by pale debauch unstrung,
Thy half formed accents tremble on thy tongue.'

One curious circumstance, which must strike every reader of this history, we cannot avoid remarking: It is the frequent mention that occurs of young students becoming, at the age of eighteen, public instructors and lecturers in the two most learned cities of the world at that period. It serves to mark the manners, and the cultivation, in respect of letters, to which the Ita-

lians had then arrived. It may suggest likewise this reflection, that if dignified and momentous subjects for history be required, we need look only to our own times for ample scope and abundant materials; where the politician may cultivate and enlarge his science, and the moralist learn to ascertain the proper objects and most important duties of human life. In this age, the public would be more edified by dwelling upon the characters of a Washington, a Burke, or a Pitt, than a Poggio, or even a Lorenzo de Medicis. And for eminent examples in private life, we need not assuredly turn to a period, when superstition chained down a great part of mankind to absurd observances and useless duties, when manners had not yet been systematized into decorum, and when morals were guarded only by loose rhetorical precepts, and a religion that held out its sanctions in one hand, and its dispensations in the other.

ART. IV. *Accounts of the Egyptian Expedition.*

State of Egypt after the Battle of Heliopolis. By General Reynier. 1802. Robinson.

History of the British Expedition in Egypt. By Sir R. T. Wilson. 4to. Egerton. 1803.

Walsh's *Journal of the Campaign in Egypt.* 4to. Cadell & Davies. 1803.

Journal of the Forces which sailed from the Downs in April 1800, till their arrival in Minorca; and of their subsequent Transactions, till the Reduction of Alexandria. By Æneas Anderson. Debrett. 4to. 1802.

TO avoid unpleasant repetition, we have preferred including the above-mentioned articles under one head; and, by this means, we shall also be enabled to correct errors, to refute misrepresentation, and to give additional confirmation to narrative that is really accurate and candid. Military authors, who have themselves participated in the actions which they relate, are too strongly under the influence of personal glory, to preserve a steady impartiality in their relations. The feeling of personal glory is exasperated again by national vanity, an amiable (perhaps, an useful) weakness, from which few understandings can claim an exemption. Neither is it any degradation of the military character, to suppose that some degree of asperity may still pursue the me-

mory of men, whom honour and duty have urged their opponents to destroy and to harass, and who, in their turn, have endeavoured to inflict all the evils by which they have been threatened.

The public are now in possession of sufficiently ample materials, to enable them to form a very correct notion of the campaign in Egypt. The whole period of its duration was short, and the operations so few and so simple, that it is matter of some surprise they were protracted even for the length of time to which they really did extend. It happens fortunately, too, for the interests of truth, that the military character of the English has been severely questioned by General Reynier, and warmly defended by Sir Robert Wilson: so that, in those points in which they differ, by knowing the extremes, we may deduce a fair medium, and admit every important fact, redounding to the credit of one party, and uncontradicted by the other, with the utmost confidence in its veracity. Before we appeal to these four publications as documents, it will be proper to estimate the value of each.

The best of the English accounts is certainly that of Sir Robert Wilson. Of the style we say nothing; and, in fact, it is of very little importance. The narrative is extremely full, and very entertaining. The military questions on the conduct of the campaign, are rationally and intelligibly discussed; the French are spoken of with a very commendable liberality; and, considering that it is partly a book of controversy, the candour with which it is conducted, is, upon the whole, extremely creditable to its author.

Mr. Walsh's book is plain and perspicuous, but rather jejune. It is a barren summary of events, which affixes the thing done to the corresponding day in the almanack, without pausing to expatiate and explain, or gratify a curiosity wound up to the highest, by novelty of glory, and novelty of scene. The life of a soldier in actual service, the habits, and interior perspective of an army, are so interesting, and so unknown to men who pass their lives by their fire side, that we have often lamented this unamusing brevity of military writers, and desiderated an annalist with some genius for anecdote, and some talents for description. Though Mr. Walsh is somewhat dry and succinct, he does not derive that accuracy from the absence of imagination, which is commonly supposed to atone for the deficiency. We shall have occasion, in the progress of the narrative, to remark some errors into which he has fallen, in his enumeration of forces. Too much praise cannot be given to the elegance and perspicuity of his topographical charts, and military plans. The book itself is a good specimen of the effect of luxury, in raising the price of knowledge. In its present state, it cannot sell for less than three or four guineas, though all the narrative might be printed on good paper, and in a legible type, for tenpence.

Mr. Æneas Anderson we only mention, to evince our willingness to consult every book upon the subject by which we are occupied. It may be pronounced to be a wanton deterioration of the Morning Post; and will certainly never elevate Mr. Æneas Anderson to those heights of fame, which his pious and erratic Synonim declares himself to have reached.

Sum pius Æneas, fama super æthera notus. VIRGIL.

General Reynier's book is the production of a man very superior to any of the preceding writers. His observations on the state of society in Egypt, the politics of that country, its revenue, its physical state, the mode of attacking or defending it, evince him to possess an understanding of an high cast, and entitle his book to the praise of being very superior to all others which have been written on the subject of Egypt since the French invasion. One of the principal objects of the military part of the book, is the depreciation of General Menou; yet it cannot by any means be considered as an attack made merely in the spirit of party. He allows to him some good qualities, particularly praises his disinterestedness; and, in his attack upon that officer's military character, appears to be so entirely borne out by matter of fact, that we are strongly inclined to subscribe to the fairness of his motives in making it. His criticisms on the military operations of the English, are very uncandid in some subordinate points. If they are not just in the more material parts, they are at least such as we are unable to answer; of this inability, his opponent Sir Robert Wilson partakes in common with ourselves; and to him, certainly, no deficiency of zeal can be imputed.

Egypt is accessible to an enemy on the north, the north-east, and the east, by the Mediterranean, the Syrian desert, and the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea. On the northern coast, there are only two or three spots (Alexandria, Aboukir Bay, and the Arabs Tower) accessible to invasion. The bars, both at Rosetta and Damietta, are hardly passable for small craft; and these are the only two remaining mouths of the Nile. The passage of a large army over either the Syrian or the Eastern desert, would be attended with great difficulty, from the want of water, as well as from the extraordinary apparatus of camels, which it would be necessary to collect. To the east, Egypt is bordered by the Arabs of the desert: to the south, Upper Egypt, only a few miles broad, stretches on for an immense distance in length, towards Nubia; and, from the high mountains to which it is limited on both sides, presents a most defensible aspect to any irruption with which it may be menaced from that quarter. The only sea-ports with which Egypt has any communication, are Cossir and Suez on the Red Sea, and Alexandria on the Me-

diterranean. Both the former sea-ports are very bad; Suez is utterly devoid of fresh water: Alexandria, though now almost insulated by the repletion of Lake Mareotis, is undoubtedly the key of Egypt to any European power.

Military operations can only be carried on in Egypt for about seven months in the year. The swelling of the Nile begins in the summer solstice, and reaches its greatest extent in the autumnal equinox, when, having displayed its grandeur for a few days, it begins to subside. Its rise and fall happen earlier or later, by fifteen days, or sometimes even a month; but it may be established as a rule, that Lower Egypt is passable from the beginning of February to the end of August. None but the great branches, at this time, contain water; and, on them, may always be found boats for passage. It is possible, during the other months, to march on the borders of the desert; but the villages in that quarter are by no means able to supply those wants which an army must experience after the passage of the desert.

At the time of our arrival in Egypt, the force of the Mamelukes seems to have been almost subdued. The Arabs, after their manner, trafficked with both parties, and waited for the termination of the contest, to side with the strongest. The French, dispirited with the flight of Bonaparte, and the assassination of Kleber, appear to have fallen under the command of a man extremely inferior to his predecessors in military talents and experience, and who, if he did not foment the parties into which his army was divided at the time of our landing, certainly had not influence enough to overawe them.

The French had made very little progress in the fortifications of Egypt. General Reynier complains of the want of wood and of tools, a great quantity of which were lost with the fleet. He observes, that the troops, worn out with change of climate and perpetual marches, and entirely deprived of spirituous liquors, were with difficulty brought to work at the fortifications, and hardly tempted to do so even by excessive prices.

'A very erroneous idea (says the General) will be formed of the fortifications constructed in Egypt, if the reader applies to them what is understood in Europe by the words strong place, fort, military post, &c. What I have said before of the obstacles that were to be surmounted, is always to be called to mind. The French had to create a new kind of fortifications and works applicable to the country, consistent with the materials that could be obtained, and relative to the several kinds of attack which might be expected. The engineer officers cannot be too highly praised for having effected as much as they did within the space of three years.

'Houses, or the remains of ancient works, with the addition of a battlement, and mounted with a few pieces of cannon, small towers sur-

mounted with a terrace, and one or two pieces of cannon, formed posts in which twenty French soldiers fearlessly expected and repulsed all the attacks of the enemy's cavalry, or the insurrections of multitudes, sometimes aided by artillery, although ill served. Many of the posts which I have called forts, were of this kind. Provision and ammunition for a garrison, as well as such as were stored up for the army, were deposited in magazines constructed within these forts, or built against them, and protected by them.

'To cover these posts, in some degree, from the fire of artillery, sometimes they were surrounded with a parapet or covered way, in which case they formed redoubts; and, to attack them with success, the enemy must have gained some ground, and established a battery on the glacis. This plan was adopted for Salahieh, which, by a sucession of works, might have been converted into a regular fortress.

'Ancient castles, round which there was no time to sink ditches, and to construct lined counterscarps, bore the name of forts. These forts could not of course resist artillery: the greater number of them were merely field redoubts, which the French had scarcely begun to line, and were without counterscarp.

'Most of these works were surrounded with palm trees, ruins, mounds of sand, &c. which rendered the approaches to them easy, and from which they could not be disengaged. All these inconveniencies were united at Alexandria. The works of that place, although dispersed over a large circuit, reciprocally supported each other; but the approaches were easy, and many important points were necessarily neglected, to strengthen the principal works. Latterly, neither the money nor the hands were given to these works which ought to have been sacredly reserved for them; and Alexandria was not in a condition to resist more than eight days against a regular attack.' p. 35–37.

This account of the fortifications of Alexandria, is fully confirmed by Mr. Walsh, p. 229, and not denied by Sir Robert Wilson. In like manner, Reynier's account of the weakness of the fortifications at Cairo, are confirmed by Walsh, and not disputed by Sir Robert. Such was the state of the fortifications of the only two important towns in Egypt. The number of French fighting men in Egypt, at the time of our arrival, are stated to be, by Reynier, 24,732, and 1128 Greek and Copt auxiliaries; by Walsh, 20,950, p. 124, (Appendix); by Sir Robert Wilson, 32,000. The average of these three accounts, two of which are English, gives, in round numbers, 26,000 Frenchmen.* The

* This includes sailors acting with the army, commissioned and non-commissioned officers, sick military, the artillery cavalry, and every description of persons attached to the army. We follow the same mode of calculation in speaking of the English army, except where we use the expression *rank and file*.

number of English is stated by Reynier, to have been 23,000; by Walsh and Sir Robert Wilson, admitted to have been about 26,000; * to which ought to be added at least 1000 sailors employed in the gun-boats on the sea-coast, flanking the army on Lakes Mareotis and Aboukir, and on the Nile. The corps of the Capitan Pacha is admitted on all sides, to have amounted to about 6000 men; the Indian army to the same number; the army of the Grand Visier to about 16,000 men, exclusive of a vast number of irregular troops.—The Indian army did not arrive till after the conclusion of the campaign.

The plans for the conduct of the campaign, suggested by General Reynier to Menou, is contained in the following extract of Reynier's letter.

'LETTER from General REYNIER to General MENOU.

"Cairo, the 13 of Ventose, 9th year,
(*the 4th of March* 1801.)

"YOU have sent me, Citizen General, orders to march to Belbeis with two demi-brigades, taking with me General Robin; and I shall execute your orders, because the first duty of a soldier is to obey. But the interest of the army constrains me to make some observations, which you will listen to with candour. I am ordered to defend the frontier which may be attacked by the Visir. But in our circumstances it appears to me, that the frontier ought for the present to be left to itself. The Visir is arrived, or expected at El-Arish; but it is not probable that he will march before he hears of the success of the English. His preparations to pass the desert are not completed; and he will do no more than to push some parties to Katieh, or perhaps a little further. If he should attack Salahieh, that place is in a condition to hold out till it can be succoured. While we engage the English, he will push, perhaps, some troops to Belbeis and Cairo; but that is less dangerous than to give the English opportunity to make any progress.

"The army, which is to attempt a landing at Aboukir, must amount to between 10 and 12,000 men. If General Friant has not been able to prevent their debarkation, he must at this moment be shut up in Alexandria; and to meet the English with hopes of success, we have occasion for the whole of our disposable force.

---

* This number includes the reinforcements that arrived from *Europe* after the battle of the 21st. Mr. Walsh, in his estimate, No. 29, compares only the *rank and file* of the British army with the gross amount of the French military; and, even in that comparison, omits all the English cavalry, artillery, and marines, amounting to above 2000 rank and file. His statement, as quoted in the text, is taken from his Appendix, No. 36, to the *items* of which he has not attended, in giving his general result in the Appendix, No. 29, before quoted.

"At the time of the landing of the Turks at Aboukir, Bonaparte left at Belbeis and Salahieh no more than a hundred men, a very few troops at Damietta, and a very small garrison at Cairo. He concentrated the army to march to Aboukir. Our situation is similar; and we ought to make like dispositions. It is most especially in this army, that the great maxim of war should be practised, to supply the want of numbers by the rapidity of movements.

"I am of opinion, that it would be proper to march my division, with all the disposable troops, to Alexandria.

"The garrison of Salahieh is more than sufficient to its purposes. I will throw a small reinforcement into Belbeis. Dromedaries will reconnoitre the desert; and I will leave the necessary instructions to the commanding officers of the above places." pp. 236, 237.

Fortunately for the English, this plan of the campaign was rejected. The troops were divided; a considerable body sent to oppose the Turks; and by these means every facility given to the first operations of the English. The event completely justified General Reynier's predictions. The Turks did not arrive on the confines of habitable Egypt till the 27th of April, fifty days after the landing of the English, who, both on their landing, and on the battle of the 13th, were attacked only by the half of their own numbers, and on the 21st, by a force rather inferior to their own. In the battle of the 13th, by the English accounts, their own army consisted of about 14,000 rank and file, who, they admit, were opposed by only 6000 French, with the loss, nevertheless, by their own admission, of 1300 men. We have the highest opinion of the courage of our countrymen; but we cannot avoid thinking, that the event would have been extremely problematical, if the whole French army, with their numerous train of artillery, and their great superiority in cavalry, had been brought down to the coast, before their opponents could have gained time to organize and arrange their forces.

General Reynier imputes to both English and French a want of enterprise. We have not the smallest pretensions to military knowledge; but the facts upon which he grounds these animadversions do certainly *appear* to us to warrant his conclusions;—not that we have received these facts upon General Reynier's assertions; but, after having compared his accounts with those of the opposite party, we have satisfied ourselves, that he is in general an accurate writer; and that he by no means merits those invectives which Sir Robert Wilson so liberally bestows upon him.

The charges against the English are thus summed up at the conclusion of his work:

'The only military operation that does honour to the English is their debarkation; and the success of that they owe to their fleet; for 6000 men that they threw at once upon the coast were checked by 1700, forced to watch at the same time over the whole extent of the Bay of Aboukir, and consequently incapable of acting together at the point of attack.

'The English army after its landing did not attempt to approach Alexandria till the 2d of Ventose. There they ought to have found the whole French army concentrated; but they found only 4000 men; who nevertheless disputed the ground, intimidating them to such a degree, that they dared not attack the town; and, far from availing themselves of their advantages, stood on the defensive, and entrenched themselves.

'On the 30th of Ventose the French marched out to attack them, in a strong and narrow position, time to fortify which had been given them. Gun-boats on the Sea and Lake Maadieh covered their flanks. Their troops were double in number. The darkness of the night, and the death of several commanding officers, threw disorder into the French army; and the Commander in Chief, keeping himself at a distance, neither could form the troops anew himself, nor would confide the charge to any other officer. His movements overthrew and dispersed the cavalry. The army is compelled to retire, and the English lose this occasion also to avail themselves of their success.

'Shut up in their entrenchments, they attempt no movement till twenty days afterwards, when they marched to Rosetta, an important post to them, but which the French army did not attempt to preserve.

'They remain a month at Rosetta, before they proceed towards Rhamanieh, which it was equally important for them to occupy, to intercept the communication between Alexandria and Cairo. The troops they found there, too few to resist, retired towards Cairo. It was the interest of the English to follow them by rapid marches, and they employed forty days in marching over a space that the French usually traversed in four.

'They finally arrived at Cairo with the Capitan-Pacha, where they are joined by the Visir; and these armies, six times more numerous than the French, still fear the hazards of an engagement, and receive, rather than dictate the law in the treaty of evacuation.

'They then descend towards Alexandria, and the same supineness infects all their operations; and it is the want of provisions, rather than their enterprise which accelerates the fall of that place.

'The expedition of the English has succeeded; but they have gathered only the laurels of success; for never did they ensure victory either by their military movements, their courage, or their enterprise. 'Their timid march notwithstanding their enormous superiority, perfectly points out what would have been their fate, if the chief of the army of the East had been worthy of his troops.' pp. 346-349.

The whole campaign in Egypt was, in fact, fought in the first ten days, by the three battles of the 8th, the 13th, and the 21st.* The merit of the 8th, the General seems very reluctantly to admit; on the 13th, the English lost no reputation, but they gained none. The battle of the 21st undoubtedly reflects upon them the highest credit; it is unworthy of General Reynier to deny it, and impossible to read the details of the engagement (in which the whole French army were engaged with the right wing of the English,) without admiring the extraordinary firmness of our troops. After this period, both parties appear to have remained in a state of inertness and stupefaction; the English surprised at their own success, and the French waiting quietly to see them improve it. After the battle of the 21st March, we waited till the 14th of April, before we presented ourselves at the gates of Rosetta, which were flung open at our approach. From the 21st of March to the 5th of May, the only opposition we experienced, and the only military operation we performed, was the capture of Fort Julien, garrisoned by 260 men, which we took in two days. On the fifth of May, General Hutchinson began his march for Cairo from El-Hamed, a distance which cannot exceed 120 miles, and which he traversed in forty-two days. The only opposition he experienced was at Rhamanieh, where he lost twenty men. This skirmish at Rhamanieh took place on the 9th of May. The French, who retired from thence before General Hutchinson, reached Cairo in three days.† General Hutchinson travelled the same distance in thirty-eight days, without seeing an enemy, or firing a shot the whole of the way. The Turks fought the French (including the very same troops which had retreated before the English at Rhamanieh,) at the Springs of El-Hanka, six miles from Cairo, on the 16th of May, a whole month before our troops appeared before the town. The army had the entire command of the Nile all the way from Rhamanieh to Cairo, and was accompanied by a large flotilla. This deliberate progress is the more unintelligible, as any delay in the formation and operations of the siege approximated the period at which all military operations would be suspended by the rise of the Nile. Cairo capitulated on the 26th of June. The siege of Alexandria began fifty days after,‡ and it capitulated in fifteen.

---

* In the battle of the 21st, Walsh asserts in his text, that the French brought 12 or 13,000 effective men into the field. To his plan of the battle, he subjoins the number of 10,000, of which, he says, the French forces consisted.

† Walsh, p. 138. ‡ Not a shot was fired in these fifty days.

On the other hand, it is extremely singular, that General Coote should have remained with an inferior force so long before Alexandria, in the absence of General Hutchinson, without having experienced the slightest attack on the part of the French; that General Beliard should have employed his numerous garrison to so little purpose; and that the same troops who, under other leaders, had attracted the admiration of Europe, should retreat before an army of Turks at El-Hanka.

In stating these facts, which we have endeavoured to do with the greatest impartiality, we trust we shall not be accused of want of patriotism; for patriotism does not consist in loving our country better than truth: neither do the real merits of the English in this expedition require the aid of misrepresentation. We were dispirited by the bad success of our previous military expeditions: the French, guided by extraordinary men, at one of those periods when extraordinary men have opportunities of shewing themselves, and universally under the influence of the most aspiring passions, had astonished all Europe by the splendour of their military achievements. The English expedition was opposed to their *immortals*, to troops covered with trophies and scars, who in every new climate had breathed the same courage—who had triumphed alike over the tactics of Europe, and the furious crowds of the east. We were upon an element not natural to us; unskilful, because we were without experience; and unexperienced, because we had no opportunities of improvement. The whole bent of our genius, our resources, and our pride, is turned to another species of glory. In that war we were, and in every war we are, not soldiers, but disembarked marines, dragged out of our ships to effect a particular object; doubtful creatures, hardly sure of our feet, and exposed to all the inconvenience of amphibious awkwardness. The fair way of estimating the merit of such a conquest, is not by numbering men, and counting fortified places; but by reflecting on the habits and characters of the different people opposed to each other, by remembering what each nation studies; what it effects; upon what cardinal points it founds its claim to the respect and admiration of other people. In this manner of viewing the question, the wonder is, not that we did not effect our object in a more masterly manner, but that we were able to effect it at all. Modes may be questioned; the fact remains, and reflects the highest credit upon the energy of our government, and the courage of our soldiers.

There is an attack, in Sir Robert Wilson's book, upon the character of the First Consul, which, in our opinion, either should not have been made at all, or should have been better proved. Bonaparte is said by Sir Robert to have massacred

3800 * Turks at Jaffa, three days after the surrender of the place, and to have poisoned 580 of his own soldiers at the same place, who were infected with the plague. This may be very true; but to prove it, Sir Robert Wilson merely says, 'It was General Bon's division who fired upon the Turks. Inquire of any of the officers serving in it, if the facts be as I have related. Inquire of the Members of the Institute at Cairo, if the story of the poison be true. They have both been confirmed to me; but I cannot mention the names of those from whom I derived my information, on account of the dangers to which I should expose them by such a publication.' In such tremendous imputations, this is hardly a fair mode of attack. Delicacy should suppress the fact, if it suppresses the evidence on which the fact is founded. We are no very violent partisans for the morality of the First Consul; but we love justice, and respect the old English proverb so much, that we would give even the devil his due, and by no means say any ill of him which we could not prove.

At the beginning of the campaign, Sir Sidney Smith served with the armies, and evinced, in his advice given to Sir Ralph Abercromby, the same spirit of military enterprise, for which we are indebted to the most extraordinary event to which this war has given birth—the defence of Acre. When the army advanced towards Cairo, by a very unworthy compliance with the antipathies of the Capitan-Pacha, he was sent on board his ship. The following reason is assigned by Sir Robert Wilson for the aversion of the Capitan to Sir Sidney.

'Sir Sidney, on receiving Lord Keith's refusal to the convention of El Arish, instantly sent off an express with it to Cairo, as he knew General Kleber was to evacuate that city immediately, on the faith of that treaty; thus preferring the maintenance of his own and nation's honour, to a temporary advantage. The messenger arrived a few hours before the evacuation was to have been completed, and the consequences are well known. But certainly the Turks had so fully depended on its execution, as to have advanced without artillery or ammunition.' p. 64.

Independently of the ignominy of permitting our barbarous allies to dictate what officers we should, or should not employ, we have considerable doubts whether the presence of Sir Sidney was not of more importance to the army, than that of the Capitan-Pacha and all his forces.

---

* The account given by General Berthier, in his Memoirs, is, that the garrison of Jaffa, consisting of 1200 Turks, and 2500 Arnauts and Magrabbians, were put to the sword in the storming of the city. —*Relation des Campagnes*, p. 60.

We have been enabled, from the long residence of such numerous bodies of Europeans in Egypt, to form some more correct notions of the nature and the fatality of the plague. Of 380 English attacked by this disorder, 173 died, and 200 recovered: the French saved about two out of three of their patients. It is highly probable, that the virulence of the plague would so far yield to the cleanliness, the watchfulness, and the science of Europeans, as to be ranked with ordinary fevers in danger and malignancy. We may carry our views still farther, and consider the powerful influence which Egypt, colonised by Europeans, would exercise upon the civilization of Africa. We may amuse ourselves with the imaginary spectacle of Europe carrying back to the banks of the Nile the arts and sciences, which she received from thence 3000 years ago; and raising from the dust those venerable cities which were animated with commerce, and adorned with learning, ages before the naked savage of Europe could delve, or spin, or govern, or obey. But this is a short-sighted benevolence. Europe is the light of the world, and the ark of knowledge: upon the welfare of Europe hangs the destiny of the most remote and savage people. Europe, to be great and happy, must be free; and to be free, she must ever strive against the usurpations of faithless ambition, with the same unquenchable courage which this little Island has always displayed in the perils of nations, and which she will never lose, but in the extinction of that manly race in whose hearts it lives.

ART. V. *The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, Esq. With an Introductory Letter to the Right Honourable Earl Cowper.* By William Hayley, Esq. Two Vols. 4to. Chichester, 1803.

THIS book is too long: but it is composed on a plan that makes prolixity unavoidable. Instead of an account of the poet's life, and a view of his character and performances, the biographer has laid before the public a large selection from his private correspondence, and merely inserted as much narrative between each series of letters, as was necessary to preserve their connexion, and make the subject of them intelligible.

This scheme of biography, which was first introduced, we believe, by Mason in his life of Gray, has many evident advantages in point of liveliness of colouring, and fidelity of representation. It is something intermediate between the egotism of *confessions*, and the questionable narrative of a surviving friend, who must be partial, and may be mistaken: It enables the

reader to judge for himself, from materials that were not provided for the purpose of determining his judgment, and holds up to him, instead of a flattering or unfaithful portrait, the very living lineaments and features of the person it intends to commemorate. It is a plan, however, that requires so much room for its execution, and consequently so much money, and so much leisure in those who wish to be masters of it, that it ought to be reserved, we conceive, for those great and eminent characters that are likely to excite an interest among all orders and generations of mankind. While the biography of Shakspeare and Bacon shrinks into the corner of an octavo, we can scarcely help wondering that the history of the sequestered life and solitary studies of Cowper should have extended into two quarto volumes.

The little Mr. Haley writes in these volumes, is by no means well written. In the very first paragraph, we stumble upon the following involved and unintelligible sentences.

'This lady, the wife of Colonel Madan, transmitted her own poetical and devout spirit to her daughter Frances Maria, who was married to her cousin Major Cowper, and whose amiable character will unfold itself in the course of this work, as the friend and correspondent of her more eminent relation, the second grandchild of the judge, destined to honour the name of Cowper by displaying, with peculiar purity and fervour, the double enthusiasm of poetry and devotion. The father of the great author to whom I allude, was John Cowper, the judge's second son, who took his degrees in divinity, was chaplain to King George the Second, and resided at his rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, the scene of the poet's infancy.' Vol. i. p. 2.

The book, however, is written upon the whole with a very amiable gentleness of temper, and with the strongest appearance of a sincere veneration and affection for the departed friend to whose memory it is consecrated. It will be very hard, too, if it do not become popular, as Mr. Haley seems to have exerted himself to conciliate readers of every description, not only by the most lavish and indiscriminate praise of every individual he has occasion to mention, but by a general spirit of approbation and indulgence towards every practice and opinion which he has found it necessary to speak of. Among the other symptoms of *book-making* which this publication contains, we can scarcely forbear reckoning the expressions of this obsequious and unoffending philanthropy.

Our readers, we presume, will be satisfied with the account of the poet's genealogy contained in the sentences we have already extracted; the remainder of his history shall be given as

much as possible in his own words. The constitutional shyness and diffidence of Cowper appeared in his earliest childhood, and was not subdued in any degree by the bustle and contention of a Westminster education, where, though he acquired a considerable portion of classical learning, he has himself declared, that 'he was never able to raise his eye above the shoe-buckles of 'the elder boys, who tyrannized over him.' From this seminary, he seems to have passed, without any academical preparation, into the Society of the Inner Temple, where he continued to reside to the age of thirty-three. Neither his biographer nor his letters give any satisfactory account of the way in which this large, and most important part of his life was spent. Although Lord Thurlow was one of his most intimate associates, it is certain that he never made any proficiency in the study of the law; and the few slight pieces of composition, in which he appears to have been engaged in this interval, are but a scanty produce for fifteen years of literary leisure. That a part of these years was very idly spent, indeed, appears from his own account of them. In a letter to his cousin, in 1786, he says,

'I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-Row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed, from morning to night, in giggling, and making giggle, instead of studying the law.' Vol. i. p. 178.

And, in a more serious letter to Mr. Rose, he makes the following just observations.

'The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years, in which we are our own masters, make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments. Had I employed my time as wisely as you, in a situation very similar to yours, I had never been a poet perhaps, but I might by this time have acquired a character of more importance in society; and a situation in which my friends would have been better pleased to see me. But three years mis-spent in an attorney's office, were almost of course followed by several more equally mis-spent in the Temple; and the consequence has been, as the Italian epitaph says, "*sto qui.*"—The only use I can make of myself now, at least the best, is to serve *in terrorem* to others, when occasion may happen to offer, that they may escape (so far as my admonitions can have any weight with them) my folly and my fate.' Vol. i. pp. 333-4.

Neither the idleness of this period, however, nor the gaiety in which it appears to have been wasted, had corrected that radical

defect in his constitution, by which he was disabled from making any public display of his acquisitions; and it was the excess of this diffidence, if we rightly understand his biographer, that was the immediate cause of the unfortunate derangement that overclouded the remainder of his life. In his thirty-first year, his friends procured for him the office of reading clerk to the House of Lords; but the idea of reading in public, was the source of such torture and apprehension to him, that he very soon resigned that place, and had interest enough to exchange it for that of clerk of the journals, which was supposed to require no attendance whatsoever. An unlucky dispute in Parliament, however, made it necessary for him to appear in his place; and the consequences of this requisition are stated by Mr. Hayley in the following words:

'His terrors on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason:—for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office, for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive, that whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the House. This distressing apprehension increased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day so anxiously dreaded arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends, who called on him for the purpose of attending him to the House of Lords, acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility.

'The conflict between the wishes of just affectionate ambition, and the terrors of diffidence, so entirely overwhelmed his health and faculties, that after two learned and benevolent divines (Mr. John Cowper his brother, and the celebrated Mr. Martin Madan, his first cousin) had vainly endeavoured to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's, where he resided a considerable time, under the care of that eminent physician Dr. Cotton, a scholar and a poet, who added to many accomplishments a peculiar sweetness of manners, in very advanced life, when I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him.' Vol. i. pp. 25-6.

In this melancholy state, he continued for upwards of a year, when his mind began slowly to emerge from the depression under which it had laboured, and to seek for consolation in the study of the Scriptures, and other religious occupations. In the city of Huntingdon, to which he had been removed in his illness, he now formed an acquaintance with the family of the Reverend Mr. Unwin, with whose widow the greater part of his after life

was passed. The series of letters, which Mr. Haley has introduced in this place are altogether of a devotional cast, and bear evident symptoms of continuing depression and anxiety. He talks a great deal of his *conversion*, of the levity and worldliness of his former life, and of the *grace* which had at last been vouchsafed to him; and seems so entirely and constantly absorbed in those awful meditations, as to consider not only the occupations of his earlier days, but all temporal business or amusement, as utterly unworthy of his attention. We do not think it necessary to make any extract from this part of the publication; and perhaps Mr. Haley might have spared some of the Methodistical raptures and dissertations that are contained in these letters, without any injury either to the memory of his friend, or the reputation of his own performance. The life of Cowper at this time, was more like that of a penitentiary friar, than of a Protestant layman. He describes it himself in the following manner:

'We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of these holy mysteries: at eleven, we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time! If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and, by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea, we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night, we read and converse as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and last of all, the family are called to prayers.' Vol. i. p. 55.

After the death of Mr. Unwin, he retired with his widow to the village of Olney in 1768, where he continued in the same pious and sequestered habits of life to which he had devoted himself ever since his recovery, till the year 1772, when a second, and more protracted visitation of the same tremendous malady, obscured his faculties for a melancholy period of eight years, during which he was attended by Mrs. Unwin, with a constancy and tenderness of affection, which it was the great business of

his life to repay. In 1780, he began gradually to recover; and in a letter of that year to his cousin, describes himself in this manner:

'You see me sixteen years older, at the least, than when I saw you last; but the effects of time seem to have taken place rather on the outside of my head, than within it. What was brown is become grey, but what was foolish remains foolish still. Green fruit must rot before it ripens, if the season is such as to afford it nothing but cold winds and dark clouds, that interrupt every ray of sunshine. My days steal away silently, and march on (as poor mad King Lear would have made his soldiers march) as if they were shod with felt; not so silently but that I hear them, yet were it not that I am always listening to their flight, having no infirmity that I had not when I was much younger, I should deceive myself with an imagination that I am still young.' Vol. i. pp. 96-7.

One of the first applications of his returning powers of attention, was to the taming and education of the three young hares, which he has since celebrated in his poetry; and very soon after, the solicitations of his affectionate companion first induced him to prepare some moral pieces for publication, in the hope of giving a salutary employment to his mind. At the age of fifty, therefore, and at a distance from all the excitements, that emulation and ambition usually hold out to a poet, Cowper began to write for the public, with the view of diverting his own melancholy, and doing service to the cause of morality. Whatever effect his publications had on the world, the composition of them certainly had a most beneficial one on himself. In a letter to his cousin, he says,

'Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write.' Vol. i. p. 147.

In a preceding letter he speaks of his motives for publication in this manner:

'It is a bold undertaking at this time of day, when so many writers of the greatest abilities have gone before, who seem to have anticipated every valuable subject, as well as all the graces of poetical embellishment, to step forth into the world in the character of a bard, especially when it is considered that luxury, idleness, and vice have debauched the public taste, and that nothing hardly is welcome but

childish fiction, or what has at least a tendency to excite a laugh. I thought, however, that I had stumbled upon some subjects that had never before been poetically treated, and upon some others, to which I imagined it would not be difficult to give an air of novelty by the manner of treating them. My sole drift is to be useful; a point which however, I knew I should in vain aim at, unless I could be likewise entertaining. I have therefore fixed these two strings upon my bow, and by the help of both, have done my best to send my arrow to the mark. My readers will hardly have begun to laugh, before they will be called upon to correct that levity, and peruse me with a more serious air.' Vol. i. pp. 107-8.

There is another passage in which he talks of his performance in so light and easy a manner, and assumes so much of the pleasing, though antiquated language of Pope and Addison, that we cannot avoid extracting it.

'My labours are principally the production of the last winter; all indeed, except a few of the minor pieces. When I can find no other occupation, I think; and when I think, I am very apt to do it in rhyme. Hence it comes to pass, that the season of the year which generally pinches off the flowers of poetry, unfolds mine, such as they are, and crowns me with a winter garland. In this respect, therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits, make poetry almost the language of nature; and I, when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse, as to hear a blackbird whistle. This must be my apology to you for whatever want of fire and animation you may observe in what you will shortly have the perusal of. As to the public, if they like me not, there is no remedy.' Vol. i. pp. 105-6.

The success of his first volume, which appeared in the end of the year 1781, was by no means such as to encourage him to proceed to a second; and, indeed, it seems now to be admitted by every body but Mr. Hayley, that it was not well calculated for becoming popular. Too serious for the general reader, it had too much satire, wit, and criticism, to be a favourite with the devout and enthusiastic: the principal poems were also too long and desultory, and the versification throughout was more harsh and negligent, than the public had yet been accustomed to. The book therefore was very little read, till the increasing fame of the author brought all his works into notice; and, then indeed, it was discovered, that it contained many traits of strong and original genius, and a richness of idiomatical phraseology, that has been but seldom equalled in our language.

In the end of this year, Cowper formed an accidental acquaintance with the widow of Sir Thomas Austen, which, in spite of his insuperable shyness, ripened gradually into a mutual and cordial friendship, and was the immediate source of some of his happiest hours, and most celebrated productions. The facetious history of 'John Gilpin' arose from a suggestion of that lady, in circumstances, and in a way that mark the perilous and moody state of Cowper's understanding more strikingly than any general description.

'It happened one afternoon, in those years when his accomplished friend Lady Austen made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection: it was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.—So arose the pleasant poem of John Gilpin.' Vol. i. pp. 128, 129.

In the course of the year 1783, however, Lady Austen was fortunate enough to direct the poet to a work of much greater importance, and to engage him, from a very accidental circumstance, in the composition of the 'Task,' by far the best and the most popular of all his performances. The anecdote, which is such as the introduction of that poem has probably suggested to most readers, is given in this manner by Mr. Hayley.

'This lady happened, as an admirer of Milton, to be partial to blank verse, and often solicited her poetical friend to try his powers in that species of composition. After repeated solicitations, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, to comply with her request. "O!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject:—you can write upon any: write upon this sofa!" The poet obeyed her command; and from the lively repartee of familiar conversation, arose a poem of many thousand verses, unexampled, perhaps, both in its origin and its excellence!' Vol. i. p. 135.

This extraordinary production was finished in less than a year, and became extremely popular from the very first month of its publication. 'The charm of reputation, however, could not draw Cowper from his seclusion; and his solitude became still more dreary about this period, by the cessation of his intercourse with Lady Austen, with whom certain little jealousies on the part of Mrs. Unwin (which the biographer might as well have passed

over in silence) obliged him to renounce any farther connexion. Besides the Task, and John Gilpin, he appears to have composed several smaller poems for this lady, which are published, for the first time, in the work now before us. We were particularly struck with a ballad on the unfortunate loss of the Royal George, of which the following stanzas may serve as a specimen.

'Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

'It was not in the battle:
No tempest gave the shock:
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

'His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.' Vol. i. p. 127.

The same year that saw the conclusion of 'The Task,' found Cowper engaged in the translation of Homer. This laborious undertaking is said, by Mr. Hayley, to have been first suggested to him by Lady Austen also, though there is nothing in the correspondence he has published, that seems to countenance that idea. The work was pretty far advanced before he appears to have confided the secret of it to any one. In a letter to Mr. Hill, he explains his design in this manner.

'Knowing it to have been universally the opinion of the literati, ever since they have allowed themselves to consider the matter coolly, that a translation, properly so called, of Homer, is, notwithstanding what Pope has done, a desideratum in the English language, it struck me, that an attempt to supply the deficiency would be an honourable one; and having made myself, in former years, somewhat critically a master of the original, I was, by this double consideration, induced to make the attempt myself. I am now translating into blank verse the last book of the Iliad, and mean to publish by subscription.' Vol. i. p. 154.

In another letter to his cousin, he explains his idea of the task in which he was now engaged, in this manner.

'I wish that all English readers had your unsophisticated, or rather unadulterated taste, and could relish simplicity like you. But I am well aware, that in this respect I am under a disadvantage, and that many, especially many ladies, missing many turns and prettinesses of expression that they have admired in Pope, will account my translation in those

particulars defective. But I comfort myself with the thought, that in reality it is no defect; on the contrary, that the want of all such embellishments as do not belong to the original, will be one of its principal merits with persons indeed capable of relishing Homer. He is the best poet that ever lived, for many reasons, but for none more than for that majestic plainness that distinguishes him from all others. As an accomplished person moves gracefully without thinking of it, in like manner the dignity of Homer seems to have cost him no labour. It was natural to him to say great things, and to say them well; and little ornaments were beneath his notice.'

Some observations that were made by Dr. Maty and others upon a specimen of his translation, about this time, seem to have drawn from him the following curious and unaffected delineation of his own thoughts and feelings.

'The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again. The half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any time restore my spirits; and being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that, having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. *I have (what perhaps you little suspect me of) in my nature, an infinite share of ambition.* But with it, I have at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that till lately, I stole through life without undertaking any thing, yet always wishing to distinguish myself. At last I ventured, ventured too in the only path that, at so late a period, was yet open to me; and am determined, if God hath not determined otherwise, to work my way through the obscurity that has been so long my portion, into notice. Every thing, therefore, that seems to threaten this, my favourite purpose, with disappointment, affects me nearly. I suppose that all ambitious minds are in the same predicament. He who seeks distinction must be sensible of disapprobation, exactly in the same proportion as he desires applause.' Vol. i. p. 190.

As he advanced in his work, however, he seems to have become better pleased with the execution of it; and, in the year 1790, addresses to his cousin the following candid and interesting observations.

'To say the truth, I have no fears now about the success of my translation, though in time past I have had many. I knew there was a style somewhere, could I but find it, in which Homer ought to be rendered, and which alone would suit him. Long time I blundered about it, ere I could attain to any decided judgment on the matter. At first, I was betrayed, by a desire of accommodating my language to the simplicity of his, into much of the quaintness that belonged

to our writers of the fifteenth century. In the course of many revisals I have delivered myself from this evil, I believe, entirely; but I have done it slowly, and as a man separates himself from his mistress, when he is going to marry. I had so strong a predilection in favour of this style, at first, that I was crazed to find that others were not as much enamoured with it as myself. At every passage of that sort which I obliterated I groaned bitterly, and said to myself, I am spoiling my work to please those who have no taste for the simple graces of antiquity. But in measure, as I adopted a modern phraseology, I became a convert to their opinion; and in the last revisal, which I am now making, am not sensible of having spared a single expression of the obsolete kind. I see my work so much improved by this alteration, that I am filled with wonder at my own backwardness to assent to the necessity of it; and the more, when I consider that Milton, with whose manner I count myself intimately acquainted, is never quaint, never twangs through the nose, but is everywhere grand and elegant, without resorting to musty antiquity for his beauties. On the contrary he took a long stride forward, left the language of his own day far behind him, and anticipated the expressions of a century yet to come.' Vol. i. p. 360-361.

The translation was finished in the year 1791, and published by subscription immediately after. Several applications were made to the University of Oxford for the honour of their subscription, but without success. Their answer was, that they 'subscribed to nothing.'—'It seems not a little extraordinary,' says the offended poet on this occasion, 'that persons so nobly patronised themselves on the score of literature, should resolve to give no encouragement to it in return.' We think so too.

The period that elapsed from the publication of his first volume in 1781, to that of his Homer in 1791, seems to have been by far the happiest and most brilliant part of Cowper's existence. It was not only animated by the vigorous and successful exertions of genius in which he was engaged, but enlivened, in a very pleasing manner, by the correspondence and society of his cousin Lady Hesketh, who renewed, about this time, an intimacy that seems to have endeared the earlier days of their childhood. In his letters to this lady, we have found the most interesting traits of his simple and affectionate character, combined with an innocent playfulness and vivacity, that becomes the more striking, when it is contrasted with the gloom and horror to which it succeeded, and by which it was unfortunately replaced. Our limits will not allow us to make many extracts from this part of the publication. We insert the following letter, in answer to one from Lady Hesketh, promising to pay him a visit during the summer.

'I shall see you again—I shall hear your voice, we shall take walks together; I will shew you my prospects, the hoval, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks, every thing that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn; mention it not for your life. We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author. It was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made; but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament, and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the farther end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour into which I shall conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin (unless we should meet her before,) and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

'My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be any thing better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.' Vol. i. pp. 161-163.

The following is very much in the same style—

'This house accordingly, since it has been occupied by us, and our *Meubles*, is as much superior to what it was when you saw it, as you can imagine. The parlour is even elegant. When I say that the parlour is elegant, I do not mean to insinuate that the study is not so. It is neat, warm, and silent, and a much better study than I deserve, if I do not produce in it an incomparable translation of Homer. I think every day of those lines of Milton, and congratulate myself on

having obtained, before I am quite superannuated, what he seems not to have hoped for sooner.

" And may at length my weary age,
Find out the peaceful hermitage!"

For if it is not an hermitage, at least it is a much better thing; and you must always understand, my dear, that when poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart stair case, and three bed chambers of convenient dimensions; in short, exactly such a house as this.' Vol. i. p. 227-228.

In another letter, in a graver humour, he says,

'I am almost the only person at Weston, known to you, who have enjoyed tolerable health this winter. In your next letter give us some account of your own state of health, for I have had my anxieties about you. The winter has been mild; but our winters are in general such, that when a friend leaves us in the beginning of that season, I always feel in my heart a *perhaps*, importing that we have possibly met for the last time, and that the Robins may whistle on the grave of one of us before the return of summer.'

'Many thanks for the cuckoo, which arrived perfectly safe, and goes well, to the amusement and amazement of all who hear it. Hannah lies awake to hear it; and I am not sure that we have not others in the house that admire his music as much as she.' Vol. i. p. 331.

In the following passage, we have all the calmness of a sequestered and good-natured man—

'The French who, like all lively folks, are extreme in every thing, are such in their zeal for freedom; and, if it were possible to make so noble a cause ridiculous, their manner of promoting it could not fail to do so. Princes and peers reduced to plain gentlemanship and gentles reduced to a level with their own lacqueys, are excesses of which they will repent hereafter. Difference of rank and subordination are, I believe, of God's appointment, and consequently essential to the well-being of society: but what we mean by fanaticism in religion is exactly that which animates their politics, and, unless time should sober them, they will, after all, be an unhappy people. Perhaps it deserves not much to be wondered at, that at their first escape from tyrannic shackles, they should act extravagantly, and treat their kings as they have sometimes treated their idols. To these, however, they are reconciled in due time again; but their respect for monarchy is at an end. They want nothing now but a little English sobriety, and that they want extremely. I heartily wish them some wit in their anger; for it were great pity that so many millions should be miserable for want of it. Vol. i. p. 379.

Homer was scarcely finished, when a proposal was made to the indefatigable translator, to engage in a magnificent edition of Milton, for which he was to furnish a version of his Latin and Italian poetry, and a critical commentary upon his whole works. Mr. Hayley had, at this time, undertaken to write a life of Milton; and some groundless reports, as to an intended rivalry between him and Cowper, led to a friendly explanation, and to a very cordial and affectionate intimacy. In the year 1792, Mr. Hayley paid a visit to his newly-acquired friend at Weston; and happened to be providentially present with him, when the agony which he experienced from the sight of a paralytic attack upon Mrs. Unwin, had very nearly unsettled his understanding. The anxious attention of his friend, and the gradual recovery of the unfortunate patient, prevented any very calamitous effect from this unhappy occurrence; but his spirits appear never to have recovered the shock; and the solicitude and apprehension that he constantly felt for his long tried and affectionate companion, suspended his literary exertions, aggravated the depression to which he had always been occasionally liable, and rendered the remainder of his life a very precarious struggle against that overwhelming malady by which it was at last obscured. In the end of summer, he returned Mr. Hayley's visit at Eartham; but came back again to Weston, with spirits as much depressed, and forebodings as gloomy as ever. His constant and tender attention to Mrs. Unwin, was one cause of his neglect of every thing else. 'I cannot sit,' he says in one of his letters, 'with my pen in my hand, and my books before me, while she is in effect, in solitude, silent, and looking in the fire.' A still more powerful cause was, the constant and oppressive dejection of spirits that now began again to overwhelm him. 'It is in vain,' he says, 'that I have made several attempts to write since I came from Sussex. Unless more comfortable days arrive, then I have now the confidence to look for, there is an end of all writing with me. I have no spirits. When Rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his coming, by a mighty dose of laudanum.'

In the course of the year 1793, he seems to have done little but revise his translation of Homer, of which he meditated an improved edition. Mr. Hayley came to see him a second time at Weston, in the month of November; and gives this affecting and prophetic account of his situation—

'He possessed completely at this period, all the admirable faculties of his mind, and all the native tenderness of his heart: but there was something indescribable in his appearance, which led me to apprehend, that without some signal event in his favour, to reanimate

his spirits, they would gradually sink into hopeless dejection. The state of his aged infirm companion, afforded additional ground for increasing solicitude. Her cheerful and beneficent spirit could hardly resist her own accumulated maladies, so far as to preserve ability sufficient to watch over the tender health of him whom she had watched and guarded so long. Imbecility of body and mind must gradually render this tender and heroic woman unfit for the charge which she had so laudably sustained. The signs of such imbecility were beginning to be painfully visible; nor can nature present a spectacle more truly pitiable, than imbecility in such a shape, eagerly grasping for dominion, which it knows not either how to retain, or how to relinquish.' Vol. ii. p. 161-162.

From a part of these evils, however, the poet was relieved, by the generous compassion of Lady Hesketh, who nobly took upon herself the task of superintending this melancholy household. We will not withhold from our readers the encomium she has earned from the biographer.

'Those only, who have lived with the superannuated and the melancholy, can properly appreciate the value of such magnanimous friendship, or perfectly apprehend, what personal sufferings it must cost the mortal, who exerts it, if that mortal has received from nature a frame of compassionate sensibility. The lady, to whom I allude, has felt but too severely, in her own health, the heavy tax that mortality is forced to pay for a resolute perseverance in such painful duty. Vol. ii. p. 177.

It was impossible, however, for any care or attention to arrest the progress of that dreadful depression, by which the faculties of this excellent man were destined to be extinguished. In the beginning of the year 1794, he became utterly incapable of any sort of exertion, and ceased to receive any pleasure from the company or conversation of his friends. Neither a visit from Mr. Hayley, nor his Majesty's order for a pension of 300l. a-year, was able to rouse him from that languid and melancholy state into which he had gradually been sinking; and, at length, it was thought necessary to remove him from the village of Weston to Tuddenham in Norfolk, where he could be under the immediate superintendance of his kinsman, the Reverend Mr. Johnson. After a long cessation of all correspondence, he addressed the following very moving lines to the clergyman of the favourite village, to which he was no more to return:

"I will forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome, than as a curiosity. To you, Sir, I address this, urged by extreme penury of employment, and the desire I feel to learn something of what is doing, and has been done, at Weston (my beloved Weston!) since I left it.

No situation, at least when the weather is clear and bright, can be pleasanter than what we have here; which you will easily credit, when I add, that it imparts something a little resembling pleasure, even to me.—Gratify me with news of Weston!—If Mr. Gregson and the Courteneys are there, mention me to them in such terms as you see good. Tell me if my poor birds are living! I never see the herbs I used to give them, without a recollection of them, and sometimes am ready to gather them, forgetting that I am not at home.—Pardon this intrusion."

In summer 1796, there were some faint glimmerings of returning vigour, and he again applied himself, for some time, to the revisal of his translation of Homer. In December, Mrs. Unwin died; and such was the severe depression under which her companion then laboured, that he seems to have suffered but little on the occasion. He never afterwards mentioned her name. At intervals, in the summer, he continued to work at the revisal of his Homer, which he at length finished in 1799; and afterwards translated some of Gay's fables into Latin verse, and made English translations of several Greek and Latin epigrams. This languid exercise of his once vigorous powers was continued till the month of January 1800, when symptoms of dropsy became visible in his person, and soon assumed a very formidable appearance. After a very rapid, but gradual decline, which did not seem to affect the general state of his spirits, he expired, without struggle or agitation, on the 25th of April 1800.

Of the volumes now before us, we have little more to say. The biography of Cowper naturally terminates with this account of his death; and the posthumous works that are now given to the public require very few observations. They consist chiefly of short and occasional poems, that do not seem to have been very carefully finished, and will not add much to the reputation of their author. The longest is a sort of ode upon Friendship, in which the language seems to be studiously plain and familiar, and to which Mr. Hayley certainly has not given the highest poetical praise, by saying that 'it contains the essence of every thing that has been said on the subject, by the best writers of different countries.' Some of the occasional songs and sonnets are good; and the translations from the *anthologia*, which were the employment of his last melancholy days, have a remarkable closeness and facility of expression. There are two or three little poetical pieces, written by him in the careless days of his youth, while he resided in the Temple, that are, upon the whole, extremely poor and unpromising. It is almost inconceivable, that the author of the Task should ever have been guilty of such verses as the following:

'Tis not with either of these views,
That I presume to address the Muse;
But to divert a fierce banditti,
(Sworn foes to ev'ry thing that's witty!)
That, with a black, infernal train,
Make cruel inroads in my brain,
And daily threaten to drive thence
My little garrison of sense:
The fierce banditti, which I mean,
Are gloomy thoughts, led on by spleen.
Then there's another reason yet,
Which is, that I may fairly quit
The debt, which justly became due
The moment when I heard from you:
And you might grumble, crony mine,
If paid in any other coin.' Vol. i. p. 15.

It is remarkable, however, that his prose was at this time uncommonly easy and elegant. Mr. Hayley has preserved three numbers of the Connoisseur, which were written by him in 1756, and which exhibit a great deal of that point and politeness, which has been aimed at by all our periodical essayists since the days of Addison.

The personal character of Cowper is easily estimated, from the writings he has left, and the anecdotes contained in this publication. He seems to have been chiefly remarkable for a certain feminine gentleness, and delicacy of character, that shrunk back from all that was boisterous, presumptuous, or rude. His secluded life, and awful impressions of religion, concurred in fixing upon his manners something of a saintly purity and decorum, and in cherishing that pensive and contemplative turn of mind by which he was so much distinguished. His temper appears to have been yielding and benevolent, and, though sufficiently steady and confident in the opinions he had adopted, he was very little inclined, in general, to force them upon the conviction of others. The warmth of his religious zeal made an occasional exception: but the habitual temper of his mind was toleration and indulgence; and it would be difficult, perhaps, to name a satirical and popular author so entirely free from jealousy and fastidiousness, or so much disposed to shew the most liberal and impartial favour to the merit of others in literature, in politics, and in the virtues and accomplishments of social life. No angry or uneasy passions, indeed, seem at any time to have found a place in his bosom; and, being incapable of malevolence himself, he probably passed through life, without having once excited that feeling in the breast of another.

As the whole of Cowper's works are now before the public, and as death has finally closed the account of his defects and ex-

cellencies, the public voice may soon be expected to proclaim the balance, and to pronounce that impartial and irrevocable sentence which is to assign him his just rank and station in the poetical commonwealth, and to ascertain the value and extent of his future reputation. As the success of his works has, in a great measure, anticipated this sentence, it is the less presumptuous in us to offer our opinion of them.

The great merit of this writer appears to us to consist in the boldness and originality of his composition, and in the fortunate audacity with which he has carried the dominion of poetry into regions that had been considered as inaccessible to her ambition. The gradual refinement of taste had, for nearly a century, been weakening the vigour of original genius. Our poets had become timid and fastidious, and circumscribed themselves both in the choice and the management of their subjects, by the observance of a limited number of models, who were thought to have exhausted all the legitimate resources of the art. Cowper was one of the first who crossed this enchanted circle, who regained the natural liberty of invention, and walked abroad in the open field of observation as freely as those by whom it was originally trodden: he passed from the imitation of poets, to the imitation of nature, and ventured boldly upon the representation of objects that had not been sanctified by the description of any of his predecessors. In the ordinary occupations and duties of domestic life, and the consequences of modern manners, in the common scenery of a rustic situation, and the obvious contemplation of our public institutions, he has found a multitude of subjects for ridicule and reflection, for pathetic and picturesque description, for moral declamation, and devotional rapture, that would have been looked upon with disdain, or with despair, by most of our poetical adventurers. He took as wide a range in language, too, as in matter; and, shaking off the tawdry incumbrance of that poetical diction which had nearly reduced the art to the skilful collocation of a set of appropriated phrases, he made no scruple to set down in verse every expression that would have been admitted in prose, and to take advantage of all the varieties with which our language could supply him.

But while, by the use of this double license, he extended the sphere of poetical composition, and communicated a singular character of freedom, force, and originality, to his own performances, it must not be dissembled, that the presumption which belongs to most innovators, has betrayed him into many defects. In disdaining to follow the footsteps of others, he has frequently mistaken the way, and has been exasperated, by their blunders, to rush into an opposite extreme. In his contempt for their

scrupulous selection of topics, he has introduced some that are unquestionably low and uninteresting; and in his zeal to strip off the tinsel and embroidery of their language, he has torn it (like Jack's coat in the Tale of a Tub) into terrible rents and beggarly tatters. He is a great master of English, and evidently values himself upon his skill and facility in the application of its rich and diversified idioms: but he has indulged himself in this exercise a little too fondly, and has degraded some grave and animated passages by the unlucky introduction of expressions unquestionably too colloquial and familiar. His impatience of control, and his desire to have a great scope and variety in his compositions, have led him not only to disregard all order and method so entirely in their construction, as to have made each of his larger poems professedly a complete miscellany, but also to introduce into them a number of subjects that prove not to be very susceptible of poetical discussion. There are specimens of argument, and dialogue, and declamation, in his works, that partake very little of the poetical character, and make rather an awkward appearance in a metrical production, though they might have had a lively and brilliant effect in an essay or a sermon. The structure of his sentences, in like manner, has frequently much more of the copiousness and looseness of oratory, than the brilliant compactness of poetry; and he heaps up phrases and circumstances upon each other, with a profusion that is frequently dazzling, but which reminds us as often of the exuberance of a practised speaker, as of the holy inspiration of a poet.

Mr. Hayley has pronounced a warm eulogium on the satirical talents of his friend: but it does not appear to us, either that this was the style in which he was qualified to excel, or that he has made a judicious selection of subjects upon which to exercise it. There is something too keen and vehement in his invective, and an excess of austerity in his doctrine, that is not atoned for by the truth or the beauty of his descriptions. Foppery and affectation are not such hateful and gigantic vices, as to deserve all the anathemas that are bestowed upon them; nor can we believe that soldiership, or Sunday music, have produced all the terrible effects which he ascribes to them. There is something very undignified, too, to say no worse of them, in the protracted parodies and mock-heroic passages with which he seeks to enliven some of his gravest productions. The *Sofa* (for instance, in the *Task*) is but a feeble imitation of 'The Splendid Shilling;' the *Monitor* is a copy of something still lower; and the tedious directions for *raising cucumbers*, which begin with calling a hotbed 'a *stercorarious* heap,' seem to have been intended as a counterpart to the tragedy of Tom Thumb. All his serious

pieces contain some fine devotional passages: but they are not without a taint of that enthusiastic intolerance which religious zeal seems so often to produce. In a few places, there are symptoms of superstition, also, that do not produce even a good poetical effect. The story of 'Young Misagathus,' whose horse pitched him over its head into the sea, as a punishment for his blasphemy, is fit only for the Missionary, or the Wonderful Magazine.

It is impossible to say any thing of the defects of Cowper's writings, without taking notice of the occasional harshness and inelegance of his versification. From his correspondence, however, it appears that this was not with him the effect of negligence merely, but that he really imagined that a rough and incorrect line now and then, had a very agreeable effect in a composition of any length. This prejudice, we believe, is as old as Cowley among English writers; but we do not know that it has of late received the sanction of any one poet of eminence. In truth, it does not appear to us to be at all capable of defence. The very essence of versification is uniformity; and while any thing like versification is preserved, it is evident that uniformity continues to be aimed at. What pleasure is to be derived from an occasional failure in this aim, we cannot exactly understand. It must afford the same gratification, we should imagine, to have one of the buttons on a coat a little larger than the rest, or one or two of the pillars in a colonnade a little out of the perpendicular. If variety is wanted, let it be variety of excellence, and not a relief of imperfection: Let the writer alter the measure of his piece, if he thinks its uniformity disagreeable, or let him interchange it every now and then, if he thinks proper, with passages of plain and professed prose; but do not let him torture an intractable scrap of prose into the appearance of verse, nor slip in an illegitimate line or two among the genuine currency of his poem. It can afford no pleasure, we should imagine, to a reviewing general to see a miserable rickety and distorted creature staggering along in uniform amidst the tall and stately battalions that march past in splendid regularity before him.

There is another view of this matter, that has a little more reason in it. A smooth and harmonious verse is not so easily written, as a harsh and clumsy one; and, in order to make it smooth and elegant, the strength and force of the expression must often be sacrificed. This seems to have been Cowper's view of the subject, at least in one passage. 'Give me,' says he in a letter to his publisher, 'a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in 'it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods that have 'nothing but their smoothness to recommend them.' It is obvious, however, that this is not a defence of harsh versification,

but a confession of inability to write smoothly. Why should not harmony and meaning go together? It is difficult to be sure; and so it is, to make meaning and verse of any kind go together; but it is the business of a poet to overcome these difficulties, and if he do not overcome them both, he is plainly deficient in an accomplishment that others have attained. To those who find it impossible to pay due attention both to the sound and the sense, we would not only address the preceding exhortation of Cowper, but should have no scruple to exclaim, 'Give us a sentence of plain prose, full of spirit and meaning, rather than a poem of any kind that has nothing but its versification to recommend it.'

Though it be impossible, therefore, to read the productions of Cowper, without being delighted with his force, his brilliancy, and his variety; and although the enchantment of his moral enthusiasm frequently carries us insensibly through all the mazes of his digressions, it is equally true, that we can scarcely read a single page with attention, without being offended at some coarseness or lowness of expression, or disappointed by some 'most lame and impotent conclusion.' The dignity of his rhetorical periods is often violated by the intrusion of some vulgar and colloquial idiom, and the full and transparent stream of his diction is broken upon by some obstreperous verse, or lost in the dull stagnation of a piece of absolute prose. The effect of his ridicule is sometimes impaired by the acrimony with which it is attended; and the exquisite beauty of his moral painting and religious views is injured in no small degree by the darkness of the shades which his enthusiasm and austerity have occasionally thrown upon the canvas. With all these defects, however, Cowper will probably very long retain his popularity with the readers of English poetry. The great variety and truth of his descriptions; the minute and correct painting of those home scenes and private feelings with which every one is internally familiar; the sterling weight and sense of most of his observations, and, above all, the great appearance of facility with which every thing is executed, and the happy use he has so often made of the most common and ordinary language; all concur to stamp upon his poems the character of original genius, and remind us of the merits that have secured immortality to Shakespeare.

After having said so much upon the original writings of Cowper, we cannot take our leave of him without adding a few words upon the merits of the translation with which we have found him engaged for so considerable a portion of his life. The views with which it was undertaken have already been very fully explained in the extracts we have given from his correspondence; and it is impossible to deny, that his chief object has been attain-

ed in a very considerable degree. That the translation is a great deal more close and literal, than any that had previously been attempted in English verse, probably will not be disputed by those who are the least disposed to admire it. That the style into which it is translated is a true English style, though not perhaps a very elegant or poetical one, may also be assumed; but we are not sure that a rigid and candid criticism will go farther in its commendation. The language is often very tame, and even vulgar; and there is by far too great a profusion of antiquated and colloquial forms of expression. In the dialogue part, the idiomatical and familiar turn of the language has often an animated and happy effect; but in orations of dignity, this dramatical license is frequently abused, and the translation approaches to a parody. In the course of one page, we observe that Nestor undertakes 'to intreat Achilles *to a calm.*' Agamemnon calls him, 'this wrangler here.' And the godlike Achilles himself complains of being treated 'like a *fellow* of no worth.'

> 'Ye critics say,
> How poor to this was Homer's style!'

In translating a poetical writer, there are two kinds of fidelity to be aimed at. Fidelity to the *matter*, and fidelity to the *manner* of the original. The best translation would be that, certainly, that preserved both. But as this is generally impracticable, some concessions must be made upon both sides, and the largest upon that which will be least regretted by the common readers of the translation. Now, though antiquarians and moral philosophers may take great delight in contemplating the state of manners, opinions, and civilization, that prevailed in the age of Homer, and be offended, of course, at any disguise or modern embellishment that may be thrown over his representations, still, this will be but a secondary consideration with most readers of poetry; and if the smoothness of the verse, the perspicuity of the expression, or the vigour of the sentiment, must be sacrificed to the observance of this rigid fidelity, they will generally be of opinion, that it ought rather to have been sacrificed to them, and that the *poetical beauty* of the original was better worth preserving than the literal import of his expressions. The splendour and magnificence of the Homeric diction and versification is altogether as essential a part of his composition, as the sense and the meaning which they convey. His poetical reputation depends quite as much on the one as on the other; and a translator must give but a very imperfect and unfaithful copy of his original, if he leave out the half of those qualities in which the excellence of the original consisted. It is an indispensable part of his duty,

therefore, to imitate the harmony and elevation of his author's language, as well as to express his meaning; and he is equally unjust and unfaithful to his original, in passing over the beauties of his diction, as in omitting or disguising his sentiments. In Cowper's elaborate version, there are certainly some striking and vigorous passages, and the closeness of the translation continually recals the original to the memory of a classical reader; but he will look in vain for the melodious and elevated language of Homer in the unpolished verses and colloquial phraseology of his translator.

ART. VI. *Lettres sur l'Angleterre.* Par J. Fievée. 1802.

OF all the species of travels, that which has moral observation for its object is the most liable to error, and has the greatest difficulties to overcome, before it can arrive at excellence. Stones, and roots, and leaves, are subjects which may exercise the understanding, without rousing the passions. A mineralogical traveller will hardly fall foul upon the granite and the felt spar of other countries than his own; a botanist will not conceal its non-descripts; and an agricultural tourist will faithfully detail the average crop per acre: but the traveller who observes on the manners, habits and institutions of other countries, must have emancipated his mind from the extensive and powerful dominion of association, must have extinguished the agreeable and deceitful feelings of national vanity, and cultivated that patient humility which builds general inferences only upon the repetition of individual facts. Every thing he sees shocks some passion, or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings. Books of travels are now published in such vast abundance, that it may not be useless, perhaps, to state a few of the reasons why their value so commonly happens to be in the inverse ratio of their number.

1*st*, Travels are bad, from a want of opportunity for observation in those who write them. If the sides of a building are to be measured, and the number of its windows to be counted, a very short space of time may suffice for these operations; but to gain such a knowledge of their prevalent opinions and propensities, as will enable a stranger to comprehend (what is commonly called) the *genius* of a people, requires a long residence among them, a familiar acquaintance with their language, and an easy circulation among their various societies. The society into which a transient stranger gains the most easy access in any country, is not often that which ought to stamp the national character; and

no criterion can be more fallible, in a people so reserved and inaccessible as the British, who (even when they open their doors to letters of introduction) cannot for years overcome the awkward timidity of their nature. The same expressions are of so different a value in different countries, the same actions proceed from such different causes, and produce such different effects, that a judgment of foreign nations, founded on rapid observation, is almost certainly a mere tissue of ludicrous and disgraceful mistakes; and yet a residence of a month or two seems to entitle a traveller to present the world with a picture of manners in London, Paris, or Vienna, and even to dogmatise upon their political, religious, and legal institutions, as if it were one and the same thing to speak of *abstract* effects of such institutions, and of their effects combined with all the peculiar circumstances in which any nation may be placed.

2dly, An affectation of quickness in observation, an intuitive glance that requires only a *moment*, and a *part* to judge of a *perpetuity* and a *whole*. The late Mr. Petion, who was sent over into this country to acquire a knowledge of our criminal law, is said to have declared himself thoroughly informed upon the subject, after remaining precisely *two-and-thirty minutes* in the Old Bailey.

3dly, The tendency to found observation on a system, rather than a system upon observation. The fact is, there are very few original eyes and ears. The great mass see and hear as they are directed by others, and bring back from a residence in foreign countries, nothing but the vague and customary notions concerning it, which are carried and brought back for half a century, without verification or change. The most ordinary shape in which this tendency to prejudge makes its appearance among travellers, is by a disposition to exalt, or, a still more absurd disposition, to depreciate their native country. They are incapable of considering a foreign people but under one single point of view—the relation in which they stand to their own; and the whole narrative is frequently nothing more than a mere triumph of national vanity, or the ostentation of superiority to so common a failing.

But we are wasting our time in giving a theory of the faults of travellers, when we have such ample means of exemplifying them all from the publication now before us, in which Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity that has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which fairly entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and dis-

covery in impertinence. We consider Mr. Fievée's book as extremely valuable in one point of view. It affords a sort of limit or mind-mark, beyond which we conceive it to be impossible in future that pertness and petulance should pass. It is well to be acquainted with the boundaries of our nature on both sides; and to Mr. Fievée we are indebted for this valuable approach to *pessimism*. The height of knowledge no man has yet scanned; but we have now pretty well fathomed the gulf of ignorance.

We must, however, do justice to Mr. Fievée when he deserves it. He evinces, in his preface, a lurking uneasiness at the apprehension of exciting war between the two countries, from the anger to which his letters will give birth in England. He pretends to deny that they will occasion a war; but it is very easy to see he is not convinced by his own arguments; and we confess ourselves extremely pleased by this amiable solicitude at the probable effusion of human blood. We hope Mr. Fievée is deceived by his philanthropy, and that no such unhappy consequences will ensue, as he really believes, though he affects to deny them. We dare to say the dignity of this country will be satisfied, if the publication in question is disowned by the French government, or at most, if the author is given up. At all events, we have no scruple to say, that to sacrifice 20,000 lives, and a hundred millions of money, to resent Mr. Fievée's book, would be an unjustifiable waste of blood and treasure; and that to take him off privately by assassination would be an undertaking hardly compatible with the dignity of a great empire.

To shew, however, the magnitude of the provocation, we shall specify a few of the charges which he makes against the English.—That they do not understand fireworks as well as the French; that they charge a shilling for admission to the exhibition; that they have the misfortune of being incommoded by a certain disgraceful privilege, called the liberty of the press; that the opera band plays out of tune; that the English are so fond of drinking, that they get drunk with a certain air called the gas of Paradise; that the privilege of electing members of Parliament is so burthensome, that cities sometimes petition to be exempted from it; that the great obstacle to a Parliamentary reform is the mob; that women sometimes have titles distinct from those of their husbands; although, in England, any body can sell his wife at market with a rope about her neck. To these complaints he adds—that the English are so far from enjoying that equality of which their partisans boast, that none but the servants of the higher nobility can carry canes behind a carriage; that the power

which the French Kings had of pardoning before trial, is much the same thing as the English mode of pardoning after trial; that he should conceive it to be a good reason for rejecting any measure in France, that it was imitated from the English, who have no family affections, and who love money so much, that their first question, in an inquiry concerning the character of any man, is, as to his degree of fortune. Lastly, Mr. Fievée alleges against the English, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. And indeed we must have the candour to allow, that the hospitality which Mr. Fievée experienced seems to afford some pretext for this assertion.

One of the principal objects of Mr. Fievée's book, is to combat the Anglomania, which has raged so long among his countrymen, and which prevailed at Paris to such an excess, that even Mr. Neckar, a foreigner, (incredible as it may seem), *after having been twice minister of France*, retained a considerable share of admiration for the English government. This is quite inexplicable. But this is nothing to the treason of the *Encyclopedists*, who, instead of attributing the merit of the experimental philosophy, and the reasoning by induction, to a Frenchman, have shewn themselves so lost to all sense of the duty which they owed to their country, that they have attributed it to an Englishman*, *of the name of Bacon*, and this for no better reason, than that he really was the author of it. The whole of this passage is written so entirely in the genius of Mr. Fievée, and so completely exemplifies that very caricature species of Frenchmen from which our gross and popular notions of the whole people are taken, that we shall give the passage at full length, cautiously abstaining from the sin of translating it.

'Quand je reproche aux philosophes d'avoir vanté l'Angleterre, par haine pour les institutions qui soutenoient la France, je ne hasarde rien, et je fournirai une nouvelle preuve de cette assertion, en citant les encyclopédistes, chefs avoués de la philosophie moderne.

'Comment nous ont-ils présenté l'Encyclopédie? Comme une monument immortel, comme le dépôt précieux de toutes les connoissances humaines. Sous quel patronage l'ont-ils élevé ce monument immortel? Est-ce sous l'égide des écrivains dont la France s'honoroit? Non, ils ont choisi pour maitre et pour idole, un Anglais, Bâcon; ils lui ont fait dire tout ce qu'ils ont voulu, parce que cet auteur, extraordinairement volumineux, n'étoit pas connu en France, et ne l'est guère en Angleterre que de quelques hommes studieux; mais les

* 'Gaul was conquered by a person of the name of Julius Cæsar,' is the first phrase in one of Mr. Newberry's little books.

philosophes sentoient que leur succès, pour introduire des nouveautés, tenoit à faire croire qu'elles n'étoient pas *neuves* pour les grands esprits; et comme les grands esprits français, trop connus, ne se prêtoient pas à un pareil dessein, les philosophes ont eu recours à l'Angleterre. Ainsi, un ouvrage fait en France et offert à l'admiration de l'Europe comme l'ouvrage par excellence, fut mis par des Français sous la protection du génie Anglais. O honte! Et les philosophes se sont dit patriotes, et la France, pour prix de sa dégradation, leur a élevé des statues? Le siècle qui commence, plus juste, parce qu'il a le sentiment de la véritable grandeur, laissera ces statues et l'Encyclopédie s'ensevelir sous la même poussière.

When to this are added the commendations that have been bestowed on Newton, the magnitude and the originality of the discoveries which have been attributed to him, the admiration which the works of Locke have excited, and the homage that has been paid to Milton and Shakspeare, the treason which lurks at the bottom of it all, will not escape the penetrating glance of Mr. Fievée; and he will discern that same cause from which every good Frenchman knows the defeat of Aboukir and of the first of June to have proceeded—*the monster Pitt, and his English guineas.*

Art. VII. *John Woodvil:* a Tragedy. By Charles Lamb. To which are added, Fragments of Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Robinsons. London. 1802.

WE have often regretted, in perusing the dramatic compositions of the ancients, that we do not possess any of those earlier specimens of the art in its state of rudeness, from which the merit of succeeding dramatists might best be determined. It is always a consolation to badness, that there is something worse; and the greater number of our tragic writers have therefore a just ground of complaint against the fraud of the stages of antiquity, which, by transmitting only their best productions, have deprived them of the power of looking back to pieces inferior to their own. We have dramas of Eschylus indeed; but Eschylus, 'pallæ repertor honestæ,' had already raised poor barefoot Tragedy on buskins, and given her a comfortable cloak to her back. Our loss would be irreparable, were it not for a fact, which, though very obvious, has been strangely overlooked:—*we have still among us men of the age of Thespis,* and indeed of every age, since men first ventured to compose. There is not a single century, to which we cannot find at present corresponding tastes and faculties of every kind: and it is surely by *their own qualities* that men should be estimated and arranged, and not by the revolutions of planets, which are foreign bodies, and have no more relation

to the earth which is animated, than to that which was burned or buried in the earliest priests of Bacchus.

In the drama, however, though we have had innumerable specimens of the *imperfect*, which in composition is by much the most common species of *past time*, we have long expected in vain a specimen so truly *perfect*, as to approach the purity of the great father of the stage; and we own that our disappointment has been greater at this failure of genius, as in that inferior division of the art which consists in recitation, we have often been gratified with a glimpse of the original *plaustrum*. At length, however, even in composition, a mighty veteran has been born. Older than Eschylus, and with all the spirit of originality, in an age of poets who have had before them the imitations of some thousand years, he comes forward, to establish his claim to the ancient *hircus*, and to satiate the most remote desires of the philosophic antiquary.

The tragedy of Mr Lamb may indeed be fairly considered as supplying the first of those lost links which connect the improvements of Eschylus with the commencement of the art. We shall not, however, insist that it be received with complete acquiescence, till we have given a short account of its fable, and afterwards compared it with those ideas of the *most* ancient drama, which may be inferred as best suited to the known manners of the time.

Sir Walter Woodvil, having been an active partizan of the Commonwealth, is obliged to fly, at the Restoration of Charles; and a price is set upon his head. He chooses, however, to remain in England, with his young son Simon; and they spend their time chiefly in Sherwood Forest;

> 'Nigh which place, they have ta'en a house
> In the town of Nottingham, and pass for foreigners,
> Wearing the dress of Frenchmen.'

His elder son, the hero of the tragedy, who, with views of ambition, had attached himself to the Royal party, takes possession of his paternal estate, and abandons himself to every profligacy, with a crowd of riotous companions. In a fit of intoxication, he reveals to Lovel, one of his pretended friends, the place of his father's concealment; and Lovel, with a *single* companion, hastens to the forest, to seize Sir Walter; but, awed by the undaunted appearance of the father and the son, '*they both slink off;*' and Sir Walter, knowing by whom the information must have been given, dies of horror at John's treachery. On learning all the consequences of the communication he had made, the wretched inebriate is seized at once with headach and remorse; and the drama concludes with a narrative of his mysterious feeling of the

forgiveness of heaven, at an early hour, on Sunday morning, as he was kneeling in the church of St. Mary Ottery, 'on a little hassock in the family pew.' On rising, he had 'yearned to say his prayers in the church;' and flying to it, 'found the door wide open, whether by negligence he knew not, or some peculiar grace to him vouchsafed, for all things felt like mystery.' The narrative is addressed to Margaret, an orphan ward of his father, who, early betrothed to John, and feeling herself slighted by him, had fled from the profligacy of his house to Sir Walter in the forest, on whose death she returned to comfort his repentant son. The artifice with which the poet prepares his audience for the narrative, must be admirably productive of theatrical effect. It introduces, what we believe is a novelty on the stage, a peal of church bells giving their summons to morning service.

('A noise of bells heard.)

MARGARET.

'Hark the bells John.

JOHN.

Those are the church bells of St. Mary Ottery.

MARGARET.

I know it.

JOHN.

St. Mary Ottery, my native village,
In the sweet shire of Devon.
Those are the bells.' p. 100.

The exactness of John's information is of peculiar use; as Margaret, having been some time at Nottingham, may be supposed to have forgotten the name of the parish, and perhaps of the sweet shire itself; and the cautious and solemn iteration at the close, in an affair of so much moment, gives an emphasis to the whole, that is almost inimitable.

Of the *most* ancient drama, the plot would certainly have no regular union of events all gradually converging into one. It would be simple, in what may strictly be called fable, though apparently complicated, from the want of bearing of the few parts upon each other. Above all, it would be very turbulent, and would probably consist chiefly of the buffooneries of slaves, and the incoherent follies of intoxication. The first great actors are said to have been 'peruncti fæcibus ora,' a visor admirably typical of a drunkard, and of peculiar beauty in the eyes of a 'spectator functusque sacris, et potus, et ex lex.' Accordingly, we find in Mr. Lamb's tragedy, that half of the dialogue is spoken by servants and drunkards; nor is it wonderful, since, at the period of the action, as the hero of the piece expresses it,

'now universal England getteth drunk.' On drunkenness, indeed, the whole is founded; for the only tragical incidents of the piece arise from a discovery made in the thoughtlessness of intoxication.

With the importance of gesture on the ancient stage we are well acquainted; and it is evident, that the author means a great part of his eloquence to be performed in that expressive way, as he has introduced a considerable portion of dialogue, which in mere language is almost insignificant. In the following passage, in which four servants are represented drinking, all the eloquence is in the cup, which has thus as fair a claim as any of those who hold it, to be considered as a person of the drama.

'DANIEL.
'Here's to thee, brother Martin. (*drinks.*)
MARTIN.
And to thee, Daniel. (*drinks.*)
FRANCIS.
And to thee, Peter. (*drinks.*)
PETER.
Thank you, Francis. And here's to thee. (*drinks.*)
MARTIN.
I shall be fuddled anon.' pp. 4-5.

In the same scene, the characters become so very brief, that if due care be taken by the manager, to give them grave faces, they might almost pass for ministers of state, in the disguise of serving men.

'FRANCIS.
'Well, I have my suspicions.
PETER.
And so have I.
MARTIN.
And I can keep a secret.
FRANCIS.
(*To Peter*) Warwickshire you mean. (*aside.*)
PETER.
Perhaps not.
FRANCIS.
Nearer perhaps.
PETER.
I say nothing.' p. 11.

The ministerial silence of Lord Burleigh is *great;* but even silence itself is nothing to this. Three characters are afterwards introduced, that appear but once, and say only a few words: so that, as they must have been created for some great purpose, it is evident, that a vast deal has been left to the bodily eloquence of the actors.

('Enter at another door, Three calling for Harry Freeman.)

Harry Freeman, Harry Freeman.
He is not here. Let us go look for him.
Where is Freeman?
Where is Harry?

(Exeunt the Three, calling for Freeman.)' p. 33.

We may remark here, as tending to increase that confusion so happily expressive of drunkenness, the ingenuity of the artifice, by which four speeches are given to three persons, without stating to whom the fourth shall belong.

If the plot and characters of 'John Woodvil' be not sufficient to establish its antiquity, its language will powerfully concur. The *most* ancient versification was probably very rude. That of Mr. Lamb is at least of equal rudeness, and has sometimes even a greater resemblance to the varieties of ancient measure, than to the unvarying English heroic. The servants, to preserve that due respect which should always be paid to rank, speak in prose; but the gradation is not nicely observed, as Mr. Sandford, the steward, talks as good blank verse as his master. He thus heroically rates his inferiors:

'Which of you, as I entered, spake of betraying?
Was it you, or you, or thin-face, was it you?' p. 14.

Margaret the ward, though a tender female, talks also in very becoming and resolute blank verse:

'I pray you spare me, Dr. Sandford,
And once for all believe, nothing can shake my purpose.' p. 21.

Nor are the sentiments less characteristic of the age, than the versification. The figures are often very bold, and have all the careless indelicacy of ancient manners. In a soliloquy, John thus describes the variety of his passions:

'Ambition, pleasure, vanity, all by turns
Shall lie in my bed, and keep me fresh and waking. P. 26.

Even old Sir Walter gives the following advice to his son:

'You to the court where now your brother John
Commits a rape on fortune.' p. 47.

In p. 74, after the very courteous question, 'Or stay; you keep no wench?' The last word is beautifully varied in a climax of synonymes; and, in p. 77, there is a protracted simile, for which our page is much too modern.

Of the real language of feeling, there is not any which can offend the nicest antiquary. On the contrary, there is a very laudable want of it, in a situation in which there was great risk of error. We allude to the speech of Simon after the sudden

death of his father, which is so striking an instance of danger shunned, that it is worthy of insertion.

'How is it with you, Sir Walter? Look up, Sir; the villains are gone. He hears me not, and this deep disgrace of treachery in his son hath touched him even to the death. O most distuned, and distempered world, where sons talk their aged fathers into their graves! Garrulous and diseased world, and still empty, rotten and hollow *talking* world, where good men decay, states turn round in an endless mutability, and still for the worse, nothing is at a stay, nothing abides, but vanity, chaotic vanity—Brother, adieu!

> There lies the parent stock which gave us life,
> Which I will see consign'd with tears to earth.
> Leave thou the solemn funeral rites to me,
> Grief and a true remorse abide with thee.' p. 83.

The prediction, that he is to weep at the funeral, has a pathos truly original, though certainly rather inconsistent with the unequal division which he afterwards makes, reserving only the funeral rites to himself, and consigning all the grief to his brother, to have and to hold for ever.

The passages which we have already quoted, are, we trust, sufficient to justify our opinion of the age of the present drama. We might have selected many other passages of equal antiquity. The whole is indeed almost uniformly venerable, and will be justly appreciated by all who are desirous of possessing a complete specimen of the drama in its state of pristine rudeness.

The tragedy is accompanied with two little pieces, a '*ballad* from the German,' which, though it have not made Schiller more pathetic, has certainly, in converting him to Methodism, made him much more pious; and 'Helen,' a song, in which, though we sometimes discerned the manner of that person of quality who assisted the Wits of Queen Anne's reign, we thought, till we had read the appended fragments of Burton, that it was in every respect an original piece, and an original of more value, from the probable rarity of any future productions which might resemble it. It is addressed to a lady, whose love the author is supposed to have long sought in vain, and for whom, when at length compliant, he finds that his love has perished. But the most singular circumstance is, that with love surpassing that of Pygmalion, he still weeps to the picture of her whom he scorns, 'nor ever sleeps, complaining all night long to her.' Such violence of distress must be merely the continuance of an old habit; and it is perhaps only physically, because her tenderness would interfere with this habit, that he no longer feels regard for the *living* Helen. The real reason of his coolness he leaves us to guess, by putting it in the form of a query.

'Can I, who loved my beloved
But for the scorn was in her eye;
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh?' p. 106.

We own, that we do not discover the reason of this impossibility. That any one should love scorn *merely as scorn*, is inconceivable; and her sympathy is certainly no reason for the change, unless he prefer his own solitary grief to her for whom he grieves. If he had frankly owned, that she was now not so lovely as when younger, we should have at least understood his meaning; but, in that case, he would not have been enamoured, till the very moment of her melting, as the deteriorations of age must have been gradual, and not dependent on a single smile. The two lines which close the poem,

'Helen grown old, no longer cold,
Said, "You to all men I prefer." p. 107.

are most singularly placed. At the beginning they would have been very communicative; but at the conclusion they tell us nothing; since the fact, without the knowledge of which the preceding verses must have been unintelligible, was therefore graciously expressed before. Mr. Lamb had perhaps heard, that poems of this kind should end with a point; and wisely reflecting, that the beginning of any thing is as much a point as its end, was too good an economist of his time, to consume it, in elaborating and polishing an useless conclusion.

The extracts from a common-place-book of Burton, are recommended only by their quaintness and party-coloured learning. There is one sentence which Mr. Lamb introduced perhaps as descriptive of his own compositions.

'The fruit, issue, children, of these my morning meditations, have been certain crude, impolite, incomposite, hirsute, (what shall I say?) verses.' p. 125.

If this was really intended by him, we must add to the praise we have already given him for poetical talent, our still higher commendation of the justness of his criticism: nor is it a matter of little moment to us, that we are thus able to commend with a safe conscience, when we remember, that Mr. Lamb is that friend of Coleridge, whose verses he deems so worthy of all honour, as to fix his direst anathema on the presumptuous critics who shall venture to express their disapprobation: 'Quem si quis non amet, *illum omnes Gratiæ et Veneres odere.*'*

* Preface to the Poems of Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, 2d edit.

ART. VIII. *A Method of Examining Refractive and Dispersive Powers by Prismatic Reflection.* By William Hyde Woollaston, M. D. F. R. S. From Philosophical Transactions, 1802.

THIS is a very interesting and ingenious paper. The object is extremely important to the optician and astronomer; and this invention is one of the many obligations under which the latter has been laid by the former.

The great reflection of light at the inner surface of a dense refracting medium, was applied by Sir Isaac Newton to the construction of telescopes, in his prismatic eye-glass; and the same principle is here extended to the examination of the powers of any medium rarer than glass. The invention is extremely simple and elegant. The medium to be examined is placed under the side of a prism, and made to enter into contact with the glass. This is easily done, if the medium is a fluid; if it is a solid, a fluid or cement must be interposed, of higher refractive power than the medium under examination. For the purpose of actual measurement, a rectangular prism is most convenient, and requires the simplest apparatus for the computation of the sines. Two or three rulers, with two sights, and a nonius, or, as our author rather affectedly calls it, a *vernier*, form the whole of this ingenious contrivance, so infinitely superior to any method in use. It is evident that the smallest quantity is sufficient; consequently, substances of the most perfect opacity may be subjected to trial. Our author gives an amusing instance, in his examination of a substance brought from the North Pacific Ocean, and suspected to be bees-wax, although there are no bees in the country. This trial completed the proof; for the refractive power was found to be precisely the same with that of bees-wax.

Another advantage of this method is its application to substances of variable density; as, for instance, the chrystalline lens. Our author found the variation of the power of an ox's chrystalline to be from 1.447 to 1.380; that of water being 1.336. Upon this we have only to remark, that there may be some inaccuracy in the method of examining the power of solids, by interposing a fluid medium. Great errors may take place, if the sides containing this medium are not parallel. Now, it is perfectly well known, that we can never meet with two polished surfaces perfectly even. This is evident, from the adaptation of all prisms to exhibit the colours of thin plates by pressure, which could not happen, unless their sides were ground to a sphere or other curve of a large diameter. Besides, it really strikes us, that if a medium is interposed, different from that to be examined, the experiment will only, or chiefly, measure the refractive power of the medium interposed.

The author applies his method with similar advantage, to examine the dispersive powers of bodies. The metals, he finds, greatly increase the dispersive powers of nitric and muriatic acids. Gold and platina are the most remarkable for this property; zinc, the least remarkable. The same remark is made with respect to the earths. Jargon and magnesia have it in a degree equal to nitric acid. Siliceous earth, on the contrary, is inferior to water.

Our author concludes his observations on dispersion, by remarking that there are, properly speaking, not seven primary colours, as some people have imagined, nor three, as others have supposed, but four, which, he says, he proved, by examining, through a prism of pure flint glass, a very narrow beam of day-light received upon the eye. We have no hesitation in saying, that this is a most imperfect and erroneous experiment; and that the weak light appears to be chosen, in preference to the sun's direct light, in a manner that must infallibly render the phenomenon indistinct, and the whole trial inconclusive.

Our author adds, in a note, by far the most important observation in his whole paper, we will venture to say, in this whole volume of the Transactions. By a most simple contrivance, he has proved the existence of invisible rays beyond the violet in the upper part of the prismatic spectrum. This is discovered by the blackening of muriate of silver, exposed at that part. Several years ago, we ourselves had an opportunity of making a similar experiment upon the inferior end of the spectrum; and we were led to conclude, from the invariable blackness of the muriate, exposed about a quarter of an inch below the red, that some strange dispersion of rays took place, though in so small a quantity as not to affect the senses. The experiments of Dr. Herschell perhaps lead, strictly speaking, to no other inference; but another experiment of Mr. Woollaston's clearly proves, that the invisible rays have peculiar properties. By narrowing the pencil of light received on the prism, he made the discolouring rays fall almost entirely beyond the spectrum; and he most justly infers, that the visible light has not this power, but owes its discolouring influence to the admixture of invisible light. We do not hesitate to pronounce this the most important discovery that has been made for many years in physical science; and we earnestly recommend it to the author, to prosecute a line of experiment which promises so rich a harvest of discovery.

ART. IX. *On the Oblique Reflection of Iceland Crystal.* By William Hyde Woollaston, M. D. F. R. S. From Phil. Trans. 1802.

WE were much disappointed to find, that so acute and ingenious an experimentalist had adopted the wild optical theory of vibrations. After stating it, however, chiefly from Huygens, and applying it to explain the properties of the spar, he goes on to examine, by accurate experiments, whether the undulatory system agrees with the facts. The hypothesis is, that the different undulations of the elastic medium are spherical in almost all cases, but that, in the Iceland crystal, those undulations are spheroidal; and it must be acknowledged, the near coincidence of the experiments, which are extremely well contrived, and appear to be accurately conducted, give this theory a plausibility which it did not before possess. We would however remark, that the hypothesis of Aepinus himself, by far the most consistent, simple, and universally applicable, of any that has ever been proposed, is still only a gratuitous hypothesis; has acquired to its author only the praise of fanciful ingenuity; and has perhaps done more harm than good to the science of magnetism, by withdrawing the attention of philosophers from the patient and difficult, but profitable observation of nature, to the more easy, but empty amusement of indulging their fancy.

The hypothesis of Huygens is not, as Dr. Woollaston seems to think, the same with that of Euler and other unphilosophical inquirers. It approaches more nearly to that of Newton, and assumes the existence of an elastic medium, acting upon, and influenced by the rays of light. These authors, misled by the nature of sound, do not admit the materiality of light, but assert that it is a vibration propagated through the medium. But, short as these remarks are, we are loth to waste any more time on such a feeble and ill-conducted defence of an untenable and useless hypothesis.

ART. X. *An analysis of a Mineral Substance from North America, containing a Metal hitherto unknown.* By Charles Hatchett, Esquire, F. R. S.

THE rapid progress of chemistry within these few years past, and the accuracy and precision with which experimental researches are conducted, have greatly extended our knowledge of this interesting science. Exclusive of the discovery of Mr.

Hatchett, which is the subject of this paper, the existence of six new metals has been clearly ascertained since the year 1781.

In the summer of 1781, Hatchett found, in the British Museum, a heavy mineral substance, of a dark colour, which, from its resemblance to Siberian chromate of iron, on which he was then employed in making experiments, attracted his attention, and led him to institute a set of experiments, which terminated in the discovery of the new metal. This mineral, as appears from a reference made to Sir Hans Sloane's catalogue, was sent, along with other minerals, to that naturalist, from Massachussetts in North America. But it is to be regretted, that no mention is made of the particular spot where it was found. As an abridged view of Mr. Hatchett's experiments, which is all that our limits permit us to attempt, can only be interesting to chemical readers, we shall content ourselves with giving a short account of the physical properties of the mineral, and the general result of the analysis.

The external colour of the mineral is dark brownish grey; the internal colour is the same, but inclining to iron grey. The longitudinal fracture is imperfectly lamellated; the cross fracture shews a fine grain. The lustre is vitreous, and slightly inclining, in some parts, to the metallic. It is moderately hard, and very brittle. The colour of the streak is dark chocolate brown. The particles are not attracted by the magnet. The specific gravity at the temperature of 65° is 5.918.

After digesting some part of one of the minerals reduced to a fine powder, in the sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids, it was found that it could not readily be decomposed by their direct application. But the mode of analysis which Mr. Hatchett afterwards adopted, (for the account of which we must refer our readers to the paper itself) yielded from 200 grains of the pulverised one

	Grains.
Oxide of iron - - - -	42
Unknown substance in the form of white precipitate - - - - -	155
Grains	197

The precipitate, which is pure white, and not extremely heavy, was subjected to a very elaborate series of experiments, the result of which led Mr. Hatchett to conclude, that it is a metallic substance, different from any of the metals formerly known. It is an acidifiable metal. The oxide reddens litmus paper, expels carbonic acid, and forms combinations with the fixed alkalies. But the following characteristic properties shew that it is different from any of the acidifiable metals which have lately been discovered.

1. It remains white, when digested with nitric acid. 2. It is soluble in the sulphuric and muriatic acids, and forms colourless solutions, from which it may be precipitated, in the state of a white flocculent oxide, by zinc, by the fixed alkalis, and by ammonia. Water also precipitates it from the sulphuric solution in the state of sulphate. 3. Prussiate of potash produces a copious and beautiful olive green precipitate. 4. Tincture of galls forms orange or deep yellow precipitate. 5. Unlike the other metallic acids, it refuses to unite with ammonia. 6. When mixed and distilled with sulphur, it does not combine with it, so as to form a metallic sulphurate. 7. It does not tinge any of the fluxes, except phosphoric acid, with which, even in the humid way, it appears to have a very great affinity. 8. When combined with potash, and dissolved in water, it forms precipitates, upon being added to solutions of tungstate of potash, molybdate of potash, cobaltate of ammonia, and the alkaline solution of iron.

Mr. Hatchett has often distinguished himself as an able and ingenious analyst; and although we have no reason to doubt the precision and accuracy of the present analysis, yet it would be more satisfactory were his experiments confirmed by a repetition of them by himself, or some other chemist. This remark is suggested to us by Mr. Hatchett's own researches into the nature of a mineral substance from Sydney Cove in New South Wales, by which the existence of a new earth, which the same substance, from the analysis of the late Mr. Wedgewood, was supposed to contain, was fully disproved. But this satisfaction is not to be expected till more specimens of the mineral have been discovered. The specimen from which the analysis was made being small, and the only one known, admits not of being farther broken down. To the new metal, Mr. Hatchett has given the name of *Columbium*.

ART. XI. *Guineas an unnecessary and expensive Incumbrance on Commerce:* or, The Impolicy of repealing the Bank Restriction Bill considered. London. Nicols. 1802. pp. 123.

NOTHING but the subject of this tract, and the attention which we are astonished to hear it has received from the public, could have induced us to trouble our readers with any account of it. We have seldom met with a more contemptible performance. Ignorant of the very language of political economy, and grossly mistaken in the first principles of the science, the author has the confidence to treat of the most difficult matters of finance, and to utter his crude, half-formed, and incoherent opinions, upon questions likely to remain for ever the subject of

dispute, with more certainty than Sir Isaac Newton has displayed in stating his most celebrated discoveries in physical science.

As we wish to be impartial, and are disposed to give commendation where it is due, we admit that the motto is well chosen.

'Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus et auri
Furtim defossâ timidum deponere terrâ?' HOR. SAT.

With respect to the thing itself, we have to lament that our author should have so miserably mistaken his line of talent as to write at all, more especially upon such subjects as paper credit. It is clear from the whole of this long pamphlet, that he does not know what is meant by '*public credit*.' All other writers use this word to denote the credit of the state: he applies it to all the operations of banking, negotiation of bills, making of promissory payments, striking contingent bargains about moveables, &c. At least such is one meaning which he affixes to the phrase. But what is the sense of the words, in passages like the following?

'It seems to have been received as a financial *maxim not to be disputed*, that the precious metals are the only true sign of prosperity; and the only legitimate medium, through which public credit can be advantageously circulated.' p. 4.

Who ever thought that public credit could be circulated by gold and silver? Or, who ever talked of circulating public credit, or any sort of credit? The gold and silver, or the obligation to pay those metals, or the obligation to pay any thing else, may be circulated. But did any one ever talk of circulating credit by means of coin? What need of credit when payment is made? Yet such is the doctrine which our author formally combats in the whole of his first chapter, and indeed through the whole of his work, as if it required a proof, that a guinea is not an obligation in favour of the holder. He should have extended the same to cattle, moveables, land, and all other intrinsically valuable articles.

Sometimes public credit and paper credit are the same. Sometimes the latter is the criterion and support of the former. In the same sentence (pp. 15-16.) paper credit is the visible sign of public credit, and identical with it. Our author adds, 'paper, and not metallic money, represents public credit.' (ibid.)

Now, honesty and industry are the supports of public credit; and now, all accommodation bills are iniquitous, because they express a direct lie, the actual transference of value. Yet our wise author's chief purpose, is to demonstrate the expediency and justice of the statute 1797 for stopping the cash payments, which converts every bank note into a direct lie. And how industry can support credit, we cannot imagine; for an idle man, who is ho-

nest, will just receive as much credit as an industrious man, in proportion to his stock; nay, the bills and notes of an idle rich man will pass current, while a poor, industrious, honest person, is unable to find an indorsee for a five shilling bill. It is clear, that credit and national wealth are here perpetually confounded.

The next chapter contains a similarly unintelligible inquiry, whether specie be necessary for supporting credit? Our author settles it in the negative, with his usual happy tone of certainty. Does he mean to assert, that if all the bank coffers are drained of gold, means taken to prevent a shilling from ever getting into them, and prohibitions passed upon the discharging of a single obligation, the bank directors will still have the power of issuing promissory notes, that is, reams of promises to perform what they neither can nor will perform, and that all mankind will give value for such pieces of 'lying paper,' to use an idea of this author's? If the continuance of confidence were conceivable under such circumstances, that is to say, if the Bank possessed an unlimited power, not from Parliament, but from the nature of things, to issue as many notes as it pleased without incurring any obligation, and with no risk of depreciation, unless the directors and proprietors were an uncommonly disinterested sort of personages, they would be the sole proprietors of this island in half a year. On the other hand, no one ever thought of denying the possibility of rearing a vast fabric of credit, without having a single guinea in circulation. In fact, guineas are only one object of credit, one commodity which may be transferred by promise, and borrowed upon obligation; and the credit is the confidence which gives rise to such transactions. After such a specimen of our author's political acquirements, our readers will not be surprised to learn that he is constantly talking of cash as a measure of price, a representative of value, a standard of exchange, as if pots and pans (to use Dr. Smith's illustration) might not just as well receive the same epithets.

One method of argument we hold to be nearly allied to imposture:—After enumerating all the unquestionable drawbacks of specie money, (and every former writer gives the enumeration much better,) he concludes that paper must be advantageous, because it saves those losses. In a separate chapter, he pompously enumerates the benefits of paper currency, by taking the converse of his former statements; and concludes, *à fortiori*, in favour of this sort of medium, because it has not the inconvenience of metallic money. This is making the most of an argument, according to those rules of good faith and ingenuity, by which certain practical speculators make the most of their ten fingers. But our author can *hector* as well as *finesse*. At the end, after various hints, we are bombastically told, that all the outcry against paper currency arose from the new philosophy. Our

poor author now loses all command of himself; every thing is atheism, blood, assassination, Jacobinism, French principles, in a word, reform. By transition, happy for the extrication of one who has unwarily entangled himself in the subject of paper credit, and not unnatural to a frantic person, he comes to the British constitution, on which he pronounces a laboured and ludicrous eulogium; because, in civil matters, all power is concentrated in the Monarch, who is endued by it with godlike attributes; because, in things ecclesiastical, the church dispenses all the superlative charities bestowed by the most High God (p. 103.); and because, in things judicial, the Judges are rendered learned and incorruptible! Why? Because they are not allowed to make laws! (pp. 104-5.)

Our author has a happy knack at calculation: He fixes the average amount of bills of exchange always in circulation at just 20,000,000, the number of clerks that every merchant saves by the institution of banks at twenty for one, and the total savings of paper currency at $\frac{19}{20}$. His notes are amusing: They generally contain some aliquot parts of the sentences, of which it is intended that the text should be composed.

The style of this strange production is truly grotesque; want of grammar, Scotticisms, neologisms, metaphors, double superlatives, proverbs, Scripture quotations, personifications, mercantile vulgarisms, all dance through each page in the most grotesque and giddy array.

Now we hear of a capital of fifty-six millions being raised from the dead. (p. 64.) Suddenly it is attacked with a consumption (p. 71;) but it retains the power of generation (ibid.) Then we are amused with a crumbling confederacy, and a few '*doubtful neutrals.*' An animated picture rapidly succeeds, of the mighty coalition foiled, universal invasion, rebellion bursting, a palladium in a state of mutiny, London blockaded by sea, sedition sowing on the shore, a barometer falling in a congregation of perils, credit imploring protection, and committing acts of bankruptcy from compulsion. Public credit is now introduced, 'complaining, in the bitterness of distress, with the good old Patriarch, "All these things are against me, and they will bring me down with sorrow to the grave." But no, says our author; those things were tending to unchain paper credit from the more than leaden weight of gold, (p. 72.) The poor damsel (Paper credit) is saved by the Bank restriction-bill, and order restored to the universe. All this is literally presented to us in two pages. In the next, our author, not recovered from his fit of inspiration, amuses us with the figure courteously called *hyperbole* by those who love a longer and a more learned word than our own language supplies for the occasion. He says, that the unhypothecated part of the income tax was a fund of ways and

means, sufficient for borrowing a hundred millions of new debt! The Latin in p. 102, is a proof that our author does not enjoy the benefit of an acquaintance with that language.

The only abuse of paper credit, according to him, is speculation by accommodation bills. This he seems to think one of the highest of human crimes; and he extends his anathema to such bills, provided the value transferred is in land or other immoveable property! Query, What crime is a man guilty of, on these tight drawn principles, who grants his bill for the price of a ship? —The effects of paper money, in encouraging forgery, he holds very light. 'That is the fault of the forgers,' saith he, 'not of the lawgiver.' There is much acuteness in the distinction; but we submit it as a sort of insinuation, whether systems are not, *cæteris paribus*, to be condemned, which bring forward strong and obvious temptations to fraud, especially if the only reform that our cautious author will hear of, is a reform of character in the people. P. 102.

The bold style of declamation in which our author arraigns of Jacobinism every one who differs from him, makes us fear that, even on the dry subject of paper credit, we shall soon see Bowles's, and Giffords, and Playfairs, thundering out their artillery of new light, overthrow of thrones, reform, French principles, &c. &c.; and then, is the science of number and quantity itself safe? To the present writer, we have only to hint, that when he ascribes all the arguments used against paper credit to Jacobin principles, he forgets the millions of assignats poured forth by those *dabblers* in the paper system who lately ruled over the Parisian mobility, the paper currency of the American rebels, and the alarm against all such inventions which followed the speculations carried on under the reigns of Louis XIV. and George I. when Jacobin was as yet the appellation of a set of monks.

From the whole, our author draws conclusions partly self-evident, partly vague and unintelligible, partly nonsensical. He loudly demands that the tinsel of declamation shall be brought to the test of demonstration. We may accede to this, when we shall comprehend its meaning. He farther insists upon being allowed only to 'weigh unvarnished facts.' We scarcely yet perceive his object; but his final claim is modest and plain, 'Let the preponderating balance prevail.' We believe it would be a new sight, to see the light scale preponderate. He adds a notice, that, in this publication, he has no interest to serve. We think this lucky, inasmuch as the performance would never be able to serve any interest; and are inclined to believe, that whenever the author may have any interest to serve in addressing the public, he will find it necessary to act by *proxy*.

Hitherto, we have given our readers such specimens of our author's opinions and assertions, as carry their refutation or con-

demnation along with them. We are now to observe the general drift and tenor of the book, since we hear this is supported by high authorities.

In one of the notes to this second chapter, we meet with a singular vindication of what most men have been accustomed to regard as a breach of trust—the interference of the managers with the specie and other valuables contained in the deposit Bank of Amsterdam. That those valuables were entrusted to the custody of the directors and other functionaries of that celebrated body, under the express compact of a safe deposit, no one can entertain a doubt, who is in the least acquainted with the history of the institution. The premium paid was actually, as Dr. Smith observes, a warehouse rent: the recipices, or receipts, acknowledged the nature of the charge to be that of a simple deposit. No one ever had the slightest suspicion that his property was moved from the coffers of the Bank; and although Mr. Smith seems to suspect that the money for which receipts had been long expired, and which would in all probability remain for ever undemanded, was not so sacredly treasured up, yet he adds, on the authority of Mr. Hope, the Dutch merchant, that at Amsterdam no point of faith is better established than a belief in the existence of a guilder in the Bank chests, for every guilder circulated in the form of paper money. 'The city,' says he, 'is guarantee that it should be so. The bank is under the direction of the four reigning burgomasters, who are changed every year. Each new set of burgomasters visits the treasure, compares it with the books, receives it upon oath, and delivers it over, with the same awful solemnity, to the set which succeeds: and in that sober and religious country, oaths are not yet disregarded.'—*Wealth of Nations, Book IV. chap.* 3. Now, we do not inquire, whether or not the inviolability of this deposit was necessary for the commercial prosperity of Holland; we do not argue that the original purpose of the institution could not have been obtained by other means, viz. the raising of a depreciated medium of exchange; we do not even contend, that the locking up so enormous a treasure as the deposits, was consistent either with mercantile prudence, or with the public safety. It is enough for us that the bargain was made, and has been broken; that the deposit was sacred, ought to have been inviolable, and has been infringed; that the solemn oaths of endless successions of functionaries have been wilfully given; that perjury has as constantly followed; and that the plighted faith and honour of the Dutch republic has been squandered away. When late events brought about a disclosure of this scene of perfidy, which no views of expediency can justify, and which only the most short-sighted and temporary conceptions of policy can vindicate as expedient, is it not fair to conclude that public credit must have received a shock all over Hol-

land?—a shock, for its magnitude, worthy of being admitted to explain some of the effects so universally ascribed by our author to the machinations of Jacobinism? After the statements of Mr. Hope, to which we have referred, we may be permitted to doubt whether the disclosure of the transaction dignified by our author with the appellation of wise policy, in whatever manner it might have been effected, would not have ruined the credit of the Dutch republic, although no French invasion had been combined with this shock. We must be allowed to denominate by our author's favourite epithet of '*Jacobinical*,' the policy practised by Holland, of interfering with private property, in spite of the most solemn and holy sanctions of public and individual guarantee.

We have thought it necessary to take particular notice of this singular remark, because it is introduced as a parallel case; a vindication of the breach of contract, which the restrictions have enabled the Bank of England to commit. We do not intend at all to discuss, on this occasion, that very intricate and difficult question connected with this subject; we are only arguing the matter upon one simple and limited ground—the nature of the contract or obligation which a promissory note implies. It would however be difficult, by any casuistry, to convince a person of plain common sense, that the measure which this author recommends, the perpetual establishment of the restriction, can be reconciled either to the principles of honesty and good faith, or to the most sound and obvious views of expediency. 'The measure (says he, p. iv.) was at first justified on the ground of necessity, and its term prolonged on that of temporary expedience; whereas the following remarks, if just, prove the advantages of continuing it as a permanent measure of prudence and sound policy.' Accordingly, it is the avowed object of the whole publication to recommend the perpetual stoppage of specie issues at the Bank; and we lament to hear, that the proposition of so strange an expedient should have been favourably received in certain high financial circles. We shall therefore take the liberty of subjoining a few remarks upon this new, and, we trust, fruitless attempt, to injure the commercial resources of Great Britain, in order to favour a small class of persons engaged in one branch of the banking trade, and in order to give them the power of assisting the financial measures of the Government.

The grounds on which the advocates of the order of Council in 1797, and the subsequent statutes, have hitherto maintained their practical doctrines, have been, the danger of the Bank losing all its specie in consequence of an unfavourable balance of trade—sudden and extensive alarm occasioned by great mercantile failures—dread of invasion, and more generally, in consequence of the excess of the market over the mint price of gold, which rendered it profitable to melt down guineas, and export the bul-

lion. To these circumstances were added others, which, we confess, have never been to us very intelligible; such as the designs which the enemy was supposed to entertain against the credit of Great Britain.*

Now, it is evident, that all these grounds can only be occupied by the advocates of a temporary restriction or suspension of Bank-payments. In their very nature and essence, they are unfit for the support of any thing farther than a temporary measure. The circumstances enumerated are in themselves temporary causes of a rapid drain of specie; the existence of such causes can only justify a temporary scheme of prevention. Accordingly, Mr. Thornton, and all the other friends of the measures which Government pursued, have been content with supporting the temporary necessity or expediency of these measures. They are abundantly satisfied with their success, if they can convince their readers that the circumstances of the country in 1797 justified the Order of Council; that the continuation of those circumstances required a subsequent renewal of the suspension; and that the inconveniencies or losses which may arise from the operation of those unprecedented measures, are palliated by the necessities of the case, or compensated by opposite advantages, arising from the circumstances of the times, or partially counteracted by various causes unobserved by the noisy declaimers who at first condemned the whole system of restriction.

The Bank is a great company, incorporated by an act of Government, and binding itself, like other trading copartneries, by the authorized obligations which its officers incur on its account. The extent of those obligations, and the confidence of the public in so wealthy an association, have conspired to give this Company a very great influence upon the motions of Government, and the commercial operations of the country. If the Bank is concerned in the prosperity of the community, the community is reciprocally interested in the existence of the Bank; and the Government is of course interested in the welfare of both. The credit of the Bank, that is, the confidence of the public in its fidelity and ability to discharge all its obligations, (which are indeed the same thing†), depend upon its will and power (which are the same thing) to fulfil such obligations as the creditors may from time to time wish to have fulfilled. As this number of obligations can never, in common probability, be equal to the sum of all that have been contracted, it is perfectly fair and prudent in the Bank to use the funds destined to supply the power of fulfilling the remaining

* *Vide* Parliamentary Debates.

† We say, that in common cases the integrity and prosperity of the Bank must be synonymous terms, because an over issue of paper is unquestionably a breach of good faith in any company whose notes already circulate; it is a species of fraudulent bankruptcy.

obligations, in a way profitable to itself and the community at large; and if, on any emergency, the crisis of public affairs should render it dangerous to the Company and to the country, that the obligations of the former to the latter should be fulfilled, it is evidently their mutual interest that those obligations should, for a season, be rendered ineffectual. If a merchant has become bound to pay a certain sum to his correspondent at a certain day, and if, on the day before, the debtor finds that he shall not have a sufficient quantity of money in his chest, and that his creditor must have the money, it is in vain that he complains of his creditor's rigour—he must either pay or break. If, on the other hand, the circumstances of the creditor render the payment disadvantageous to him at that particular day; if, for example, his receipt of the money will sanction the extravagant demands of his needy personal friends, or force him to discharge debts of honour, or constrain him to fulfil conditional obligations, it will clearly be for the interest both of the debtor and the creditor, that the payment should be delayed, and the security or contract renewed. The parties in this case will meet, and immediately come to an understanding; so would the country and the Bank, if the former were not an immense congregation of individuals, who cannot act together, and whose interests, or views of interest, are in certain cases far from uniform. But as many individuals will always persist in requiring the fulfilment of the obligations contrary to the general good, and as the minority, whose peculiar interests or fancies thus stand opposed to the common cause, are sufficiently numerous and important to ruin both the Bank and the country, it becomes necessary, that in this, as in all other cases, the part should yield to the whole; and the only method of effecting so requisite an end, is the ordinary mode of sinking partial in general interests—the interference of the common government. Thus, the Legislature, on behalf of the majority of the country, that is on behalf of the country, is justified in absolving the Banking Company of England from fulfilling those obligations, which a part of the country might otherwise require to be fulfilled in defiance of the general safety.

Such is the only manner in which we have ever been able to state the great question of the restriction to our minds, consistently with the plainest principles of justice and expediency. The whole arguments of those who have discussed this question, have been directed to prove the case—to evince the incompatibility of the fulfilment of the obligations with the public safety—to shew by evidence that the circumstances of the times render a stoppage of Bank payments necessary, so long as those circumstances last. No one has ever yet denied, that a trading company, whether incorporated by charter, or by private agreement, is bound in strict justice to fulfil its contracts. The utmost extent of the

argument in favour of the late measures has been an attempt to demonstrate the dangers of allowing the fulfilment of those contracts in the case of the Bank—an endeavour to prove that the mutual interest of the parties, the Bank and the country, required the suspension of the contract, so long as the crisis of public affairs should continue.

Now, we have no hesitation to admit the whole conclusions of all those who have adopted this opinion. We firmly believe, that an unprecedented concurrence of circumstances and events rendered the restriction, or modification of the original contract, essentially necessary to the interests, nay, to the safety of both the parties concerned. We are yet to learn, that a shadow of argument can be advanced, either in point of justice or expediency, to vindicate so monstrous an absurdity, as the proposition supported in the present publication—the propriety of rendering the breach of contract absolute and perpetual. No powers of argument can ever persuade us, that an extensive trading company, endowed by government with the power of issuing promissory notes for a valuable consideration, and absolved from keeping the promises upon which the value was obtained, is any thing else than a monster in political creation. For a time, circumstances may prescribe to any great commercial body a regimen analogous to this, in the same manner that arsenic or foxglove may be administered to the animal system. But a man feeding upon arsenic, and drinking tincture of foxglove, would not present to our minds a more accurate idea of a monster in physiology, than a copartnery, allowed to benefit by contracts, from the fulfilment of which it is absolved, would do in policy.

We are told, that paper credit is a much more advantageous method of assisting the operations of commerce, than the use of a metallic money. The former is unquestionably a cheaper medium of exchange than the latter; and the use of it, no doubt, enables a country to employ a considerable part of its capital in a profitable manner; whereas the use of that capital in the form of money is attended with loss. Of all this, there can be very little doubt. If any method could be invented, of conferring upon paper the important qualities which render the precious metals subservient to the purposes of commerce, an inestimable benefit would be derived to the nation possessing so grand a secret; or if one of those qualities could be procured for paper, if the public could be induced to take it instead of money in all payments, nearly the same advantages would accrue to the national wealth. But, unhappily, there is almost as much difficulty attendant upon the plans for endowing paper money with this one property, as upon those which would give it all the useful attributes of gold. In one way only, can it be supported as a perpetual medium of

exchange. The public consent must be procured to receive, for all the valuable commodities which form the subjects of commerce, the pieces of paper issued by a certain body of men, in whose wisdom and integrity entire confidence is to be reposed. Since no prospect, we fear, exists of ever seeing so desirable an event accomplished as the production of this confidence, we must be contented with an approximation; and the circumstances which have given rise to banking, furnish an approximation sufficiently near to satisfy any temperate lover of paper credit. We know only one method of giving to paper the attributes of the precious metals in commercial operations: we can, indeed, conceive no other in the present state of mankind. It consists in the erection of certain companies, whose resources and probity are sufficient to gain the entire confidence of the community—whose contracts are held by themselves to be inviolable, and are therefore believed to be so by their countrymen, without trial. While those obligations continue to be fulfilled every time that a requisition is made by the creditors, the companies may safely count upon a great proportion of the creditors abstaining from making any requisitions. The sum of metallic money answering to the debts thus allowed to remain due, is displaced by the paper containing the constitution of those debts; and this seems to be the utmost extent of paper credit, that the wit of man can introduce into the affairs of trade. In peculiar emergencies, a neglect of those obligations may be permitted on the part of the debtor, without any material cessation of confidence on the part of the creditor. We have already described the nature of those emergencies: and the circumstances which render the temporary defalcation justifiable in point of natural equity, render it also safe to public credit; that is to say, prevent it from destroying the confidence of the creditor. But this confidence is only maintained by the idea, that the emergency is to be temporary. It cannot possibly survive the belief, that upon a restoration of the former arrangements, the defalcation will immediately cease. It is a confidence which may be prolonged, but cannot possibly be perpetuated: an expectation which may continue after a temporary delay of fulfilment sufficiently accounted for, but cannot, in the nature of men's minds, remain in existence, when the day of fulfilment is removed to an infinite distance.

In a word, the reason why, out of a hundred bank-notes, only ten are ever presented for payment, is, that the holders of the remaining ninety believe in the certainty of the ten being regularly and fully paid, and can thus circulate them among other persons equally convinced of the debtor's integrity and wealth (which are one and the same thing). If the ten holders begin to find difficulty in procuring payment, their number will imme-

diately increase; and if the still greater increase of this demand would be prejudicial to the majority of the hundred, and to the bulk of the community of which they form part, the government is justified (as representing the majority) in suspending all the payments while the emergency lasts. The knowledge that this suspension is necessary, and the absolute certainty that it is temporary, prevents the majority of holders, and, in consequence, the whole holders of the notes, from distrusting their debtors. By law, the notes are rendered a full tender of payment in all bargains previously made. This the enactment can effect; but other consequences follow which no statute could secure. By common consent, it is agreed to receive the same notes as a valuable commodity in all future bargains; and the confidence in the debtor continues exactly as high as formerly, merely because the defalcation is known to be necessary and temporary.

Suppose that, in this state of things, a law is passed, rendering the restriction perpetual, or extending it far beyond the probable duration of the emergency which caused and justified it, can we for a moment suppose that confidence will now continue? The law may force creditors to receive payments in this useless paper; that is, may cheat all those who have previously entered into contracts for time: but no law can force men to enter into new bargains—no law can force them to give valuable commodities for a paper money which it deprives of all value. The ninety holders of notes who do not present for payment, may now, with the ten who do present, burn the whole as useless, if they have no debts to pay,—no creditors with whom to share their loss, and no chance of obtaining justice from the Bank. But they will not surely give away more of their property for more of those notes: and if the Bank is again forced to pay, they will be rendered wise by the attempt to cheat them; they will instantly demand payment.

Can the imagination of man, indeed, figure a case so full of irreconcilable contradictions, as that which the pamphlet before us presents to our view? Confidence sought for in systematic breach of faith; credit built upon necessary failure; obligations to pay, issued by men incapacitated from paying; promissory notes received at par, by those who are previously assured that the promise must necessarily be broken! With all the contradictions and paradoxes of human nature before our eyes, and as little disposed as possible to extenuate or disbelieve them, we do not believe man to be quite so ridiculous a creature, as the projectors of this truly original scheme would require, for the reception of their unlimited paper system. If paper credit is necessary to a mercantile state, in a much greater extent than the simple arrangements of former times have of themselves attained by a natural and intelligible process,

we fear human commerce wants a wheel which the eternal nature of things has doomed it never to acquire. The materials of which this wheel is proposed to be constructed, are obviously of such a description, that their union would necessarily prevent it from lasting a single second. If the existence of the work were possible, when so constructed, would it not instantaneously derange the whole machine, and crumble the surrounding fabric into dust? or, if the possibility of reconciling all those contradictions be for a moment admitted, would not the operations of this new power concentrate in the additional wheel all the motions and force of the engine, to the infallible destruction of every other component part?

The supporters of this unprecedented system, more particularly the practical friends of the perpetual restriction, will most probably couch their proposal in the form of a new temporary measure. Accordingly, the author of this pamphlet, although at the outset he speaks plainly of a permanent restriction (p. 5.) in several parts of his inferences, talks vaguely of a renewal of the former measure. The whole reasonings, however, if such they may be called, and all the general statements of those who favour the system of unlimited paper credit, proceed not upon any appeal to present circumstances, but on speculative views of the advantages derived from paper money. Indeed, although the measure should be proposed in the insidious form of a constant renewal of the previous arrangement (as it most probably will be) such a plan only deserves the more serious reprobation. It may gull the public for a few repetitions; but the bubble must burst, as soon as men perceive that the necessity no longer exists, which rendered the measures of 1797 necessary and excusable. And let it be remembered, that all the fundamental objections urged against a restriction professedly perpetual, apply equally to the unnecessary prolongation of the former law, for however short a time.

In these observations, we have confined ourselves entirely to the most general and fundamental view of the question. We have stated, that the subject appeared to us entirely new; and the standard to which the arguments that it involves must be brought, is obviously different from the criterion by which we must judge of the reasonings in favour of a temporary restriction. It may be proper enough, in discussing this last measure, to argue that the circumstances of the times render it necessary. No circumstances can so far alter the nature of human intercourse, and the ideas of obligation, as to render necessary the perpetual breach of promise, and abuse of confidence, required by the system of the new projectors. It may be fair, in opposing the temporary restriction, to state the evils of government ever interfering with

Bank affairs; the dangers of so unnatural a connexion, as that between the executive, or even the legislative branch of a regular constitution, and a large, but private trading association; the abuses to which such an intercourse may naturally lead, both on the part of the government and of the company. But, in exposing the absurdity of the perpetual restriction, or rather of the total abolition of cash payments, such puny arguments would be superfluous and nugatory; the innovation is best resisted in that quarter, which it first and most insufferably attacks. Nor can we be accused of placing the question upon ground of too metaphysical or abstract a nature, when it is considered that the very form and outward shape, assumed by the instrument of the proposed circulation, necessarily reminds us of the contradiction inherent in its nature, and the gross absurdity, not to say palpable fraud, in which its origin is involved.

The remarks into which we have unwarily been led, by the importance, and, we rejoice to say, by the entire novelty of the subject, apply rather to the general opinion and projects of those who support the doctrine of unlimited paper circulation, than to the weak and vain attempts of this publication in recommendation of the scheme. We have already given a few specimens of the ignorance and stupidity which characterizes the whole pamphlet. We shall now add a few more, sufficient, we conceive to justify the contempt which it has excited in our minds, and the manner in which we have ventured to express this contempt. In the following passage, our author explains the foundation of his general doctrines:

'Our own country, since the establishment of the Bank of England, with comparatively a small circulation of specie, and since the year 1797, with almost none at all, has increased in commerce, riches, and national credit, to the envy of all the neighbouring nations.*

'The more these momentous truths are considered, the more they confirm this *important fact*—that gold and silver coin do not establish or maintain public credit: but that it is best supported by a well regulated paper currency, united with honesty and punctuality.' p. 25.

In almost every page, indeed, we meet with the same phrases —honesty, punctuality, *bona fide*, regularity, &c. But in this work they are evidently unintelligible. For what does honesty, punctuality, &c. mean in the mouth of him who denies the ex-

---

'* In Scotland, paper money has been almost the exclusive currency for the last fifty years, and the rental of that part of the kingdom, has increased during that period tenfold; while its commercial riches have kept pace with the improvement of its soil.'

pediency and recommends the prohibition of merchants performing obligations? Does not the person laugh at us, as well as cheat us, who talks of *bona fide* paper, when he would have the promise contained in it systematically broken? Should we not be inclined to fling such trash in his face, if he handed it to us at once as an equivalent for our property, and as a mark of his good faith? For the rest, we do not maintain—no one, for a long time past, has maintained, that 'gold and silver coin alone establish public credit.' But this we will venture to state, that public credit, or confidence, must necessarily depend upon the performance of the obligations by the party, which claimed that credit or confidence; whether the obligation is to pay metallic money, or leather, or shells, or cattle; that so long as the notes, which are proposed to be made the circulating medium, consist of obligations to pay money, their reputation and circulation depends, first of all, upon the belief, that this obligation will be fulfilled at the option of the holder of the note, and that all credit and confidence must cease as soon as the refusal to pay money is the systematic line of conduct pursued by the issuer, although credit and confidence may be maintained, while the refusal forms only a transient and obviously necessary exception to his general behaviour.

In chapter third, we meet with the following very strange remark, which we notice, because it shows the singular effects produced upon weak and superficial minds, by a misapprehension of some of the most undoubted truths in the science of political economy:

'Some may wish to believe the specie in circulation more than we can account for, and think a great stock a proof of prosperity; whereas it would rather be a proof of indigence. France has at present a great deal of specie, and no public credit.' p. 54.

Now, if this proposition has any meaning, it is, that a nation is not the better for possessing much coined bullion—a gross misconception of the doctrines held by those who attack the mercantile system. For, which of those political philosophers has said, that a great stock of coin, like a great stock of cattle, land, houses, or any other valuable commodity, is not a proof of national wealth? When Dr. Smith, with an inimitable vein of pleasantry, ridicules the anxious care of the mercantile statesmen and speculatists, to multiply the quantity of the precious metals, and contrasts this with an anxiety for multiplying the pots and pans of the state, (Wealth of Nations, B. iv. c. 1.)—he does not deny, that a nation possessing a large stock of specie, or of pots and pans, would be wealthy and prosperous: he only contends, that every state will, if industrious, possess as much of the former as

its commerce, and as many of the latter as its cookery requires; and concludes, that the endeavour to amass an over-proportion of money, is as absurd as the project of encumbering our warehouses with a load of culinary utensils. If France possesses much specie, she must soon acquire public credit. It is a proof that her commercial dealings are extensive: it is the demand which these occasion for money that attracts and retains money in the country; and all beyond the sum required to supply this demand, must be immediately turned into active stock. Indeed, as a proof of consistency, and an answer to our author from his own words, we quote the following passage in the preceding chapter:

'It is to be observed, that we are not speaking of the *commerce of bullion*, but *the putting it out of commerce* by coinage or hoarding. As commodities, as articles of commerce, the precious metals are highly valuable; it is the *prohibition* we deprecate. p. 32.

ART. XII. *Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Language of the Aire Coti, or Ancient Irish, compared with the Language of the Cuti, or Ancient Persians, with the Hindostanee, the Arabic, and Chaldean Languages.* By Lieutenant-General Charles Vallancey, Author of the Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland. With a preface, containing an epitome of the Ancient History of Ireland, corroborated by late discoveries in the Puranas of the Brahmins, and by our learned countrymen in the East. And an account of the Ogham Tree-Alphabet of the Irish, lately found in an ancient Arabic MS. in Egypt. Dublin. Graisberry and Campbell. 4to.

THE ancient language of Ireland has long deserved the attention of the learned, both from the intimate connexion which it holds with the history of the British islands, and the neglected state in which it has hitherto been suffered to perish. Though now confined to the mountains of Scotland, and a few of the wildest Irish counties, it possesses many qualities which merit an accurate examination; it is entitled to a share of the labours of the philologist, on account of its antiquity; and particularly endeared to a patriotic Briton, as the primitive language of his country. More important reasons might have induced the antiquary to study it, and transmit it to posterity. A considerable number of ancient MSS. the work of the dark and middle ages, are written in Irish. The monks of that kingdom, without deserving the praise of being more enlightened than their brethren on the Continent, had however the good fortune to escape, in some measure, the Saxon and Danish conquests, which extinguished learning in Britain. The historians and antiquaries,

to whose care it fell to peruse the materials left by those unpolished writers, might have effected much for the elucidation of Celtic manners and history, had their judgment been proportionate to their resources, and their zeal for antiquity uncorrupted by prejudice. Such, however, has not been the fate of Celtic literature. The early Irish and Scotch historians have adopted the wildest fictions of the monks. They have embellished the dull reveries of the cloister, in which the pride of national ignorance had traced the origin of an obscure and unlettered people, up to Gomer, Japhet, the Pharaohs of Egypt, and the Phœnicians. Not contented with recording these fictions in the barren state in which they found them, they have embellished them with whatever knowledge the improvements of better ages could bestow. They have tortured their own peculiar dialect to make it appear like the Oriental languages; have broken their words into monosyllables; and perverted all their vowels and consonants, to establish a ridiculous affinity with Egypt and Assyria.

In the degenerate ages that succeeded the fall of ancient learning, it was a task worthy of the recluse clergy of Ireland, to compose Oghams, *Tree* Alphabets, and fictitious genealogies. To form these, required only gross ignorance of history, a love of fable, and their professional acquaintance with the books of Moses. To attain the summit of all possible extravagance in history and philology, demanded powers and resources however of a much more extensive kind. It required the primeval wisdom of the Indian Puranas, the labours of Golius and Mininski, the holy vocabularies of the Zend and Pelhvi, the quintessence of English discovery in Eastern literature, and (what may seem of more importance to his printer and Oriental reader) a beautiful fount of Arabic types, with thirty years of veteran experience, to procure this enviable station for General Vallancey. He has passed that bourne in history and etymology, from which few travellers ever return.

To expose the continual error of his theory, will not cure his inveterate disease. It can only excite hopes of preventing infection, by shewing that he has reduced that kind of writing to absurdity; and raised a warning monument to all antiquaries and philologians that may succeed him.

In order to give our readers some idea of this singular publication, it may be proper to observe, that it consists of three parts, an Introduction, Preface, and Specimen of a Comparative Irish Dictionary. All these are of considerable length. The two first contain historical and etymological facts, mixed by way of illustration; and the last consists of 77 pages, wholly etymological. A few remarks on each of these divisions will

convey all the information that can be given of such a performance.

The Introduction begins with several extracts relative to *Ireland,* translated from the Puranas! of the Indian Brahmins!!

General Vallancey, after having observed that the labours of Sir William Jones, Mr. Burrow, Mr. Wilford, Mr. Hallis, and *Mr. Maurice, in Sanscrit literature, had eminently confirmed a prior hypothesis of his own on the ancient population of Ireland, proceeds to lay before his readers a number of extracts made by Mr. Wilford from the Hindoo Puranas, and transmitted to him by Mr. G. Ouseley. Sir William Jones had imagined, that vestiges of an ancient people might be traced in Iràn or Persia, long before the date of the Assyrians. This conjecture of that modest and admirable writer appeared so plausible to General Vallancey, that he considered it as an undoubted truth; and actually proceeds, on the faith of that discovery, to date the formation of the great primitive empire from the alliance of the four kings mentioned in the 14th chap. of Genesis. He magnifies the four Bedouin Sheiks, whom Abraham defeated with his household servants, into the founders of a mighty nation. This fanciful empire, according to the General, arose soon after the confusion of tongues. Before that unpleasant event, the three sons of Noah, with their offspring, lived in one region of the earth, spoke the same language, and underwent the same corruptions in religion. Before the dispersion, they had actually adopted the worship of the heavenly bodies, and the doctrine of good and evil genii presiding over the elements and human affairs. The General points out these opinions as peculiar to all heathen nations, of whatever origin; and denies that they could have prevailed so universally, had they not been introduced before mankind were divided. On that unfortunate day which terminated the building of Babel, the primitive language, he assures us, was not so totally changed as to destroy its radical structure, and that it was only split into many dialects, one of which fell to the share of each of those colonies who peopled Egypt, Phœnicia, China, India, and Iràn or Persia. The Fir Bolg, or Bologues, a fierce and warlike race of Japhetians, who first settled in Iràn or Indo-Scythia, at the mouth of the river Indus, took an alarm soon afterwards, and emigrated southwards. To the west of them, on the Persian Gulph, were the Dedanites; and on the opposite shore were the Omanites. These tribes united; and hence the whole body was called Fir Bolg, Fir D'Oman, and Tuath Dadan, as may be seen in Irish histories composed before

* Mr. Maurice understands none of the Oriental languages.

the Christian æra. From Iràn, these emigrants, who, by the by were nearly allied to the Hindoos, moved southward into Egypt, under their leader Nial, settled at Pihahiroth, and navigated the fleets of Pharaoh. They offered their services to the Israelites in transporting them over the Red Sea, which were refused; only the General observes, that a detachment of them lived, on this very account, in great harmony with the Jews at Bethsan in Palestine. Irish translators have, however, committed a deplorable error in this affair. Instead of translating the sentence, *Nial sachuta uiginge Pharaoh*, Nial sailed the fleets of Pharaoh; they have rendered it, Nial married Scota the daughter of Pharaoh; a miserable falsehood, as appears from the consequences.

The Fir Bolg, Aire Cuti, Gäel, Palli, or Feine, (for all these names are accurate), left Egypt, and, sailing from Tyre in Phœnicia, where they left a colony, peopled Malta, Sicily, and Spain. From Gades, the boldest and most adventurous steered their course to Ireland, under the name of Milesians. They brought into that island their native language, Oriental manners, letters, and religion, with their skill in manufacturing fine linen of Egypt, which art remains there till this day.

Such are the wretched absurdities which General Vallancey mingles with scraps of misapplied Sanscrit mythology in his Introduction. He details them in greater order in his Preface, which he calls a summary of the ancient history of Ireland; and on them erects the whole fabric of his etymology.

That our readers may appreciate, at their leisure, the value of that information relative to Ireland which the General has lately procured from India, we shall insert here part of the extracts from the Puranas, as given in the Introduction. They are said to have been made by Mr. Wilford.

'The British Isles are called, in the Hindoo sacred books, *Tricatachel*, or the mountain with three peaks. For the Pauranics consider all islands as so many mountains, the lower parts of which are covered by the sea.

'These three peaks are *Suvarna-cuta, Suvarna-fringa; Rajatacuta*, and *Aya-cuta*, called also *Loha-cuta*.

'They are also called *Dwipa's*, a word signifying a country between two waters (*do-ab* in Persian); and then we say *Suvarna-dwip, Rajata-dwip*, &c.

'Rajata-dwip is more commonly called *Sueta-dwip*, or the White Island; an appellation as well known among the learned in the East, as it is in the west. *Suvarna-dwip* signifies the Golden island; the word *Suvarna* signifies also, beautiful, excellent, and, in this sense, *Suvarna-dwip*, or *Suvarna-cuta*, is perfectly synonymous with *Su-cuta* or *Scuta*.

'*Suvarna*, or *Swarna*, being an adjective noun, cannot be used alone, unless in derivative form, as *Suvarneya*, or *Swarneya*; and such is, in my humble opinion, the origin of the appellation of *Juvernia* and *Ivernia*. *Sweuteya*, or *Sc'uteya*, the regular derivative forms, are not used; but it seems they were once in the West—hence the appellation of *Scotia*; but, in this sense, it can have no affinity whatever with Scythia.

'From the earliest periods, *Suvarneya* was considered as the place of abode of the *Pitris* (literally, Fathers, or Manes). There were two places where the Pitris might be seen and consulted, according to the Puranas.

'The first was on the summit of the highest mountain in the island, (probably *Croagh-Patrick*). The second is positively declared to be a narrow cave in a small island in a lake, the waters of which were bitter. There was the entrance of the *Dirgha*, or long passage, into the infernal regions. This Dirgha passage is often mentioned in the Puranas.

'These two places are called *Pitri-sthan*, or the place of the Pitris. *Pitricia* is a derivative form seldom used in the Puranas, but always in conversation, and in the spoken dialects; for every Hindoo knows *Pitricasthan*, though ignorant of its situation.

'Now, the words *Patricia* and *Patricius*, *Partic*, &c. are not only similar in sound, but have also the same etymological origin. Hence, it has been supposed, that the Apostle of Ireland was the contriver of this mode of evocation of the Manes or ancestors. Here I must observe, that the Hindoos acknowledge only a sort of temporary hell or purgatory.

'The legends relating to this place are very numerous and ridiculous.

'We are informed in the Puranas, that the Pitris were at last obliged to leave their favourite abode in the *Suvarneya*: but we are not told the reason of it. I suspect, however, it was on account of the invasion of the *Palli*, or shepherds; for, previous to their arrival, the whole island was considered as SACRED GROUND, and no mortal ever presumed to enter it, without being previously qualified for his admission.

'The Pitris fled with their leader to the Dwipas, or peninsula of *Aya* or *Ayea*,* where they are supposed to remain unmolested to this day; but this place they were also forced to abandon, for we find St. Brandon looking for them in a remote island in the Western Ocean.

'Though the Pitris were forced to abandon *Suvarna-dwip*, yet the *Maha-dewar*, or gateway at the entrance of the *Dirgha*, still remains as it was; and every Hindoo supposes he is to go through it after his death.

---

* Probably Ireland's Aye, or Ireland's Eye, a small island, or rather peninsula at low water, near Howth, is here meant.

'The gardens of the *Hesperides* are described in the Puranas, where long and fulsome stories are to be found relating to them; and they are positively declared to be in Suvarna-dwip.

'*Chandra-dwip* is generally used to signify the sacred isles in the West; however, it belongs properly to *Sueta-dwip*, or the White Island.

'I am told, adds Mr. Wilford, some Hindoos have attempted to visit the *sacred Islands* in the West; an account of which, from the *Puranas*, will (if the Public approve this Essay) be the subject of a future work. A *Yógi*, now living, is said to have advanced, with his train of pilgrims as far as *Moscow;* but, though he was not ill used by the Russians, they flocked in such crowds to see him, that he was often obliged to interrupt his devotions, in order to satisfy their curiosity: he therefore chose to return.' Introduction, pp. 2-3.

On this airy fable it may be proper to remark, that it is rather a commentary by Mr. Wilford on some detached traditions in the Indian books, than a faithful translation of any particular passage. Mr. Wilford boldly sets out with the supposition, that Tricatachel is the British islands; and adds, that they are called *dwipas*, from the Persian word do-ab. Now, was the use of the Persian language so ancient in India, as to give an appellation to an object, which neither the modern Hindoos or Persians had any access to know? Is not the whole extract an evident imposition by some of the pundits on Mr. Wilford, or even by himself, *animi gratia*, on the General, through the medium of their common friends? Were the ancient Brahmins so minutely acquainted with Irish topography, as to know Croagh-Patrick, and the Cave of Purgatory in the county of Donegal? Is it not an illusion of Mr. Wilford, to suppose that the island of the Hesperides, or paradise of all the ancient nations, is Ireland? Those who have examined the history of Plato's Atlantis, Homer's Cimmeria, the Celtic Ifrionn, and the Gothic Asgard, are best fitted to state the difficulty of ascertaining their respective places in the maps of Ptolemy or d'Anville. It is well known, that the Hindoos and Egyptians had no method of exploring the islands in question at the period assigned by the General to the Iranian emigration. What knowledge of Britain they might have attained during the prosperity of the Phœnicians is uncertain; but, after weighing all probable circumstances, it may be fairly questioned if the existence of Britain and New Holland were not in all ages equally a blank in the Sanscrit books.

After these remarks, it is unnecessary to add the General's etymological observations on the Sanscrit words of the extract. According to him, suvarna-dwip is the *golden* island; in Irish, saibhirna-dubh; saibhir (saivir), rich, from saib, gold; Hebrew,

zahab. Sovurna is also the Irish suvarna, beautiful; and so, mhurna is most beautiful. He describes, at full length, the Indo-Scythian monuments of Ireland; the bitter waters of Lough Dearg; the temple of Vishnu at Killshandra; the palli or shepherd kings of Ireland; the Iranian empire; and the language of the Cuti or Irish, which, he says, is at this day pure Chaldean. The last part of the Introduction is dedicated to a favourite subject in the works of etymologists; to the description of an Indian monument found in a little island on the coast of Sligo, which the General affirms to be a temple of Priapus, and exactly similar to one in the island of Elephanta, called by the Gentoos Maboody. Our readers must know, that the worship of this deity is of the utmost antiquity in Ireland. The General presents us with an engraving of the two temples. The Irish one is merely a long stone, set at right angles on a broad one, and surrounded with a little wall. We suspect that this is the innocent amusement of some peasant, or superstitious monk, perhaps of an idle shepherd's boy, who little knew the great idolatry into which he was falling, nor the gross mystery of the profane edifice which his hands had reared.

In another plate is delineated what the General calls the Irish Ogham, or Tree-Alphabet, lately discovered in an Arabic MS. in Egypt.

Those who are acquainted with the silly attachment which the Arabs have to talismanic or magic characters and alphabets, will smile at the manner in which General Vallancey has become the dupe of his antiquarian prejudices. A remarkable, but unconnected similarity in the ignorant trifling of the middle ages, has greatly misled his understanding. The Irish monks of these times (the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries) wasted much of their consecrated oil in devising secret modes of writing, some of which consisted in throwing all the vowels out of the alphabet, and substituting in their places one or more consonants. Of the three Oghams given by the General in his Grammar, two are of that kind in which a couple of consonants are put for the vowel *a*, another couple for *e*, and so on through the whole list. The oldest of the Oghams, which the General affirms to be that of the Pagan Irish, primitive Iranians, Aire-Cuti, and Japhetians, is nothing but a precious relic of the old Irish monks, in which crosses, variously modified, are put for the letters of the alphabet. It is still more wonderful to hear the General gravely asserting, (Irish Grammar, p. 8.), that the Uraiceacht na neigeas, or *Primer of the Bards*, from which he extracted it, was *written* some years before our vulgar era. This is the celebrated alphabet which so much resembles that found in Egypt. The reader may peruse

both in the engraving, and laugh or pity as inclination leads him.

The Irish names of these primitive letters are as ridiculous as their figures and boasted antiquity. The letters of the Bobeloth, or the Phœnician alphabet, are called after scripture places and heroes, who could not be known to its Japhetan composers (Irish Grammar, p. 9.) soon after the confusion of tongues. For instance, L, H, D, Q, M, R, A, O, E, J, received out of the Vulgate, not the Hebrew Bible, the corrupted names of Lot, Urias, David, Caleb, Moriah, Ruben, Achab, Offee, and Joaichim. Five of the diphthongs were more fortunate. They obtained from fancy the sonorous titles of Eutrosius, Oirdionors, Uimealcus, Jodonius, and Aofraim or Ephraim; no doubt men of great prowess and abilities in their day, though now, except Ephraim alone, totally forgotten.

The Bethluisnon alphabet, taken by O'Flaherty from the book of *Lecan*, gives the name of some particular *tree* to each letter; though the General has found it convenient to join these ancient names to the *Bobeloth* characters, for the purposes of theory.

We are, moreover, indebted to the clerich, in vulgar Latin, clerici, and, in English, clergy, for all the Milesian heroes, Spanish, Phœnicians, Cuthites, and Indo-Scythians who ever entered Ireland, or found a place in the book of Ballymote.

The second division of the General's work, is called the Preface. It contains, at full length, the absurd history of which we have already given an abridgment. The following extract concerning Ossian, must doubtless please our Celtic readers, as it is founded on good authorities, is very plausible in itself, and firmly believed by the General. We give the Persic words in English characters, as found in the General's orthography.

'The *Ized*, Genius or Demon, of the Zend, is the *Sid* of the Chaldees, and the *Sidh* or good genius of the Irish; the *Sidh-bhróg*, or domestic Sidh, is supposed yet to attend certain families; and the *bannsidh* (ban-shee) genius or angel of separation, that is, of death, is believed to haunt certain families, and to give notice of the death of a distant relation. *Taibhsidh*, is the attendant or following genius, from *taba*, following. In the Zend we find *Oschen*, the Oisin or Oishin of Ireland, of whom the Parsi know as little as Macpherson did of Ossian. In the Zend we find the *Gah-Oshen* (in Irish, *gui Oishin*) prayer to Oschen—he is thus esteemed a *good genius*. When Le Brun was with the Guebres, or Parsi, the priests told him, that, when Adam was thirty-one years old, he begat *Oushin*, and that he was father of a numerous family, who was succeeded by *Jem-sid*, their first king, who lived 700 years: (Le Brun, V. ii. p. 389.) Dr. Hyde

translates a passage from Sheristan, setting forth, that in the time of *Oshan* appeared the evil genius *Petyrah*. These names being familiar with the Irish, the Christian missionaries in this island formed the poem of *Ossian* and *Patrick*, reversing the good for the evil genius, and the evil for the good, although the graver historians allow, that Ossian lived many centuries before Patrick. If Ossian had not been esteemed the good genius, the first Christian bishops would hardly have taken his name; in Colgan we find no less than six. Whoever will read the life of St. Patrick, and the history of him in the ancient MS., will be convinced of the truth of this assertion—first, he declares that he came from Nemh-thur, *i. e.* the distant paradise, (*neem tur*); but the pagan priests declared he was *Taile-ghein* (*tali-jin*) an evil demon; *Telchines*, mali dæmones (Suidas); and that he was Succat, the wicked (Shuky)—then he is said to have vomited out fire, like a dæmon, before the Pagan king Milcho.' Preface, p. xxxix.

'This is the Persian story of Zerdurst appearing in fire to his disciples: all the genii are said to be composed of fire. There was an altar dedicated to Oishin, on the top of a mountain in the barony of Inish Owen, as there were to all other genii and deities in pagan Ireland; as, to Cailee, Diarmut, &c. &c.; that to Oishin is marked in an ancient map of that country, engraved at the cost of the Earl of Donegall, there named Alt Oisin (now Sliabh Sueacht)–it is a valuable map, having the head of the Earl in one corner, engraved by Holbein; it was in my possession, and I made a copy of it.' Preface, p. xl.

Our limits will not permit us to give the General's account from the Din Seanacas Eirinn, *a very ancient MS.*, of those Irish deities and subdeities, who, like *Vishnu*, prosecuted their sublunary amours in that country. But we must not omit, that the Arabic name of Ossian, is *Asin*, or Osin, radical or illustrious of descent.

Having completely proved, by these and similar arguments, the great and useful principle of the cognate origin of the Egyptians, Hindoos, Persians, Phœnicians, Chinese, and Irish, the General concludes his long preface with comparative tables of the Zend, the Pelhvi, Coptic, Hindostanee, Arabic, and Hebrew, separately arranged, with the Celtic. Among all these, he finds nothing but continual resemblance, and astonishing proofs of mutual affinity. The most remote analogy furnishes him with conclusions of perfect certainty, which seem to arise in his mind, without care or hesitation. The following precious little anecdote may serve to convey an idea of the facility with which the General imbibes historical and philological truth.

'Mr. Lebedoff, a Russian, who lived twelve years in Bengal, and is master of the Bengalese language, was walking one day, very lately, in Oxford street, and overheard two Irish milk-women conversing in their native language—he was able to understand every thing they said, from its resemblance to the Bengalese. (S.W.O.)' Pref. p. xxix.

We suspect that this anecdote bears for its authority the initials of the respectable name of Sir William Ouseley!!

We sensibly feel our own inability to discover, whether the Sanscrit and Irish be cognate dialects or not. Few natives of Scotland are such proficients in a language of which there are no printed books, grammars, or dictionaries. It is not, however, difficult to judge, from the specimens given in these tables, that their boasted resemblance is purely imaginary. As to the other Oriental languages, which the General has pressed into his service, we can perceive their coincidence, and state their distinguishing qualities with greater certainty, from our own knowledge. To what extent his comparative etymologies may appear conclusive to a Celtic scholar, especially to one that is ignorant of Coptic, we will not even conjecture; but we have no hesitation to affirm, that the language of the Pharaohs resembles the Irish neither in words, structure, nor grammar. Two or three vocables in Egyptian, or in any language under Heaven, may accidentally coincide in sound and sense with as many Irish. It is all that any rational philologist can show, and none will consider it worthy of attention. The Zend or Persic retains some affinity to the Teutonic dialects; the reason of which can be explained without any violation of truth or probability. Through the Danish, that similarity may have entered the Irish; as *Nial* or *Nigel* certainly arrived in Ireland by the route of Scandinavia. The Hebrew, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, Syriac, and Phœnician, have the same resemblance to the Irish, as the Coptic; that is,—none whatsoever. It will surprise those who are little acquainted with the General's philological studies, to see him mistaking the corrupted Maltese Arabic for the Phœnician. In this, however, he was misled by his guides and instructors, many of whom have at times been seduced to trifle with the weakness of his judgment.

The Hebrew, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, Syriac, and Phœnician, are indeed dialects of the same original language; and it may not be improper to mention the *criteria* by which we support our assertion. These dialects have the major of their words nearly the same, both in sense and sound. Their verbs, are formed of a similar number of letters: their moods, tenses, numbers, and persons, are formed in the same manner, and by the same letters or particles. All the six dialects agree in the declension of their nouns, and in the genius of their construction. The nations which spoke them were contiguous, similar in customs and manners; and their written history records the fact of their common original.

These are the *criteria* by which we maintain, that the affinities of all the tribes of mankind may be discovered with tolerable accuracy. If India can produce a dialect which coincides as fully

with the Irish, as the Hebrew with the Arabic, or the English with the Scotch, we shall readily finish all disputes: we shall forget the immense distance between Palibothra and Ireland's Eye, the imperfection of Hindoo shipping, the uncertainty of tradition, and hail the ancient union of India and Hibernia, her Brahminical paradise, and Elysian island in the west. Though Irish nabobs may possibly still exist, who have retired, at the eve of life, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Shannon, we cannot admit that the practice is of any antiquity. We assert, that their first emigration was from Ireland to India, where, instead of understanding Persic and Bengalee, in consequence of their Irish, some of them have undergone the usual toil in acquiring these two languages, and most of them have never acquired them at all. Our readers may compare that fact with the anecdote of Mr. Lebedoff, which the General firmly believes, though his informer did not.

These remarks will abridge our labour on the last and most important division of the General's book—the Prospectus of a Comparative Irish Dictionary. He proposes, in this work, to illustrate the Irish words by cognate examples drawn from all the languages above mentioned. On this plan, and the basis on which it depends, we have nothing more to say. The Prospectus consists of 77 pages, and may contain about 400 words, each of which are derived from, or compared with vocables gathered from the Oriental languages. We have examined them all; and are ready to pledge ourselves to any of our readers, whose learning and judgment are sufficient to examine the facts, that there is not a true etymology in the whole number. Few philological theories are totally destitute of truth and information. In abundance of error, there are commonly two or three particles of useful science. This is the only publication in which there is none. It is unique in its kind, and perhaps the first of the sort that has yet passed through the hands of a Reviewer. We sincerely believe with the General, that the disastrous event at Babel did not all the mischief which erring philologists have supposed. The first inspection of his Prospectus fully convinced us, that the *total confusion* of languages was reserved for a later, brighter, and more glorious period. Let one unselected example speak for the rest.

' Ormusd or armusd, as it is written, *i. e.* God, the *Tehetri* of the Zend, and the *Seathar* of the Irish, is certainly composed of *arum* or *arm*, and *ized*, *i. e.* the first or original Good Genius, in Irish Arm sidh, or Arm uasd, (see *Us*) whence *Ized* in Modern Persian signifies God, and so did *Arm* in Irish. The pater noster of the first Christian missionaries began thus, *Ar n' Arm ata ar neamh.* Our origin (first principle, radix) who art in paradise. (See my Irish Grammar, 2d edit.) At present it runs thus, *Ar n' Athair ata ar neamh*, our father, who art

in heaven; *athair* and *arm*, are words of the same meaning, as explained by Archbishop Cormac, who lived in the tenth century, *athair, ater, atri*, origo, primitus dicebatur, quasi *pater, i. e.* athar. In Arabic, the words are also synonimous, *arm, arum*, stirps, origo; *atr*, radix, stirps, and the Chaldee *arum* and *atar*, the same, and *petar*, primitus; whence the Greek and Latin Pater, and English Father. Ormuzd or the good principle was named *dei* by the Persians, in Irish *Dia* and *Da*, and *Daghdae*, or the good deity. Dia, Dei, De, Dae, good; he was also named De-thobha, or the good good, or, the good De, which Shaw translates Jehovah; but it is from the Chaldee tub, taba, Heb. tob, Ar. teiub, taeb, toobè good, bonus; metaph. elegans, præstans, hilaris, jucundus, lætus, item substantivè bonum, bonitas, beneficium, and the Persian Dei, the deity, the divinity, the good principle Ormuzd, in opposition to *Aherman*, the principle of evil, in Irish *a-harmuin*, cursed, unblest; and hence Dia, God; whence the Latin Deus. In like manner, we find the Deity expressed in Irish MSS. by *Barr*, and *Barr-cean*, *i. e.* good—the chief of goodness or beneficence, agreeing with the Arabic *Berr, Barr*, good, beneficent, just, equitable, true—pious towards God and parents, piety, &c. &c. We also find *Keima, Rama*, one of the good genii, signifying compassion; *Rami*, name of an Ized or good genius, (De Sacy;) Ar. *rehim*, compassion, mercy; whence *rahman*, God, (the merciful.)' Pref. p. xxxvii.

While we offer on the General's publication these strictures, which every one is requested to examine severely, by a perusal of the book itself, we cannot refrain from deploring the miserable state of Celtic literature. Ireland possesses many MSS. of old laws, poems, romances, chronicles, &c. which were not composed by Pagans, though at a time when Britain was comparatively illiterate. The Christian clergy of the dark ages preserved or invented many of those improbable fables, which, during more than thirty years, General Vallancey and his fellow antiquaries have published for truth. The stories of Oisein, Finn, and his heroes, may be better learned from Irish MSS. of the 12th, than from ignorant Highland traditions of the 19th century. Such a height of discredit have these traditions now attained, that since the publications of Macpherson, no candid inquirer dare trust in them, even when they are supported by the most respectable authority. Irish or Highland MSS. older than the beginning of the 18th century, must alone determine the authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian. Such extracts of these MSS. as are useful for any literary purpose, ought to be published by the joint labours of the *Irish and Highland literati*. The time is for ever fled, when a Highlander might forge what he pleased, and tell the world that it was a translation. Why does no sober antiquary compile a dictionary of the Irish from authentic MSS. and printed books, without one particle of etymology. The various sen-

ses of the vocables should be taken from existing writings, and the vernacular dialects of Ireland and Scotland. The orthography should be adjusted from MSS. or correct philological analogy, not from any theoretical derivations, with which even the quotations of some Celtic philologists have been corrupted. Instead of this scientific labour, the Caledonian and Hibernian antiquaries waste long lives, and respectable learning, in establishing fictions which a child would ridicule, and in torturing the pliable orthography of a barbarous dialect, to give it a fanciful resemblance to Sanscrit or Phœnician. Smith's Gaelic Antiquities, the writings of the two Macphersons, and all the works of General Vallencey, are thus either a chaos of etymology, or a heap of false history and fanciful hypotheses. One solitary Gaelic publication, the Grammar by Mr. Stewart of Moulin, deserves to be exempted from this charge. The author has obtained the praise of General Vallancey, because he understands Hebrew: we, on the other hand, should have been more disposed to bestow upon him our own praise, had he understood no Hebrew at all, or rather made no use of it in that publication. Though we pretend to more knowledge of the Oriental languages than of Irish, we know enough of the latter to assert, that there is not a Hebrew or an Arabic type necessary in printing the Dictionary which is to transmit it to posterity.

ART. XIII. *An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food, as a Moral Duty.* By Joseph Ritson. 8vo. London. Phillips. 1802. pp. 296.

IN the toilsome and unvaried round of ephemeral productions which we are constantly obliged to run, in order to discover what works are worthy of a place in our catalogue, it does not frequently happen that we experience so great a variety of feelings from the cursory perusal of the common tracts which load the press, as we have been subjected to by the author of the essay now before us. Disgust, pity, contempt, laughter, detestation, have been alternately excited by the perusal of this most extraordinary performance. As the author of it has formerly distinguished himself by his industry in the useful and often interesting path of the antiquary, and as the subject of these pages is extremely curious, in a merely speculative point of view, we think proper to treat our readers with a glimpse of the present publication, and to relieve ourselves, by sharing with them the various emotions which it has raised in our minds.

The object of this treatise is to prove the iniquity of using animal food. The expediency of a vegetable diet, as conducive

to health of mind and body, is only touched upon in a few pages, apparently introduced as an episode to the work itself, which has for its subject, properly speaking, only the criminality, the moral turpitude of feeding upon flesh. Had the author treated his subject in a pleasing and consistent manner—had he comprehended in his plan the various singular inquiries to which the general enunciation of the title evidently leads, we should with pleasure have followed him into a very curious and interesting field of discussion, a field in which the greatest talents of antiquity were once exerted to enlighten and improve mankind, although the more important topics of modern science have for some ages buried all such inquiries in the libraries of the classical scholar. But the very narrow view which he takes of this great question, confines our speculations to an uninteresting branch of the subject. The point at issue is, Whether the ties of moral duty enjoin a strict abstinence from animal food, and whether the use of animal food does not lead to still more flagrant crimes?

The author, in his first chapter, appears to follow the example of some ancient writers, and, for the sake of *generalization*, to begin with a dissertation wholly devoid of any particular connexion with the subject of the work. The title of the chapter is, '*Of Man.*' If this dissertation has any object, it is to retail all the whimsies of Lord Monboddo, and his small circle of adherents, in mean and vulgar language. The conclusions tacked to the end of this rhapsody, we cannot say deduced from it, are, that man is of the same species with the lower animals; that almost all living creatures subsist by devouring each other; that man, who boasts of his pre-eminence, is a prey to millions of beasts, while he only makes use of a few. Then, as if this were not sufficiently disgusting, we are desired to believe, that there is 'neither intention nor benevolence in nature;' and that if the present order of things is to continue, it were better such 'diabolical monsters' as all animals now are, should cease to exist. pp. 39-40.

As the first chapter concludes with a positive denial, that justice, mercy, and benevolence, are natural, and an open avowal of contempt for the order of nature, we are not a little surprised to find that the first argument against the use of animal food, is drawn from an attempt to prove that it is 'not natural to man.' This is the *title*, and we find (for it does not necessarily follow) that this is also the *subject* of the second chapter.

The author next proceeds to shew that animal food is not necessary for the purpose of strength or corpulency. And the three following chapters, occupying above seventy pages, are employed in arguing that cruelty and ferocity, the use of human sacrifices,

and the devouring of human flesh, are the natural consequences of eating animal food! After the specimen which we have given of the excess and the incongruity of this author's opinions, we believe our readers will readily excuse us for dropping our analysis, and proceeding to offer a very few general remarks upon the literary and moral turpitude which marks almost every page of the nauseous thing that we are at present forced to keep before us.

Were we inclined to undertake the discussion which forms the subject of this author's book, we should only have to consider abstinence from animal food in its relation to duty. The question of expediency is altogether foreign to his views. Now, admitting all his impious sarcasms and paradoxes upon the order of nature, it seems very manifest that no better defence of animal food, as a matter of moral consideration, can possibly be offered, than this one simple proposition—the use of it is prescribed by necessity—is a part of that order of nature which such persons as this writer may scoff at, but must obey. The wasting of animal life is not a matter of choice. Every drop of water that quenches our thirst, or laves our bodies, contains innumerable insects, who are sacrificed to our necessities or comforts; each simple that forms a part of the most humane or scrupulous Pythagorean or Brahmin's vegetable fare, conveys to inevitable destruction thousands of the most beautiful and harmless of created beings. The ground on which we press to succour a wounded animal, or to adore the God of tender mercy, is by those actions necessarily turned into a scheme of torture and carnage. From the first to the last gasp of our lives, we never inhale the air of heaven, without butchering myriads of sentient and innocent creatures.

Placed as we are, then, by our destiny, in a situation that renders murder the action which, of all others, we most constantly perform, can we deem it unnatural or criminal, if, in order to pursue the gratification of our instinctive appetites, we swell, by an imperceptible voluntary addition, the catalogue of necessary enormities? Can we upbraid ourselves for supporting our lives by the death of a few animals, many of whom are themselves carnivorous, when the infant who has lived for a single day, has killed an infinitely greater number of harmless beings, than the longest life would suffice to murder by design? Or, if we sacrifice either our lives or our comforts, by scrupulously denying ourselves the use of animals, can we derive much consolation from considering, that we spare a few scores of beings, when we involuntarily, but knowingly, are every moment massacring more than the longest lifetime would suffice to enumerate?

But the inconsistency necessary to the tenets supported by the work now before us, is rendered still more apparent by the voluntary conduct of those who are frantic enough to adopt such doctrines. These men, with all their detestation of cruelty towards animals, are in practice lamentably incongruous and motley. They are not content with that measure of iniquity and inhumanity which they cannot avoid; they wilfully increase the catalogue of their tormentings and massacres.

The author of this performance tells us, with a ridiculous pomposity, that for above thirty years,

—'he has ever since, to the reviseal of this sheet, firmly adhere'd to a milk and vegetable diet, haveing, at least, never tasteëd, dureing the whole course of those thirty years, a morsel of flesh, fish, or fowl, or any thing, to his knowledge, prepare'd in or with those substanceës, or any extract thereof, unless, on one occasion, when tempted, by wet, cold, and hunger, in the south of Scotland, he venture'd to eat a few potatos, dress'd under the roast; nothing, less repugnant to his feelings, being to be had; or except by ignorance or imposition; unless, it may be, in eating eggs, which, however, deprives no animal of life, though it may prevent some from comeing into the world to be murdere'd and devoure'd by others.' pp. 201-202.

And again, (p. 196.), he says,

'The compileër of the present book, like Pythagoras and John Williamson*, abstains from animal food.'

But how lamentably inconsistent is this very passage with itself? Is not the consumption of milk the starving of calves? and is not the devouring of eggs, the causing of acute misery to a tender mother, and the procuring of abortions? Besides, admitting all these facts to be consistent with justice and humanity, how wretchedly short does such conduct fall of that purity which is easily attainable, and which is plainly prescribed by the same principles of feelings! We are charitable enough to suspect that this author's obedience to the common instinct of cleanliness, leads him occasionally to attempt the expulsion of those intruders which frequently invade the neglected regions of the human body. What a world of animal life and happiness must he not destroy by every such endeavour, however feelingly it may be performed, and with however little success it may be attended! Or, if he carries his theory so far as to foster and cherish all the inhabitants of his surface, does he never cover his

* This personage is thus named in the text: 'John Williamson, *alias* Pythagoras, *alias* Bramin, *alias* Hole-John,' &c.—Ibid.

animated system with the spoils of the innocent sheep? Are his lucubrations themselves, his diatribes against the murder of animals, free from similar charges? The liquid in which they flow derives its properties from the destruction of a harmless insect, the quiet inhabitant of the spreading oak; the tube which performs the operation, is torn bleeding from the plumes of that bird which saved the capital of Rome; the oil which is wasted to illuminate the midnight process, is a damning proof of the long-protracted torments and inhuman butchery of the great leviathan, the lord of the deep.

How pitiful, then, is this author's attempt to carry his principles into practice, by abstaining from certain kinds of food eaten by the rest of mankind; while, in a thousand ways, he voluntarily destroys the life and comfort of various animals, prevents still more from ever seeing the light, and actually causes the destruction or torture of many which the ox-fed rustic never molests! His whole life, as an author, is at variance with those principles which torment and starve his life as a man. His harangues against destroying animal life, are ushered into the world on the spoils of the slain; and the taking up of his pen to deprecate the violation of life, is a signal for the fate of thousands. Would it be more ridiculous in a righteous confectioner to preach up the abolition of the slave trade, by uttering invectives against the use of sugar in tea, and practise his doctrines by conscientiously poisoning himself with sour punch, while he dealt out to the world every other species of saccharine preparation?

But the great end of nature, we are told, is the multiplication of animal existence. The inanimate vegetables are given to man for his support; and he is acting contrary to the destination of Providence, when he violates the life of animated beings. It is true, that one great purpose of nature, if indeed our faculties can scan those plans, appears to be the multiplication of animal life: but it is equally obvious to our faculties, that another purpose is as generally displayed on this globe, the destruction of animal life. The utmost that we can pretend to affirm is, the probable subserviency of the one to the other of these ends, equally constant and universal. Beyond this, it is not even given to our narrow minds to conjecture.

How narrow and partial, indeed, are all such systems as the Pythagorean and Brahminical, not to mention the system of the present publication, which possesses neither the elegant symmetry, nor the philosophical consistency, nor the interesting superstition, that adorned and dignified the systems of Samos and Indostan! While the gross ox, and the stupid tortoise, may sluggishly rejoice at those whims to which they owe their safety, how many my-

riads of the gayest beings that animate the regions of the air, and the fairest forms that sparkle in the sun beam, are sacrificed to spare the torpid existence of a few shapeless lumps of scarcely vivified clay! If the gratitude of such brutes can delight our self-denying sages, let the cries of the innocent and frolic beings that inhabit the green leaf, or sport upon the pellucid fountain, awaken their remorse; beings who must wish that the harmless and gentle nature of the tiger were breathed into the ferocious and insatiable lamb, and the bloody, murderous, carnivorous *ritson*, (a newly discovered animal of anomalous order), of which as yet only one solitary specimen has presented itself to the attention of naturalists.

It would, indeed, be an irksome and unprofitable task to follow more minutely the reasonings, if such they can be called, which this work contains; to prove, for instance, in opposition to the doctrine of the third chapter, that animal food, whether it may be necessary for promoting corpulency and strength or not, is, in some countries where Providence has scattered men, necessary for the support of life, and the only sustenance provided by the climate and soil. We shall merely observe, that the chapters which deduce cruelty, the practice of human sacrifices, and the eating of human flesh, from the use of animal food, are, beyond any of the rest, pregnant with disgusting and tiresome folly. It would be throwing away words to argue, that the sacrifice of men to appease the wrath of imaginary gods, arises from principles and fancies utterly unconnected with the diet and regimen of the savages who are cursed with so barbarous and gloomy a system of religious worship; or to prove that the nations of Europe are as civilized and humane as the Hindoos, (who, by the way, admit human sacrifices into almost every branch of their religion); or to contend, that those who inhabit the country of roast-beef are as little in danger of seeing the limbs of their friends exposed to sale in their markets, as we are in this quarter of the island, where the horse and his rider amicably mess together upon vegetable fare out of the same trough.

For our parts, we freely acknowledge that all those topics of dissuasion have but little effect on our obdurate and carnivorous souls. We have little fear of diminishing that gentleness and placidity of temper which belongs to our vocation; or of being moved to appease the goddess of criticism with the body of a scribbler; still less of turning our teeth and nails from the pages to the carcases of authors; although we should now and then indulge in that species of nutriment, for which, as a rarity, we must own a predilection not unnatural in Scotish reviewers; and for which we feel all the members of our system, except our purse, admirably well adapted by nature.

In the ninth chapter, the author commemorates the worthies of his Elysium, those wise and virtuous persons who have subsisted entirely on vegetables.

'Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta!'

The figures, most prominent in this group, are the author himself and his bookseller, between whom, by the way, no small degree of affection seems to subsist. For in another part of the work, an advertisement of a book, published by this tradesman, is carefully and minutely introduced. pp. 25-26.

We only stop, here, to give a new specimen of that perverse and systematic inconsistency, which seems to form an integral part of this author's whole feelings and principles. One of the characters, chiefly extolled for his humanity and universal benevolence, in abstaining from all injury to the lower animals, is a Mr. Oswald, who learnt his virtues in Asia. On no account would this excellent person pass through a butcher market:—so abhorrent to his gentle mind was the sight of blood. Accordingly, in pursuance of his kindly system, he went to Paris in the heat of the Revolution, and was noted for being one of the most outrageous members of the Jacobin Club. Retaining his unparalleled humanity of disposition, and abhorrence at the sight of animal blood, this abstinent sage was the first who proposed to the Convention the introduction of the pike, both for the use of the army and the mob. 'Fortune smiled upon him; he acquired wealth, 'by teaching people of both sexes the use of this instrument;' and at last fell, with both his sons, (whom he had early taught to abstain from a cruel regimen), fighting against the Royalists in La Vendee. Such is the person to whom the author of this performance, with an incongruity altogether unexampled, assigns a splendid niche in his temple of humanity! A maniac who sought the massacres of Paris, and was zealous to avoid even the sight of blood: a wretch who would not kill a tiger, but died unsated in his thirst for human blood!

Italiam! Italiam!—The concluding chapter contains a full exhibition of the ideas which the author entertains upon the subject of humanity. '*Eater of beef and mutton,*' is here used as synonymous with cannibal. The objects held up to our admiration, are such men as the silly and dirty hermit of Assué, who called 'hares, lambs, swallows, and grasshoppers, by the endear-'ing appellations of brothers and sisters;' and 'would not suffer 'lice or worms to be killed, inasmuch as the Psalmist hath said, "I am a worm." Frequent arguments and anecdotes are, indeed, brought forward, in the course of this chapter, in favour of vermin; particularly the louse, which seems to be a special favourite

of the author; and the slow destruction of which, he tells us (p. 231.), is as much a murder, as the destruction of a man. The eloge of the murderer Oswald has already been quoted, in describing the consistency of the author's tenets. But the presumption and impiety which pervades these pages, is still more odious than their inconsistency. Will it be credited, that the creature who is afraid of hurting a louse or a flea, and speaks with tenderness of the most noxious of living things, talks of Omnipotence in a blasphemous strain of contempt? Hear how this puny worm lifts its feeble cry, to arraign the order of nature, and scoff at the Omniscience which, for wise purposes, though quite unknown to us, suffers it to crawl upon the earth.

In p. 99, is a quotation from the Guardian, suggesting that the cries of animals may perhaps be given them by Providence, to avert the cruelty of men. On this, we meet with the following remark:

'It may be so; but it is evident, that Providence has not in this instance had all the success she intended. She would have acted more wisely, when she was about it, to have infus'd a little humanity into the mind of her favourite.' See also pp. 57, 198, &c.

After this, it will perhaps rather be a relief to our readers to be told of nothing worse than treason. In p. 89, the author, with unparalleled effrontery, bestows upon a Sovereign, the excellent qualities of whose heart have never yet been disputed, the odious appellation which is peculiar to the meanest and most detestable office in the community—that of the last executor of the law.

Before taking leave of this nauseous performance, a few words remain to be added upon the *style*, in which so many absurdities are delivered. We do not mean to go farther than the external qualities—the matchless ludicrousness of the orthography and typography. The following words may convey a notion of the strange garb in which this book appears: *Writeërs* (writers); *wel* (well); *kil* (kill); *onely* (only); *probablely* (probably); *perhap* (perhaps); *bodys* (bodies). But it is not only to the structure and spelling of words, that this poor innovator extends his love of change. By a strange species of egotism, the first personal pronoun is always printed i. When two s's occur, they are not printed as usual ſs, but sſ; and a double f is uniformly printed separately f f. In these, as in the more substantial parts of his eccentricity, the creature is haunted by the same perpetual inconsistency. For why does he not carry his reforms to other parts of language and typography, which are not more trifling or indifferent, and which depend equally on custom or convention? Why, for instance, does he not spell cock, coc, or kok? Why do we

meet with such words as *dead, believe, beings*, &c.? Why is each sentence begun with a large letter, as well as each name of a man and place? Why is the junction of s and f permitted with all other letters, and not when doubled? Why is the apostrophe inserted in some participles, as *ascribe'd, taste'd*, and not in others, as *communicateëd;* and never, where alone it is necessary, to distinguish the genitive case? Our readers will perceive how exactly this inconsistency and folly, in the external appearance, is parallel to that which distinguishes the substance of the present work. Neither species of perversity, we believe, can be parallel in any other quarter. We now most joyfully leave the '*Essay on abstinence from animal food*' to that oblivion which awaits it; and from which its singularities, however gross and wicked, are of too dull a cast to save it.

ART. XIV. *An Account of the Island of Ceylon.* By Robert Percival, Esq., of his Majesty's Nineteenth Regiment of Foot. London: C. and R. Baldwin.

IT is now little more than half a century since the English first began to establish themselves in any force upon the peninsula of India; and we at present possess in that country a more extensive territory, and a more numerous population, than any European power can boast of at home. In no instance has the genius of the English, and their courage, shone forth more conspicuously, than in their contest with the French for the empire of India. The numbers on both sides were always inconsiderable; but the two nations were fairly matched against each other, in the cabinet and the field; the struggle was long and obstinate; and, at the conclusion, the French remained masters of a dismantled town, and the English of the grandest and most extensive colony that the world has ever seen. To attribute this success to the superior genius of Clive, is not to diminish the reputation it confers on his country, which reputation must of course be elevated by the number of great men to which it gives birth. But the French were by no means deficient in casualties of genius at that period, unless Bussy is to be considered as a man of a common stature of mind, or Dupleix to be classed with the vulgar herd of politicians. Neither was Clive (though he clearly stands forward as the most prominent figure in the group) without the aid of some military men of very considerable talents. Clive extended our Indian empire; but General Lawrence preserved it to be extended; and the former caught, perhaps, from the latter, that military spirit, by which

he soon became a greater soldier than him, without whom he never would have been a soldier at all.

Gratifying as these reflections upon our prowess in India are to national pride, they bring with them the painful reflection, that so considerable a portion of our strength and wealth is vested upon such precarious foundations, and at such an immense distance from the parent country. The glittering fragments of the Portuguese empire, scattered up and down the East, should teach us the instability of such dominion. We are (it is true) better capable of preserving what we have obtained, than any other nation which has ever colonized in Southern Asia: but the object of ambition is so tempting, and the perils to which it is exposed so numerous, that no calculating mind can found any durable conclusions upon this branch of our commerce, and this source of our strength.

In the acquisition of Ceylon, we have obtained the greatest of all our wants—a good harbour. For it is a very singular fact, that, in the whole peninsula of India, Bombay is alone capable of affording a safe retreat to ships during the period of the monsoons.

The geographical figure of our possessions in Ceylon is whimsical enough: we possess the whole of the sea coast, and inclose in a periphery the unfortunate King of Candia, whose rugged and mountainous dominions may be compared to a coarse mass of iron, set in a circle of silver. The Popilian ring, in which this votary of Buddha has been so long held by the Portuguese and Dutch, has infused the most vigilant jealousy into the government, and rendered it as difficult to enter the kingdom of Candia, as if it were Paradise or China; and yet, once there, always there; for the difficulty of departing is just as great, as the difficulty of arriving; and his Candian Excellency, who has used every device in his power to keep them out, is seized with such an affection for those who baffle his defensive artifices, that he can on no account suffer them to depart. He has been known to detain a string of four or five Dutch embassies, till various members of the legation died of old age at his court, while they were expecting an answer to their questions, and a return to their presents:* And his Majesty once exasperated a little French ambassador to such a degree, by the various pretences under which he kept him at his court, that this lively member of the Corps Diplomatique, one day, in a furious passion, attacked six or seven of his Majesty's largest elephants, sword in hand, and would, in all probability have reduced them to mince-meat, if the poor beasts had not been saved from the unequal combat.

* Knox's Ceylon.

The best and most ample account of Ceylon is contained in the narrative of Robert Knox, who, in the middle of the 17th century, was taken prisoner there (while refitting his ship) at the age of nineteen, and remained nineteen years on the island, in slavery to the King of Candia. During this period, he learnt the language, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the people. The account he has given of them is extremely entertaining, and written in a very simple and unaffected style; so much so, indeed, that he presents his reader with a very grave account of the noise the devil makes in the woods of Candia, and of the frequent opportunities he has had of hearing him.

Mr. Percival does not pretend to deal with the devil; but appears to have used the fair and natural resources of observation and good sense, to put together an interesting description of Ceylon. There is nothing in the book very animated, or very profound, but it is without pretensions; and if it does not excite attention by any unusual powers of description, it never disgusts by credulity, wearies by prolixity, or offends by affectation. It is such an account, as a plain military man of diligence and common sense might be expected to compose; and narratives like these we must not despise. To military men we have been, and must be indebted for our first acquaintance with the interior of many countries. Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done; and the path for science has been commonly opened by the sword.

We shall proceed to give a very summary abstract of the principal contents of Mr. Percival's book.

The immense accessions of territory which the English have acquired in the East Indies since the American War, rendered it absolutely necessary, that some efforts should be made to obtain possession of a station where ships might remain in safety during the violent storms incidental to that climate. As the whole of that large tract which we possess along the Coromandel coast, presents nothing but open roads, all vessels are obliged, on the approach of the monsoons, to stand out in the open seas; and there are many parts of the coast that can be approached, only during a few months of the year. As the harbour of Trincomalee, which is equally secure at all seasons, afforded the means of obviating these disadvantages, it is evident, that on the first rupture with the Dutch, our countrymen would attempt to gain possession of it. A body of troops was, in consequence, detached in the year 1795, for the conquest of Ceylon, which (in consequence of the indiscipline which political dissension had introduced among the Dutch troops) was effected almost without opposition.

Ceylon is now inhabited by the English; the remains of the Dutch, and Portuguese, the Cinglese or natives subject to the dominion of the Europeans; the Candians subject to the king of their own name; and the Vaddahs, or wild men, subject to no power. A Ceylonese Dutchman is a coarse, grotesque species of animal, whose native apathy and phlegm is animated only by the insolence of a colonial tyrant: His principal amusement appears to consist in smoking; but his pipe, according to Mr. Percival's account, is so seldom out of his mouth, that his smoking appears to be almost as much a necessary function of animal life, as his breathing. His day is eked out with gin, ceremonious visits, and prodigious quantities of gross food dripping with oil and butter; his mind, just able to reach from one meal to another, is incapable of farther exertion; and, after the panting and deglutition of a long protracted dinner, reposes on the sweet expectation, that, in a few hours, the carnivorous toil will be renewed. He lives only to digest; and while the organs of gluttony perform their office, he has not a wish beyond; and is the happy man which Horace describes—

——— *in seipso totus, teres, atque rotundus.*

The descendants of the Portuguese differ materially from the Moors, Malabars, and other Mahometans. Their great object is, to shew the world they are Europeans and Christians. Unfortunately, their ideas of Christianity are so imperfect, that the only mode they can hit upon of displaying their faith, is by wearing hats and breeches, and, by these habiliments, they consider themselves as shewing a proper degree of contempt, on various parts of the body, towards Mahomet, and Buddha. They are lazy, treacherous, effeminate, and passionate to excess; and are, in fact, a locomotive and animated farrago of the bad qualities of all tongues, people, and nations on the face of the earth.

The Malays, whom we forgot before to enumerate, form a very considerable portion of the inhabitants of Ceylon. Their original empire lies in the peninsula of Malacca, from whence they have extended themselves over Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, and a vast number of other islands in the peninsula of India. It has been many years customary for the Dutch to bring them to Ceylon, for the purpose of carrying on various branches of trade and manufacture, and in order also to employ them as soldiers and servants. The Malays are the most vindictive and ferocious of living beings. They set little or no value on their own existence, in the prosecution of their odious passions; and having thus broken the great tie which renders man a being capable of being governed, and fit for society, they are a constant source of terror to all those who have any kind of connexion or relation with them. A Ma-

lay servant, from the apprehension excited by his vindictive disposition, often becomes the master of his master. It is as dangerous to dismiss him, as to punish him; and the rightful despot, in order to avoid assassination, is almost compelled to exchange characters with his slave. It is singular, however, that the Malay, incapable of submission on any other occasion, and ever ready to avenge insult with death, submits to the severest military discipline with the utmost resignation and meekness. The truth is, obedience to his officers forms part of his religious creed; and the same man who would repay the most insignificant insult with death, will submit to be lacerated at the halbert with the patience of a martyr. This is truly a tremendous people! When assassins and blood-hounds will fall into rank and file, and the most furious savages submit (with no diminution of their ferocity) to the science and discipline of war, they only want a Malay Bonaparte to lead them to the conquest of the world. Our curiosity has always been very highly excited by the accounts of this singular people; and we cannot help thinking, that, one day or another, when they are more full of opium than usual, they *will run a muck* from Cape Comorin to the Caspian.

Mr. Percival does not consider the Ceylonese as descended from the continentals of the peninsula, but rather from the inhabitants of the Maldive islands, whom they very much resemble in complexion, features, language, and manners.

"The Ceylonese (says Mr. Percival) are courteous and polite in their demeanour, even to a degree far exceeding their civilization. In several qualities, they are greatly superior to all other Indians who have fallen within the sphere of my observation. I have already exempted them from the censure of stealing and lying, which seem to be almost inherent in the nature of an Indian. They are mild, and by no means captious or passionate in their intercourse with each other; though, when once their anger is roused, it is proportionably furious and lasting. Their hatred is indeed mortal, and they will frequently destroy themselves to obtain the destruction of the detested object. One instance will serve to shew the extent to which this passion is carried. If a Ceylonese cannot obtain money due to him by another, he goes to his debtor, and threatens to kill himself if he is not instantly paid. This threat, which is sometimes put in execution, reduces the debtor, if it be in his power, to immediate compliance with the demand; as, by their law, if any man causes the loss of another man's life, his own is the forfeit. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is a proverbial expression continually in their mouths. This is, on other occasions, a very common mode of revenge among them; and a Ceylonese has often been known to contrive to kill himself in the company of his enemy, that the latter might suffer for it.

'This dreadful spirit of revenge, so inconsistent with the usually mild and humane sentiments of the Ceylonese, and much more congenial to the bloody temper of a Malay, still continues to be fostered by the sacred customs of the Candians. Among the Cinglese, however, it has been greatly mitigated by their intercourse with Europeans. The desperate mode of obtaining revenge which I have just described, has been given up, from having been disappointed of its object; as, in all those parts under our dominion, the European modes of investigating and punishing crimes are enforced. A case of this nature occurred at Caltura in 1799. A Cinglese peasant happening to have a suit or controversy with another, watched an opportunity of going to bathe in company with him, and drowned himself, with the view of having his adversary put to death. The latter was upon this taken up, and sent to Columbo to take his trial for making away with the deceased, upon the principle of having been the last seen in his company. There was, however, nothing more than presumptive proof against the culprit, and he was of course acquitted. This decision, however, did not by any means tally with the sentiments of the Cinglese, who are as much inclined to continue their ancient barbarous practice as their brethren the Candians, although they are deprived of the power.' pp. 70—72.

The warlike habits of the Candians make them look with contempt on the Cinglese, who are almost entirely unacquainted with the management of arms. They have the habit and character of mountaineers—warlike, hardy, enterprising, and obstinate. They have, at various times, proved themselves very formidable enemies to the Dutch. And in that kind of desultory warfare, which is the only one their rugged country will admit of, have cut off large parties of the troops of both these nations. The King of Candia, as we have before mentioned, possesses only the middle of the island, which nature, and his Candian Majesty, have rendered as inaccessible as possible. It is traversable only by narrow wood paths, known to nobody but the natives, strictly watched in peace and war, and where the best troops in the world might be shot in any quantities, by the Candian marksmen, without the smallest possibility of resisting their enemies; because there would not be the smallest possibility of finding them. The King of Candia is of course despotic; and the history of his life and reign presents the same monotonous ostentation, and baby-like caprice, which characterises oriental governments. In public audiences, he appears like a great fool, squatting on his hams; far surpassing gingerbread in splendour: and, after asking some such idiotical question, as, whether Europe is in Asia or Africa, retires with a flourish of trumpets very much out of tune. For his private amusement, he rides on the nose of an elephant, plays with his jewels, sprinkles his courtiers with rosewater, and feeds

his gold and silver fish. If his tea is not sweet enough, he impales his footman; and smites off the heads of half a dozen of his noblemen, if he has a pain in his own.—*ὁσπιες γαρ* (says Aristotle) *τελειωτατον ζωιλτιστον των ζωων ανθρωπος εστι, ατε και χαριεσθαι νομω, και διπας χειριστον παντων.* Polit.

The only exportable articles of any importance, which Ceylon produces, are pearls, cinnamon, and elephants. Mr. Percival has presented us with an extremely interesting account of the pearl fishery, held in Condatchy Bite, near the island of Manaar, in the streights which separate Ceylon from the main land.

'There is, perhaps, no spectacle which the island of Ceylon affords, more striking to an European, than the bay of Condatchy, during the season of the pearl fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene, which exceeds, in novelty and variety, almost any thing I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people of different colours, countries, casts and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazar or market place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object, which can of itself create this scene.

'The bay of Condatchy is the most central rendezvous for the boats employed in the fishery. The banks, where it is carried on, extend several miles along the coast from Manaar southward of Arippo, Condatchy, and Pomparipo. The principal bank is opposite to Condatchy, and lies out at sea about twenty miles. The first step previous to the commencement of the fishery, is to have the different oyster banks surveyed, the state of the oysters ascertained, and a report made on the subject to government. If it has been found that the quantity is sufficient, and that they are arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, and are usually purchased by a black merchant. This, however, is not always the course pursued: Government sometimes judges it more advantageous to fish the banks on its own account, and to dispose of the pearls afterwards to the merchants. When this plan is adopted, boats are hired for the season on account of Government, from different quarters: the price varies considerably, according to circumstances; but is usually from five to eight

hundred pagodas for each boat. There are however no stated prices, and the best bargain possible is made for each boat separately. The Dutch generally followed this last system; the banks were fished on Government account, and the pearls disposed of in different parts of India, or sent to Europe. When this plan was pursued, the governor and council of Ceylon claimed a certain per centage on the value of the pearls; or, if the fishing of the banks was disposed of by public sale, they bargained for a stipulated sum to themselves, over and above what was paid on account of Government. The pretence on which they founded their claims for this perquisite, was their trouble in surveying and valuing the banks.' pp. 59-61.

The banks are divided into six or seven portions, in order to give the oysters time to grow, which are supposed to attain their maturity in about seven years. The period allowed to the merchant to complete his fishery, is about six weeks, during which period all the boats go out and return together, and are subjected to very rigorous laws. The dexterity of the divers is very striking: they are as adroit in the use of their feet as their hands; and can pick up the smallest object under water with their toes. Their descent is aided by a great stone, which they slip from their feet when they arrive at the bottom, where they can remain about two minutes. There are instances, however, of divers, who have so much of the aquatic in their nature, as to remain under water for five or six minutes. Their great enemy is the ground-shark; for the rule of eat, and be eaten, which Dr. Darwin called the great law of nature, obtains in as much force fathoms deep beneath the waves, as above them: this animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos, as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as one appetite appears to him much more natural, and less capricious than the other, he never fails to indulge it. Where fortune has so much to do with peril and profit, of course there is no deficiency of conjurers, who, by divers enigmatical grimaces, endeavour to *ostracise* this submarine invader. If they are successful, they are well paid in pearls; and when a shark indulges himself with the leg of an Hindoo, there is a witch who lives at Colang, on the Malabar coast, who always bears the blame.

A common mode of theft practised by the common people engaged in the pearl fishery is by swallowing the pearls. Whenever any one is suspected of having swallowed these precious pills of Cleopatra, the police apothecaries are instantly sent for; a *brisk* cathartic is immediately dispatched after the truant pearl, with the strictest orders to apprehend it, in whatever corner of the *viscera* it may be found lurking. Oyster lotteries are carried on here to a great extent. They consist in purchasing a quantity of the oysters unopened, and running the chance of either find-

ing or not finding pearls in them. The European gentlemen and officers who attend the pearl fishery through duty or curiosity, are particularly fond of these lotteries, and frequently make purchases of this sort. The whole of this account is very well written, and has afforded us a great degree of amusement. By what curious links, and fantastical relations, are mankind connected together! At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea, for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to decorate the throat of a London alderman's wife. It is said that the great Linnæus had discovered the secret of infecting oysters with this periligenous disease: What is become of the secret we do not know, as the only interest we take in oysters, is of a much more vulgar, though perhaps a more humane nature.

The principal woods of cinnamon lie in the neighbourhood of Columbo. They reach to within half a mile of the fort, and fill the whole surrounding prospect. The grand garden near the town is so extensive, as to occupy a tract of country from ten to fifteen miles in length.

'Nature has here concentrated both the beauty and the riches of the island. Nothing can be more delightful to the eye, than the prospect which stretches around Columbo. The low cinnamon trees which cover the plain, allow the view to reach the groves of evergreens, interspersed with tall clumps, and bounded everywhere with extensive ranges of cocoa-nut and other large trees. The whole is diversified with small lakes and green marshes, skirted all around with rice and pasture fields. In one part, the intertwining cinnamon trees appear completely to clothe the face of the plain; in another, the openings made by the intersecting footpaths just serve to shew that the thick underwood has been penetrated. One large road, which goes out at the west gate of the fort, and returns by the gate on the south, makes a winding circuit of seven miles among the woods. It is here that the officers and gentlemen belonging to the garrison of Columbo take their morning ride, and enjoy one of the finest scenes in nature. pp. 336-337.

As this spice constitutes the wealth of Ceylon, great pains are taken to ascertain its qualities, and propagate its choicest kinds. The prime sort is obtained from the Laurus Cinnamonum. The leaf resembles the laurel in shape, but is not of so deep a green. When chewed, it has the smell and taste of cloves. There are several different species of cinnamon tree on the island, but four sorts only are cultivated and barked. The picture which we have just quoted from Mr. Percival of a morning ride in a cinnamon wood is so enchanting that we are extremely sorry the addition of aromatic odours cannot with veracity be made to it. The cinnamon has unfortunately no smell at all, but to the

nostrils of the poet. Mr. Percival gives us a very interesting account of the process of making up cinnamon for the market, in which we are sorry our limits will not permit us to follow him. The different qualities of the cinnamon bundles can only be estimated by the taste; an office which devolves upon the medical men of the settlement, who are employed for *several days together in chewing cinnamon;* the acrid juice of which excoriates the mouth, and puts them to the most dreadful tortures.

The island of Ceylon is completely divided into two parts by a very high range of mountains, on the two sides of which the climate and the seasons are entirely different. These mountains also terminate completely the effect of the monsoons, which set in periodically from opposite sides of them. On the west side, the rains prevail in the months of May, June, and July; the season when they are felt on the Malabar Coast. This monsoon is usually extremely violent during its continuance. The northern parts of the island are very little affected. In the months of October and November, when the opposite monsoon sets in on the Coromandel coast, the north of the island is attacked; and scarcely any impression reaches the southern parts. The heat during the day is nearly the same throughout the year: the rainy season renders the nights much cooler. The climate, upon the whole, is much more temperate than on the continent of India. The temperate and healthy climate of Ceylon is, however, confined to the sea-coast. In the interior of the country, the obstructions which the thick woods oppose to the free circulation of air, render the heat almost insupportable, and generate a low and malignant fever, known to Europeans by the name of the Jungle fever. The chief harbours of Ceylon are Trincomalee, Point de Calle, and, at certain seasons of the year, Columbo. The former of these, from its nature and situation, is that which stamps Ceylon one of our most valuable acquisitions in the East Indies. As soon as the monsoons commence, every vessel caught by them in any other part of the Bay of Bengal is obliged to put to sea immediately, in order to avoid destruction. At these seasons, Trincomalee alone, of all the parts on this side of the peninsula, is capable of affording to vessels a safe retreat; which a vessel from Madras may reach in two days. These circumstances render the value of Trincomalee much greater than that of the whole island; the revenue of which will certainly be hardly sufficient to defray the expense of the establishments kept up there. The agriculture of Ceylon is in fact in such an imperfect state; and the natives have so little availed themselves of its natural fertility, that great part of the provisions necessary for its support are imported from Bengal.

Ceylon produces the elephant, the buffalo, tiger, elk, wild hog, rabbit, hare, flying fox, and musk-rat. Many articles are rendered entirely useless by the smell of musk, which this latter animal communicates in merely running over them. Mr. Percival asserts, (and the fact has been confirmed to us by the most respectable authority), that if it even pass over a bottle of wine, however well corked and sealed up, the wine becomes so strongly tainted with musk, that it cannot be used; and a whole cask may be rendered useless in the same manner. Among the great variety of birds, we were struck with Mr. Percival's account of the honey bird, into whose body the soul of a common informer appears to have migrated. It makes a loud and shrill noise, to attract the notice of any body whom it may perceive; and thus inducing him to follow the course it points out, leads him to the tree where the bees have concealed their treasure; after the apiary has been robbed, this feathered scoundrel gleans his reward from the hive. The list of Cylonese snakes is hideous; and we become reconciled to the crude and cloudy land in which we live, from reflecting, that the indiscriminate activity of the sun generates what is loathsome, as well as what is lovely; that the asp reposes under the rose; and the scorpion crawls under the fragrant flower, and the luscious fruit.

The usual stories are repeated here, of the immense size, and voracious appetite, of a certain species of serpent. The best history of this kind we ever remember to have read was of a serpent killed near one of our settlements in the East Indies; in whose body they found the chaplain of the garrison, all in black, the Rev. Mr. ————, (somebody or other, whose name we have forgotten), and who, after having been missing for above a week, was discovered in this very inconvenient situation. The dominions of the King of Candia are partly defended by leeches, which abound in the woods, and from which our soldiers suffered in the most dreadful manner. The Ceylonese, in compensation for their animated plagues, are endowed with two vegetable blessings, the cocoa-nut tree and the talipot tree. The latter affords a prodigious leaf, impenetrable to sun or rain, and large enough to shelter ten men. It is a natural umbrella; and is of as eminent service in that country as a great-coat tree would be in this. A leaf of the talipot tree is a tent to the soldier, a parasol to the traveller, and a book to the scholar*. The cocoa tree affords bread, milk, oil, wine, spirits, vinegar, yeast, sugar, cloth, paper, huts, and ships.

We could with great pleasure proceed to give a farther abstract of this very agreeable and interesting publication, which we very

* All books are written upon it in Ceylon.

strongly recommend to the public. It is written with great modesty, entirely without pretensions, and abounds with curious and important information. Mr. Percival will accept our best thanks for the amusement he has afforded us. When we can praise with such justice, we are always happy to do it; and regret that the rigid and independent honesty which we have made the very basis of our literary undertaking, should so frequently compel us to speak of the authors who come before us, in a style so different from that in which we have vindicated the merits of Mr. Percival.

ART. XV. *Lettre de Charles Villers à Georges Cuvier, de l' Institut National de France, &c.* A letter from Charles Villers to Georges Cuvier, Member of the National Institute of France, on a New Theory of the Brain, as the immediate organ of the intellectual and moral faculties; by Dr. Gall of Vienna. Metz. 1802.

OF Dr. Gall, and his skulls, who has not heard? Of his system, we till now have known little more, than that it terrified the stout hearts of an Emperor and Council, whom many years of unsuccessful war had not been able to dismay. An edict was accordingly issued, to avert the peril of prelections so dangerous; and, perhaps, that the contagion might be less rapidly and less extensively spread, Dr. Gall was permitted to make converts, only of foreigners. To all this care, we make no doubt, the Emperor was led, by a holy regard for the virtues and piety of his subjects, when alive, and perhaps by some love of supererogation, for their souls, even after they had ceased to be his subjects. But why his regard took such violent alarm, we own, we do not see; since, if the tendency of the theory to Materialism be all which was dreaded, it seems to have no more tendency to it, than any other theory of the brain, which has been taught for ages, without the least fear of the penalties of royal edicts. There are two opinions only, which can, in this respect, be contrasted; that which asserts perception to take place, by the intervention of a material organ; and that, which asserts it to take place immediately, by the energies of the mind itself, or, at least, without the intervention of any material organ. Undoubtedly the latter opinion has less tendency to produce materialism; because it denies the existence of matter at all: but it is a sceptical spiritualism, which, in that Catholic church, of which the Emperor and his Council are such strenuous defenders of the faith, would certainly be classed, for reprobation, among the multitude of false doctrines,

heresies, and schisms. As we cannot have recourse, therefore, to this pure immaterialism, there remains the dangerous, but sole, alternative, which asserts the necessity of a material organ; and, if this alternative be adopted, any modification of it, which does not exclude mind as the ultimate percipient, must have an equal tendency to materialism. The *whole brain* may be one undivided organ, or *a part* of the brain may be the organ, or *different parts* may be organs of *different functions*. In all these cases, the materialism, or immaterialism, is the same; because, alike in all, some affection of the *material* part is an indispensable prerequisite to the *mental* affection. His Imperial Majesty has had of late too many good opportunities of knowing, that a man cannot continue, to march, and load, and fire, when he has left his head behind him; and the redoubtable lecturer of Vienna has said little more. The immaterialist believes, that it is the soul which *sees*, and the soul which *hears*, as much as that it is the soul which *judges*, and the soul which *imagines*; and, since he does not condemn, as impious, the allotment of different organs of sight and hearing, what greater heresy is there in the allotment of different parts of the sensorium, as the organs of judgment and imagination? If, indeed, any one should say, that the affections of these parts are themselves judgment and imagination, he would be a materialist; but he would be as much a materialist, if he should say, that the affections of the organs of sight and hearing are themselves the ideas of colour and sound. To have been consistent, in its providence, or its persecution, the same edict, which shut up the mouth and the lecture-room of Dr. Gall, should have prohibited all medicine, and made the reading of poetry a deadly sin. What intoxication is there, in the praises of wine, and what poison, in the whole doctrine of narcotics! It may be wrong, to allow a daring demonstrator of processes and sinuosities, to assert that the mind remembers, imagines, and judges, only by the intervention of certain parts of the brain; but it is a piece of forbearance, at least as dangerous, to allow a single cellar to be open, in the taverns of Vienna, or memory, imagination, and judgment, to be all set to sleep, by a few grains of a very common and simple drug.

We are too sincere believers in the truth of immaterialism, to be easily alarmed by the speculations of any theorist; and therefore, considering Dr. Gall as more strictly under the cognizance of a court like our own, than of that of any civil magistrate, we are pleased at the opportunity, which this pamphlet gives us, of considering the merits or demerits of his doctrine. As yet, we believe, no detailed account of his supposed disco-

veries has been published by himself; though, as far back as the year 1798, in the *Deutsche Merkur* of Wieland, he announced his intention of publishing a large work on the subject. The account, at present before us, is only a very slight sketch by a metaphysical artist, of whose labours we have before had an opportunity of making honourable mention, in our review of his Exposition of the Transcendental Philosophy, and whose admiration of the authors of the *right bank* is by no means diminished. M. Villers may indeed be fairly considered as the scientific ferryman of the Rhine, which before was almost a Lethe to the sages of Germany. Whether he may not sometimes carry over the ghosts of the dead, or at least the sickly bodies of the dying, may perhaps be reasonably doubted. But certainly Dr. Gall, in spite of the thunders of the court of Vienna, is not quite dead; or, though not a Hercules or a Theseus, his ghost is a ghost of vigour.

The letter, which is written to Cuvier from Germany, contains several pieces of information, not connected with its chief subject. There is particularly an account of wonderful success in the medical application of Galvanism, of the full truth of which we greatly doubt. An apothecary, of the name of Sprenger, in the little town of Iever, is said, by the application of it, to have given hearing, and in consequence speech, to eleven persons who had been dumb from infancy. The letter is on the whole written in a very lively and pleasant manner, and is not the less amusing, from the occasional recurrence of a few transcendental flights. Thus we are carefully reminded of the merits of Kant, in his endeavour to cure us of our obstinate belief, (*opiniâtreté*) that there exists either *matter*, or *mind*, or *both*, by the pains which he has taken to annihilate all corporeal and incorporeal substances, as real existences, p. 17: and, a page or two before, we are amused with one of those fanciful but false conceits, with which we were occasionally treated, in the View of the Critical Philosophy:

'The nervous system of man, that physical instrument of his moral life, is like the connected branches of a tree, of which the trunk is the medulla oblongata and spinal marrow, and the brain the earth in which its roots arise,—an earth which is rich with the quintessence of life, and which, dense as it appears, seems to be nothing more than a concentrated ether. Unlike terrestrial vegetations, this precious tree of moral life has its roots towards heaven, and draws its nourishment from on high, thus constantly recalling to man by its singular opposition to the general laws of growth, that his destination is more elevated, than that of other beings.' p. 15.

Instead of supporting this noble truth of religion, the image, if it could with justice be adduced to prove any thing, might rather be alleged in support of the opposite doctrine, in a manner peculiarly degrading to man. The terrestrial vegetations all rise upward, as if aspiring to a higher fate; while the precious tree of moral life sends its branches downward to the earth, as if conscious that there it is to rest for ever. It is fortunate for us, whatever it may be for a rhetorician, that the immortality of the soul is something more than a metaphor.

M. Villers had no opportunity of attending the lectures of Dr. Gall; but he has in his possession a skull, prepared and numbered under the inspection of the theorist himself, and he received the substance of the lectures from a friend, who had the best means of obtaining it correctly. It is not as professing to adopt and defend the system of Gall, that he has been led to give this view of it. He wishes to be considered, simply as an historian, and delivers, as an ingenious conjecture, what appears to him to be ingenious at least, though it may be nothing more.

The brain, according to Gall, is alike the immediate seat of all the powers of life, whether strictly vital, moral, or intellectual; and, each power having its seat in a peculiar portion of the brain, the degree of general power, in each individual, is in exact proportion to the quantity of the whole brain; and the degree of each power is an exact proportion to the quantity of that particular part of the brain, in which the function is exercised. The brain, being complete, before the ossification of the cranium, must give it a peculiarity of figure, according to the largeness or smallness of its own parts; and therefore, if the position of the seat of each faculty were known, the depressions, or prominences, of the skull might be taken, as indicative of the degree, in which the different powers were possessed by the owner of the skull. To discover the exact topography of the faculties, the only mode is to collect the skulls of those who have been conspicuous for any particular quality, and determine the parts of the skull, which have been rendered prominent by the expansions of brain on which the bone was spread. This, Dr. Gall, to the great terror of every one in Vienna who believed himself eminent, and consequently to the terror of a very large part of the population, has contrived in a great measure to effectuate, and, not content with human subjects, he has called in the aid of comparative anatomy, in the skulls of different animals. By these means he has been enabled to draw a map of the powers and affections of the mind; and, for the credit of his skill, or his confidence, or both, we must

do him the justice to say, that it is a map, as fully laid down, and with as little *terra incognita* in it, as any map of the world, which, after all the tedious and dangerous expeditions of our travellers and navigators, Major Rennel himself could venture to submit to our view.

That the general strength of the vital, moral, and intellectual powers, is great, in each individual, in proportion to the quantity of the encephalon, is an assertion, to which the experience of every one must have furnished him with a reply. We confess, though at the risk of having the periphery of our heads diminished, in the imagination of our readers, that our experience is completely against the assertion. We have known a large cranium, with very great dulness of the intellectual, and moral, and even the vital powers; and in the skulls of many of our friends, we have known all these powers condensed in a small compass, like that *concentrated ether*, of which M. Villers speaks.

To the introduction of comparative anatomy, with any weight of evidence, in a question of this kind, we strongly object. If any fact be certain, of the nervous system, it is, that the different parts of the encephalon and its great appendage are, in the different classes of animals, of very different degrees of importance to the exercise of the powers of life. When, after the amputation of that part, in which, according to Dr. Gall, the whole powers of life are included, birds can still perform many of the most important motions, and insects continue to live and procreate, and the cold-blooded animals seem for a while to exercise almost every faculty, which they before were known to possess, we cannot allow, in circumstances so different, any great degree of force to observations, which proceed on the faith of complete similarity.

The arguments, adduced in support of the separate localities of thought, are not very convincing. The sense of *relief*, from a change of subject, after long study, is urged as a proof, that the part employed is different. But does not this argument almost beg the question? at least, does it not make too great use of the sense of muscular fatigue, which can be applied, only by a very loose analogy, to the brain? It is evident, that the brain, *if* it have any laws similar to those of muscular motion, has a much greater number peculiar to itself: and by what observation has it been shewn, that the peculiar affection of the brain, which we call, only by analogy, *the sense of fatigue*, may not wholly give place to a *different* series of affections of *the same part*? Even if the question were to be decided by analogies, those, which justify this opinion, are more numerous,

and are certainly more close, than those which are taken from the contractions of the voluntary muscles; since they are drawn from parts, more immediately continuous with the brain. The *same* eye, which has been *fatigued* with gazing on one species of light, finds relief from a mere change of colour: and, throughout the system, when one stimulus, from too frequent repetition, has ceased to produce effect, an effect is produced by a *new* stimulus, even of less absolute power; though we cannot suppose, that the former parts are still unaffected, and that each stimulus has its peculiar seat of action. We may remark also, that the relief takes place, only in a certain degree, and is not enough, to justify the supposed analogy: for, if one faculty be greatly fatigued, all the other faculties are reduced to a state nearly similar. Yet we know, that one arm may be bent, in one continued attitude, till it be almost palsied with fatigue, when the other extremities are still in all their vigour, or, at least, have their vigour but slightly impaired.

The second argument adduced, is the *partial* loss of power, from external injuries of the brain, and from madness, and other diseases. The fact is certainly one of the most curious, in the whole physiology of mind. But, unfortunately for Dr. Gall, it is found more frequently in the *same* faculty, than in *different* faculties; and the health and disease are consequently, according to him, in the same part. Such are the cases of persons, who have lost the memory of one language, and retained the memory of another. Of this partial forgetfulness there are many varieties, in kind, and in degree. One interesting case is related by M. Villers, from his own knowledge. It is that of a young lady, of very good understanding, at Frankfort, who, after much opposition from her relations, had at last obtained their consent to her marriage, with a person whom she passionately loved. After recovering from a long illness, which succeeded her first delivery, she completely lost the memory of all the time that had elapsed since her marriage, though remembering every other period, with as much accuracy as before. From the sight of her child, presented to her as her own, she turned with amazement and horror; and though she now, on the faith of the assurance of all her friends, consents to consider herself, as a wife and a mother, she 'still looks upon her husband, and her child, without being able to conceive, by what magic she has acquired the one, and given birth to the other.' Unless, therefore, Dr. Gall call in the aid of the infinite divisibility of matter, and allot a different seat to each idea, such cases, it is evident are more in opposition to his system, than

in its favour; since they shew, that what is confessedly the same part may have lost its power, in one respect, yet retain it completely, in every other.

A third argument is drawn from the various degrees, in which the different faculties are possessed by the same person, in perfect health. But, unless the question be assumed, we do not see how this is more in proof of one opinion, than of its opposite. A mathematician, for instance, may have no poetic taste. The perception of the relations of mathematical ideas forms one series of affections, the perception of the beauties of poetry includes another series; and the two series are different, whether they be affections of the same organ, or of different organs: nor is there more reason, *a priori*, in the one case, than in the other, that, because one series exists, the other should exist also. We know, that in parts, which are confessedly the same, and, originally, even capable alike of either series, as in the muscular motions necessary in two mechanical arts, there may be produced the utmost facility of one series, while in the other there is all the awkward slowness of the most unexercised organs.

Dr. Gall considers somnambulism also, as a proof of his doctrine. But, though the phenomena of somnambulism, and of sleep in general, be certainly very different, in their first appearance, from those of the waking frame, we believe the apparent difference to be wholly reducible to one law, which affects, with various degrees of interruption, the immediate connexion of the body and the mind. The reciprocal immobility is probably the consequence of some change in the nervous system, which has not yet been remarked, and which is perhaps too minute to be remarked, in the system, of the ultimate affections of which, in our waking, as much as in our sleeping hours, we as yet know nothing. Some change undoubtedly takes place in sleep, and the change we have supposed is adequate to the explanation of all the phenomena: for there are none, which shew a difference in the state of the faculties of the mind itself. We remember, we imagine, as when awake; and we reason, *from our present ideas*, with the same accuracy. But the present ideas are different; because we are not recalled, as when awake, by the stronger ideas of perception, from the ideas of association, that would hurry us away. The apparent changes of the intellectual powers in sleep, and in somnambulism, which is only a less extensive sleep, appear to us, therefore, to be in reality changes of the organs of sense and of voluntary motion; and we do not think, they can with justice be adduced to shew, that any faculties of the mind are active, while the others are at rest. But,

even though this were shewn, it surely is not, in any degree, less probable, that the unknown cause of sleep should so affect *one* organ, as to prevent it from being capable of certain series of affections, than that it should completely suspend the action of one part of the brain, and leave unimpaired the action of a part, in immediate contact with it, and, to all appearance, in every respect similar.

The arguments, thus urged in support of the system, are therefore, at best, but of feeble strength. If, however, there had been no opportunities of observing the morbid appearances of the brain, we might have supposed an enthusiastic speculator on a very interesting subject, to have been easily misled, even by such arguments, into all the confidence of a theory. But, we own, we are astonished, that, in the present circumstances of medical science, the theory should have proceeded from a physician. The morbid cases on record are sufficient to shew, that there is not a single part of the encephalon, which has not been impaired, or destroyed, without any apparent change of the intellectual and moral faculties. To detail the variety of these cases, with a general induction, would occupy too large a portion of our review. We must content ourselves, therefore, with referring to the great work of Haller, who has made a very full collection of cases of this kind, *Elem. Phys.* t. iv. pp. 338-357; and to the fourth volume of the Manchester Transactions, in which Dr. Ferrier has selected many of Haller's cases, with considerable additions from other authors. Against Dr. Gall, however, in particular, it may be of consequence to state, that among the cases to which we refer, are some, in which the whole *cortical part* was wasted, or corrupted, while the senses remained entire. Nothing can be more evident, than that, if many organs be scattered over the surface of the brain, the entire and *exclusive* loss of *one* faculty should be, in so many cases of local injury, not a rare, but a common occurrence; and that, with the loss of the whole cineritious part of the brain, the whole of those powers, which have their seat in that part, must necessarily perish.

To the complete demonstration, which the records of morbid cases afford, it is perhaps absurd, to add any other argument; as every other argument must be necessarily weaker. To us, however, the circumstances, in which the faculties are exercised, seem to shew sufficiently, that they are not the energies of different parts. Thus, if perception and memory result from affections of certain organs, and imagination from affections of another organ, the affections of this part, which are separate, may be conceived by us to exist, without the affections of the

others. But *we cannot conceive* the imagination to act, without including itself those ideas, which are said to be states of unconnected parts. As little, in the exercise of the judging faculty, can we suppose a comparison without ideas compared, though the ideas and the comparison itself be states of different organs, which, though they *may* be simultaneous, can have no other than a casual connexion.

If the organs of many of the faculties be, as Dr. Gall affirms, double, since a disease of one side of the head, does not necessarily imply a disease of the other side, each organ, even in health, must have its separate affections, which may correspond, but which may also be dissimilar; and the two may thus be exercised, at the same moment, on different subjects, or from the same subject give opposite results. The mind should thus be capable of completely believing, and, at the same moment, completely disbelieving the same proposition. One of the organs of imagination, in a virtuous patriot, may thus be mourning over the probable ruin of his country, while the other is feeding on the profits of an offered place; and perhaps, in this way, are to be explained many of the cases of timid irresolution in ministers of state; since the system of Dr. Gall fairly gives them the double head of Janus, and allows one organ to be eager for war, while the other is equally eager for the continuance of peace.

Nor is it merely to similar organs that this remark is applicable. The faculties, having all organs which are completely distinct, cannot interrupt each other, but may all be exercised at the same moment; and sermons, and systems, and puns, and poetry, be thus one general and simultaneous product. It is certain, at least, that all the *organic affections* may co-exist; and if it be thought that the *mental affection* must notwithstanding be single, because the mind is not capable of influencing, or being influenced by more than one organ at a time, we must attend to the analogies of the organs of sense, and of muscular motion, which, unless we beg the question as to the separate intellectual organs, are the only analogies afforded us. In these, however, we find a multitude, if not of simultaneous, at least of rapidly succeeding affections of different parts, very unlike the unity of thought. We can walk, and listen to a conversation, and remark the objects around us, without being conscious of an interruption of the exercise of the different organs employed. But there is no one, who, without being sensible of a very difficult transition, can write stanzas to the eye-brows of his mistress, while he is solving a question of geometry or metaphysics.

Even though we were to concede to Dr. Gall the truth of his general and more important doctrine of the localities of thought

and passion, we should certainly be little inclined to ascribe, with him, the difference of power, merely to the *quantity* of the parts of the brain, and should therefore have little trust, in the appearance of the cranium, as indicative of character; nor, indeed, though it were certain that the difference of each power arose from its difference of quantity, would our reliance be much increased. Dr. Gall himself is said to protest strongly against the attempt which has been made, to reduce his science to a species of physiognomy; yet, unless he himself consider the physiognomical application of it as allowable, we do not see how he is justified in drawing any inference from the inspection of a skull; and, if he do consider it in that light, he is not justified by the principles of his own theory: for, as the faculties are not all to be found in different points of one circumference, but lie under each other, in what may be considered as concentric circles of the encephalon, the elevation, or depression of the skull, may be produced by the uncommon largeness, or smallness, of a deeper seated organ, the superficial one remaining the same; or the superficial one may be greatly increased, or diminished, and the increase or diminution be compensated by the opposite state of some deeper organ. The appearance of the skull, therefore, even where we have an opportunity of examining the inner plate, is not indicative of the nature of any one power, and can be depended on, only as marking the superficial shape of the brain and its meninges.

For what reason, except for the sake of this cranioscopical physiognomy, Dr. Gall has chosen to ascribe the difference of power to a difference of *quantity* alone, it is not easy to discover. It is at least equally probable, that the peculiar affections of the brain depend, in a great measure, on the minute differences of composition and texture; since, in this way only, unless we admit an original difference in the mind itself, which Dr. Gall never takes into account, can we explain the *possibility* of great powers in a small cranium. What is that sense of fatigue, on which he has himself laid so much stress? The *organ* of the faculty employed is assuredly not diminished, or, at least, is not diminished in any measurable degree: yet its power is now completely different. This state of the brain is a certain state of it; and we can conceive a brain, of dimensions exactly similar, to be naturally in this state of dulness, as much as in any other state, in the same manner as we can conceive a portion of the brain to exist in one degree of quantity, as much as in another. The *quantity* therefore is not the measure of the *power*: since, confessedly, the quantity may be the same, and the power be different. The great changes produced in the liveliness or lethargy

of the faculties, by wine or opium, and, in general, by every stimulant or sedative, are reducible only to that law of the sensorium, by which the power is as the state of the part, in *quality*, not in *quantity*. If Dr. Gall's theory were just, all moral education would be useless; for he has not attempted to convince us, by any observation or experiment, that we have it in our power to reduce, or amplify, the organs of the affections. As, where there has been no external or internal injury, the organ of sight must always afford its peculiar sensations, when colours are presented to it, the organ of the inclination to theft must always be affected, in its peculiar manner, on the sight of an agreeable object. It is vain for us to present motives of bodily fear, or of infamy; for these act only on the organ of courage, or of pride, or of judgment, which may be of greater or less size, but do not, by any of their affections, diminish the size of the organ of theft; and hence, if with the organ of this inclination the organ of voluntary motion be in good understanding, an incessant series of thefts must ensue. In like manner, if there be any young man, of dispositions as yet uncorrupted, in whose fate we take an interest, our anxiety for the preservation of his virtue is superfluous. Let all his companions be profane and selfish, and dissolute; what have we to dread! They cannot diminish the size of his organs of benevolence, and temperance, and religion; and, till that diminution be possible, there is no influence in reason, or in ridicule, and no contagion in example.

Our readers are, we trust, already sufficiently convinced, that the principles, on which Dr. Gall has founded his theory, are erroneous. It may perhaps, however, afford them some amusement to know how far he has explored the territory of mind.

The organs of the vital powers are the deepest seated, that they may best be sheltered from injury. Around these, as it were in successive circles, are the organs of sense, of the passions and affections, and of the intellectual powers; the last of which, being least essential to animal life, are left to share all the perils of the general bony covering, in the cortical cineritious part immediately under the meninges.

The following list comprehends all those organs which are mentioned by M. Villers:—The organ of vital power,—of the power of generation,—of external sense,—of irritability,—of envy,—of jealousy,—of ungovernable desire,—of imperiousness,—of the love of life,—of friendship, fidelity, and pure and disinterested love,—of courage,—of cunning,—of the inclination to theft,—of circumspection,—of the memory of things,—of the memory of places,—of the memory of nomenclature,—of the memory of languages,—of the memory of numbers,—of music,

—of the arts of design,—of the mechanical arts,—of metaphysics,—of mildness,—of wit,—of observation,—of generosity,—of penetration,—of imagination,—of the religious affections,—of pride, ambition, and vain-glory,—of firmness, and perseverance.

We regret, that without the assistance of plates, it is impossible for us to convey an idea of the exact position of the different faculties, since there are seldom any well marked anatomical points with which they correspond; and, unless the position be *exactly* stated, the utmost confusion must arise, as many faculties are crowded together in a very small compass. In these, the anterior part of the cerebrum is uncommonly rich; so that the chief powers of character may be collected almost from the single frontal bone. On remembering, therefore, the proverbial symbol of the greatest misery of wedlock, we looked to Dr. Gall's tables to find the symbol justified, expecting to discover the organ of avarice, or peevishness, or jealousy, or some other quality equally abhorred of wives, which, by its extraordinary growth, might be supposed to cause at once the crime and the protuberance. But the local qualities seemed all too harmless to be connected, in any degree, with so dreadful an infliction of conjugal resentment.

As many of the most important qualities are situated in the straight line, which passes from the nose to the top of the head, it may be interesting, and perhaps be possible, without a plate, to follow its course. At the top of the head, where the sagittal suture terminates in the coronal, is the organ of religion, probably because that part is nearest to heaven. Immediately at the root of the nose, is the organ of the memory of things; and a very little way above it, between the eye-brows, is the organ of metaphysics. M. Villers remarks, that at this part, in the forehead of Kant, there is a very striking convexity; and that, in general, this convexity is less striking in the Parisian head, than in the heads of the English, Germans, and Swiss. Above this organ, at about a third of the distance, between the root of the nose and the usual beginning of the hair, is the organ of observation, which in children is always particularly convex, and which remains so in those who are professionally obliged to the exercise of this faculty. M. Villers remarks, that long before he had heard of Dr. Gall's system, he had been struck with this peculiarity in the foreheads of several naturalists and physicians. About midway between the two points before taken, is the organ of mildness. It is said to be convex in all persons of a gentle disposition; and to be strikingly so in pigeons and in sheep. In the viper, vulture, fox, and tyger, there is

here a very sensible flatness or concavity. 'The head of the Jacobin,' continues M. Villers, 'is perhaps still more flat. It is the mark of reprobation, which was imprest on the forehead of the fratricide Cain.' At the part from which the hair usually takes its rise, is the organ of imagination; and between its seat, and that of the religious affection, no organ has yet been discovered. On each side of the organ of mildness, if the line be prolonged horizontally, is the organ of wit, which, of course, if the middle organ be wanting, is wit inclined to satire; as remarkably characterized in the countenance of Voltaire.

To give some idea of the manner in which the whole is written, we subjoin the account of the organ of cunning, and of the inclination to theft.

'About the middle of the squamous suture, directly above the meatus auditorius externus, is the organ of cunning. There is here a very considerable prominence in the head of the cat, and of the fox. It is remarkable, too, in knaves of every kind, and in all who are very expert in discovering their own interest. Those good souls that suffer themselves to be easily led, in short all such, as in this lower world of ours belong to the honourable company of the dupes, have, in this part of the skull, a very sensible hollow. Such heads in a revolution are not worth a single farthing; and on that account they are cut off by hundreds.

'Gall thinks, that when this projection stretches forward, so as to come more closely on the front part of the head, it becomes the organ of the inclination to theft. He has remarked it, in many practised robbers, and in several persons, who felt a secret inclination to steal, without being in want of any thing, and without any evil intention to the individual. In ravens and magpies, it is strongly prominent; and he has remarked it in some dogs, that refused constantly any food which was offered to them, and lived only on what they found means to steal. Very useful information this, for the cautious masters of a family, in the choice of their domestics, and for M. de Barbé-Marbois, when he has next to appoint a clerk of the treasury.' p. 55.

The position of many of the qualities described, gives M. Villers an opportunity, which he is not slow to take, of a little courtly adulation. In the most *pure* and *transcendental* of his views, he does not lose sight of the Thuilleries; but, whether he detail to us the philosophy of Kant or of Gall, has a wonderful readiness of memory, which reminds him of the First Consul for the time being. The organ of courage is situated near the ear; and he wishes, as decisive of the system, that Cuvier could obtain permission from the Conqueror of Italy, *de la palper derrière l'oreille.* It is the very office for which M. Villers himself seems admirably fitted.

It is unfortunate for Dr. Gall's theory, that he has entered into the detail of it with such minute exactness, as it enables every one too easily to compare its predictions with the skulls of those around him. But the minuteness is still more unfortunate for its popularity in another way. If he had merely laid down the general doctrine, that the different faculties and affections reside in different parts of the brain, that they are great in proportion to the quantity of the part, and that the quantity of the part must modify the covering of the skull, which, being later in formation adapts itself to the shape of the part on which it is spread, he would probably have had disciples in a large number of his readers; because every reader might then have fixed, in his own external prominences, the seat of the qualities on which he set most value; and for every bad one might have found some hollow, in which it might conveniently lie hid. He might even have proceeded, like Dr. Gall himself, to confirm his theory by observation. For dogs, and sheep, and pigeons, he could never be at a loss; and, even of human subjects, in so great an abundance of churchyards, he might find enough whose *points of merit* corresponded with his own. In this manner, every one might have contrived to feel his own skull, with pride and pleasure. But how can Dr. Gall expect his disciples to be numerous, when they cannot put their hand to their head, without being upbraided, at every unlucky depression, for the want of some taste, or power, or virtue, of the existence of which they had before as little doubt, as of the existence of their skull itself!

If our organs of courage were not uncommonly large, we certainly should tremble for our heads, as much as any of the great men of Vienna; since, after our unfavourable opinion of his system, Dr. Gall would no doubt be very happy to procure them, that he might demonstrate them to his class, as admirable specimens of the want of all critical talent.

ART. XVI. *Traité Medico-Philosophique sur l'Aliénation Mentale, ou la Manie.* Par Ph. Pinel, Professeur de l'Ecole de Médecine de Paris. 8vo. Paris. 1802.

THE want of an accurate history of the several kinds of insanity, has often been felt and acknowledged. Few subjects are so interesting and important; and there are still fewer in which so many prejudices are to be removed, and so many erroneous opinions to be corrected. Every attempt, therefore, to investigate the diseases of the mind, in order to explain their causes, or regulate their complicated movements, has particular claims

to our attention; and Dr. Pinel, from the character which he has acquired by his former publications, as well as from the honourable department which he fills in the medical establishment at Paris, is justly entitled to be heard on this very difficult subject. In the second year of the republic, he was appointed physician to the Bicêtre, the hospital for the reception of lunatics; and his attention to the causes and treatment of insanity, seems equal to the opportunities that he has had for prosecuting his inquiries. A great number of such objects are at all times to be met with in the hospitals of populous cities; and the number, as well as the variety of these, must of course have been greatly increased by the events of the Revolution.

The chief merit of the present work appears to consist in the collection of many curious facts, and some judicious remarks with respect to the moral treatment of insane patients. Attention to this latter circumstance has given a decided superiority to the practice towards maniacs in Great Britain; and Dr. Pinel has the merit of being the first author on the Continent, who seems fully sensible of its advantages, and anxious for its general adoption. To medical readers in this country, many of our author's remarks will appear neither new nor profound, and to none will his work appear complete. It is a general view of madness, under all its deplorable forms, not a minute and philosophical investigation of any particular species. It may be considered as a sketch of what has already been done, with some notices of what the author intends to do; though he seems frequently to wonder, with a smile of self-approbation, at what he thinks his own discoveries.

This treatise is divided into six sections. The subject of the First section is, *Periodical or intermittent insanity.* Before entering upon the discussion of this division of his subject, Dr. Pinel makes some general remarks on the errors and absurdities of former writers: he condemns their narrow and confined arrangement; and urges the necessity of a more scientific classification, by which the moral treatment of maniacs in an hospital may be regulated; and by which we may be directed in the exhibition of particular remedies, or in the employment of a particular regimen.

Insanity, says Dr. Pinel, in general, is considered as originating from some organic affection of the brain, and consequently incurable; which in numerous instances is contrary to observation and experience. Asylums, and public hospitals appropriated to lunatics, have been looked upon as places of confinement for dangerous patients, that ought to be kept apart from society: hence the keepers have often been ignorant and cruel, and have

been allowed to perform arbitrary acts of severity and violence, whilst experience has invariably shown the happy effects of conciliating manners, and of a gentle yet resolute firmness. Periodical insanity is the most common form of the disease; and the extravagancies by which the paroxysms are characterised, resemble permanent madness. They are also of a determinate duration: hence it is easy to observe the first symptoms, the progress, the acmè, and the termination of any attack.

In the first part of this section, Dr. Pinel takes notice of the influence of the weather upon the accession and progress of the greater number of maniacal paroxysms. Maniacs of every description are observed to be considerably disturbed at the approach of a storm, and during very hot weather. This influence is frequent and considerable, but by no means general. Some fits of insanity return at regular, and others at irregular intervals. The former are determined by the seasons of the year; the latter by a variety of accidental causes, or in consequence of some internal change, known only by its effects. This species is much less easily cured: it is also more common. There is no necessary connexion between the peculiar type or specific character of madness, and the nature of the object which gave rise to it. The violence of the paroxysm, also, is independent of the nature of those causes, and appears to depend upon the constitution of the individual, or rather upon the different degrees of his moral and physical sensibility. Strong and robust men, with black hair, in the vigour of life, and who are liable to violent passions, seem to retain their character in their maniacal fits, and become extremely furious and outrageous. These extremes are less observable in persons with light brown hair, and of a mild and gentle disposition: their excesses are committed with a certain degree of moderation and reserve. Nothing is more common than to see such persons fall into a harmless reverie, rather than into furious bursts of passion; and their derangement often ends in incurable fatuity.

Among the symptoms which precede mania, may be enumerated, oppression in the region of the stomach, a want of appetite, and dislike to food, excessive thirst, &c. The patient is also very restless, is disturbed by vain fears, and groundless apprehensions, or betrays some marks of singularity in his appearance and in his conduct. Exstatic visions during the night often form a prelude to the fit of maniacal devotion. It is also sometimes by enchanting dreams, and a pretended apparition of the beloved object, that madness from love breaks out into fury, after longer or shorter intervals of reason and tranquillity. A remarkable change takes place in the moral feelings. The patient expresses an ex-

cessive aversion for particular persons, and very frequently those whom he before esteemed and loved most.

Dr. Pinel farther remarks, that the different faculties of the mind are variously affected during a paroxysm of madness. Sometimes they are violently excited, sometimes they are weakened, and sunk altogether: sometimes this alteration or morbid affection only falls upon one or more of the intellectual powers, whilst the others acquire such an increase of energy and activity, as would seem to exclude any idea of derangement. The judgment is sometimes entirely obliterated, and the maniac pronounces only words, without any order or connexion, which shew that his ideas are very incoherent. At other times, the judgment is in all its vigour and force. The maniac appears perfectly composed, makes the best and most correct answers to the questions put to him; but if set at liberty, immediately becomes furious. This kind of derangement is very common: eight cases of it were in the hospital at one time: it is what is vulgarly called *folie raisonnante.* It is unnecessary to mention the ramblings of the *imagination*, the fantastic visions, and ideal transformations into monarchs, generals, and saints; or those illusions which form the character of hypochondriacal and melancholic affections, so frequently described, under all their various forms. The powers of reasoning and reflection are evidently affected, sometimes destroyed, in paroxysms of madness; but, in some instances, they exist in their full force, or are readily re-established, when any objects can arrest their attention amidst their chimerical wanderings. It may be proper to give two examples.

'One day,' (says Dr. Pinel), 'I engaged a man of very cultivated talents to write me a letter: at this time he was absorbed in the most absurd conversation: the letter, however, which I still preserve, is full of good sense and reflection.

'A watchmaker, who was so extravagant as to believe that his own head had been cut off by the guillotine, and exchanged for another, was at the same time infatuated with the chimera of perpetual motion. His tools were brought to him, and he set to work with the greatest perseverance. It was reasonable to suppose that the discovery would not be made. But the most ingenious machines were produced, which must have been owing to the most accurate and profound combinations.' p. 25.

It has long been known, that maniacs are able to bear with impunity the extremes of hunger and of cold; but these facts, according to our author, have been too generally applied. The melancholy experience of the effects of the late scarcity at the

Bicêtre has shewn, that want of food only tends to exasperate and prolong the disease, when it does not speedily render it fatal. The number of deaths has been considerably diminished in this hospital since the allowance of food has been increased. Some maniacs seem to delight in excessive cold; whilst others again are very much alive to its impressions: and every year it happens, when the winter is very severe, that accidents occur from the frost seizing the feet and hands. Patients often die from cold, when affected with the languor and debility which follows violent and long continued paroxysms.

Dr. Pinel animadverts upon the indolence and timidity of repeating the vulgar notion, that insanity can never be cured, because it is always certain of returning. He attests, from his own experience, that of twenty-five persons cured, only two relapsed; one from ennui and disappointment; the other, after continuing well five years, relapsed, from deep melancholy, the original cause of his complaint. Persons between the age of eighteen and twenty-five, have often been brought to the hospital, with the total loss of all their faculties, and have gradually recovered by some spontaneous change taking place. He concludes this section with some remarks on the emancipation of medicine in France, and on the necessary qualifications of a physician who undertakes the treatment of insane patients.

Such are the principal contents of the first part of this Essay; which we have endeavoured to separate from the irrelevant matter, and concisely to lay before our readers. We shall now offer a very few remarks, as they occurred during this analytical examination. In the first place, Dr. Pinel appears to display very little sagacity and precision, in saying that, in some cases, the brain is not affected; for we shall adduce his own testimony, as well as that of many other respectable authorities (in another part of this article), to contradict this assertion. He informs us, that he has studied, with considerable attention, the writings of Locke, Harris, Condillac, Smith, and Stewart: but the quotation of great names is not always the surest proof of an accurate acquaintance with their works; and we are inclined to think, that there is some ground for doubt in the present instance. Some diversity of opinion has existed, from the want of discrimination, respecting the influence of heat and cold upon the alienation of mind; but the facts stated by Dr. Pinel, and those observed in long sea voyages, unquestionably prove that these physical causes have, in some instances, very remarkable effects. The observations on the complexion and constitution of some maniacs are of considerable importance. They are confirmed by Mr. Haslam of Bethlem Hospital, who has given some excellent

practical remarks on insanity, in which he mentions, that of two hundred and sixty-five patients, only sixty had a fair skin, with light brown, or red hair. Mr. Haslam also corroborates our author's assertion, that maniacs do not enjoy any general privilege of insensibility to cold. It is obvious that this fact admits of a very useful practical application. The detail of the symptoms which precede an attack of madness, seem to merit particular attention. In order to succeed in our practice or prevention, it is necessary to be strictly upon the watch to discover the secret wiles, or open attacks, of this formidable enemy, which it is so much more easy to repel, than to dislodge after a successful attack.

Section Second is employed in the detail of those circumstances which ought to vary the moral treatment. Many examples are adduced to shew, that this is one of the most important, and neglected branches of medical practice; and Dr. Pinel is desirous that France should have some claim to a judicious treatment of the diseases of the mind, the honour of which has hitherto been exclusively confined to England. *Rousseau*, in a fit of ill-humour, invoked the aid of *Medicine*, and desired her to come without a physician. Perhaps he would have done better to have reversed his prayer for his own case; and he certainly would have done more service to mankind, by employing his eloquence against presumptuous ignorance, and in soliciting talents and genius to the pursuit of a science, which must be deeply studied, to be well understood.

The chief art of managing maniacal patients consists, according to Dr. Pinel, in administering consolation. It is proper to speak to them with kindness, sometimes to give evasive answers, in order to avoid enraging them by a refusal; to impress them with a necessary degree of awe; and to get the better of their obstinacy by stratagem, rather than by any act of violence. The following history affords a good illustration of the effect of stratagem.

'One of the most eminent watchmakers in Paris became deranged, from prosecuting the idea of perpetual motion. His derangement was characterized by this singularity: he believed that he had been guillotined, that his head had been mixed with those of some other victims, and that the judges, repenting of their cruel verdict, had ordered the heads to be replaced upon their respective bodies. By some mistake, he conceived that the head of one of his unfortunate companions had been placed upon his shoulders; and this idea haunted him night and day. A convalescent, of a lively and jocular turn, was engaged to play the following trick upon the artist. Their conversation was directed to the celebrated miracle of St. Dennis, who carried his head under his arm, and kissed it as he went along. The watchmaker vehemently maintained the possibility of the fact, and endeavoured to

confirm it by an appeal to his own case. His companion burst out into a loud laugh, and said to him, in a tone of mockery, "*Why, you fool, how could St. Dennis contrive to kiss his own head? was it with his heel?*" This unexpected repartee struck the lunatic forcibly; he retired quite confused, amidst the laughter it produced; and he never after spoke of the misplacement of his head.' p. 70.

Insanity from excess of devotion, and from fanaticism, has been found extremely difficult of cure in France, as well as in this country. Dr. Pinel suggests a plan, which seems to deserve attention, where the situation will admit of it; to separate the fanatics from the rest of the patients, and place them in a spot where they can be employed in agriculture; to excite them to work by some prospect of reward; to remove every object of religious worship from their sight; to engage them in philosophical pursuits; and to contrast the characters of the ancient philosophers, or compare acts of humanity and patriotism with the ineffective piety and fanciful dreams of saints and hermits: in short, to suggest those things calculated to excite the imagination in a contrary direction to their chimerical notions.

In the Third section, Dr. Pinel treats of the morbid appearances of the skull in maniacs, and notices the age and habits most liable to insanity. He conceives, that the result of the examination of the periods of life most subject to insanity, is alone sufficient to shew, how seldom it is owing to any organic affection of the brain or the cranium. But, in this opinion, there is some inconsistency. For he soon after states, that, in thirty-six dissections, he found nothing more remarkable than in the brain of apoplectic and epileptic patients, or of persons who died from fever or convulsions. Now, this is a confession, that some deviations from the natural and healthy appearances were observed; and this is all that is contended for, and all that the present limited state of our knowledge authorizes us to affirm. The extensive labours of *Morgagni*, *Meckel*, *Greding*, and the more recent inquiries of *Haslam* in our own country, and *Chiaruggi* in Italy, all tend to establish this conclusion. It has been the prevailing opinion, that the mind can be morbidly affected, independent of any corresponding affection of the brain; but this seems contradicted by all accurate anatomical observation, which compels us to yield to fact, when we resist speculation. The more recent discoveries in physiology shew, that the phenomena of mind (whatever may be their precise nature, or in whatever way they are produced) are influenced, not merely by a peculiar conformation of the brain, but by its chemical composition: and this is affected, directly by the blood, and indirectly by air, exercise, and food. If no organic affec-

tions are said to have been discovered, in some few instances, we should not reason negatively from such dissections, perhaps cursorily and ignorantly made, and with instruments ill adapted to detect minute, and apparently trivial deviations from the natural structure.

Dr. Pinel has remarked that some singular conformations of the skull were connected with a state of fatuity and idiotism from birth. The size of the skull was found to be less, and its height inferior to that of other maniacs: but what is very remarkable in idiots, is, the vast disproportion between the size of the face and the head, the former being so much larger than the latter. Of this, two representations are given in a plate. In one idiot, an uncommon thickness of the bones of the head was observed, by which the capacity of the cranium was considerably diminished. This circumstance is observed also in the Cretins of Switzerland.

The period of life most subject to the attacks of insanity, appears, from a table constructed by Dr. Pinel, to be from the age of twenty to forty. Not one case occurred before the age of puberty. This predisposition to madness in the vigour of life, may in some measure be owing to the mind being more exposed, during that period, to the action of those moral causes which excite the complaint. This is illustrated by the facts observed in the Bicêtre. Those circumstances which powerfully affected the passions and the mind, were found to be the most frequent causes of madness. Of 113 maniacs, concerning whom satisfactory information could be obtained, 34 were reduced to that state by domestic misfortunes, 24 by disappointed love, 30 by the events of the revolution, and 25 by fanaticism, or the terrors of futurity.*

Certain professions and employments also predispose to insanity more than others, and especially those in which the imagination is kept constantly in action, and is not counterbalanced by the cultivation of other faculties of the mind, or by abstruse and dry studies. Dr. Pinel, on examining the registers of the Bicêtre, says,

'That he found the number of monks and priests was very great; also a great many country people, who had been terrified out of their senses by horrid pictures of futurity; many artists, as painters, sculptors, and musicians; some versifiers, in extasies with their own productions; a pretty considerable number of advocates and attorneys: but there did not appear one of those persons accustomed to the equal and habitual exercise of their intellectual faculties, not one naturalist, or

* It would be more scientific to consider France as a vast Bicêtre during that period. We are somewhat surprised, in this catalogue *raisonée* or rather *de-raisonée*, to find none driven mad by theories; not a single Huttonian nor Wernerian.

natural philosopher of ability; not one chemist, and, for stronger reasons, not one geometrician.' p. 111.

This account is very curious, and tends to shew the effects produced upon the understanding by different studies and active pursuits. A more extensive examination of the registers of lunatic hospitals, where the previous history of the patients was recorded, would tend much to illustrate this interesting point, and might suggest some important rules for regulating the various mental powers, and might assist in explaining those peculiarities which distinguish the different classes of men from each other. The tendency to madness, occasioned by a perversion of theological studies, has been observed in every country, and in every age. *Dionysius Halicarnassus* informs us, that the old Romans, for the sake of preventing theological enthusiasm, made it a law, that no one should be received into the sacerdotal office till he was past fifty years of age.

The exclusive privilege possessed by mathematicians and natural philosophers, as mentioned by our author, may perhaps be accounted for, by the tendency which such pursuits have, to increase the powers of attention. The distinction between versifiers and poets seems very just. Many of the former have all the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration; whilst great poets may be supposed to have a command over their imagination, and to be able, for the most part, to regulate and direct its movements.

The Fourth section contains our author's division and arrangement of insanity. He makes five different species, which he characterizes by the following titles. 1. Melancholia, or delirium, exclusively confined to one object: 2. Mania without delirium: 3. Mania with delirium: 4. Amentia *(démence)* or abolition of judgment: 5. Idiotism Under each of these heads, the specific definition of each kind of insanity is given, and illustrated by examples. We must confess, that we do not perceive the manifold advantages, either in practice, or in forming a prognosis, which the author thinks may be derived from this arrangement. It may be entitled to the praise of ingenuity, but we doubt whether it is remarkable for its clearness and accuracy. Many of the distinctions seem absurd, and others not well-founded. The several kinds of insanity are not distinct; they are only varieties of the same affection. All the symptoms mentioned under these five heads, occur in the same patient. At different times, he passes through all the gradations, from furious phrensy to complete fatuity. The fourth species, (*démence, ou abolition de la pensée*), as it is defined by our author, is so very general, that it would in-

clude a great part of the authors quoted in our Review; every transitory excess of passion, and every eccentricity or peculiarity of conduct in society. It would comprehend, under the title of Insanity, those singularities of manner in some individuals, which have attracted the wit of Erasmus, and the satire of Boileau. All the objections that may be started against the definition of any subject, apply particularly to all the attempts to establish an essential character, or to give an accurate definition of madness. It appears to be too early at present, to form a systematic arrangement: the subject has not been sufficiently investigated and explained. The divisions hitherto made by medical writers, have been either too limited or too general. Dr. Pinel seems to have erred in this latter extreme. His five species may be conveniently reduced to three: for the only valid distinctions which can be made, appear to be between melancholia, mania, and idiotism. Perhaps, the true relation between the two general forms of insanity, may be stated to consist in *abstraction*, and in *vivid imagination*. The one will comprehend that state, where the mind separates the combinations which are presented to it, and fixes its attention exclusively upon one single object. The other combines the different objects and various sensations, creates new ones, and mistakes conceptions, the recollection of past perceptions for real existences. Did our limits permit, this view of insanity might be further illustrated, by comparing it with the several states of reverie, somnambulism, and dreaming.

In treating of idiotism, Dr. Pinel has introduced an account of the moral and physical peculiarities of the *Cretins* in Switzerland. As this subject is extremely curious and interesting, and as the only particular account of it in our own language, is in the form of an original essay,* though only made up of some imperfect statements from *De Paw*, in his *Recherches sur les Americains*, we shall translate this passage at some length; premising, however, that this account is taken from the very excellent work of Fodéré,† to which Dr. Pinel very properly refers.

'Children who are to become Cretins, are generally born with a small *goitre* or swelling of the throat, about the size of a nut. Those who have not this peculiarity, are nevertheless marked by some other characteristics, which foretel their degradation and fatuity. They have an inflated tumid appearance, especially about the head and hands. They are less sensible than other infants to the impressions of the atmosphere. They suck with difficulty, sleep a great deal,

* Manchester Memoirs, vol. 3.

† Traité du Goitre et du Cretinisme, par F. E. Fodéré. Paris An. 8.

and have always a dull sleepy look. When children of the same age begin to pronounce words, they can only articulate the vowels, and they make no farther progress in speech during the rest of their lives. When other children begin to use their hands in feeding themselves, the young cretins are incapable of it; and it is often necessary, after they are ten or twelve years of age, to feed them with a spoon like infants. They are equally slow in learning to walk: never cheerful: always cross and sullen: nothing but maternal tenderness could tolerate them. The head of a cretin does not grow in proportion to the rest of his body; it is commonly small, and flat on the top; the temples are flattened also, with the tuberosity of the occiput projecting in a slight degree. The eyes are small, and sunk in the head, though sometimes on the contrary very protuberant. The look of a cretin is dull and stupid; the chest broad and flat; the fingers long and slender, with the articulations ill marked; the sole of the foot broad, and sometimes bent, and the feet are generally turned either outwards or inwards. The age of puberty is later among the cretins; but the organs of generation are large, and they are much disposed to sensual indulgences. It is not till this period that the cretin begins to walk, and still his locomotion is very limited, only excited by the desire of food, or to bask by the fire side, or in the rays of the sun. His small sorry bed is another termination of his difficult journeys, his step is unsteady, his body jolts on his legs, and his arms are pendulous by his side. In walking he goes straight forward, without avoiding any obstacles or dangers; and he always takes the route that he has once gone. When he has attained his greatest height of stature, which is from four to five feet, his skin becomes brown; his sensibility continues to be obtuse; he regards neither cold, nor heat, nor vermin, nor blows. He is commonly deaf and dumb, and is scarcely affected by the most pungent odours. The taste of cretins is also very imperfect; and their organs of vision and of touch are probably impaired. Their moral faculties appear almost obliterated. They are hardly affectionate to their parents and friends, and betray neither pleasure nor pain at all the necessary wants of life. Such (says Fodéré) is the physical and moral state of the cretins during a long course of years; for, reduced thus to a sort of vegetation and automatic existence, they live to a great old age.' p. 174.

In the Fifth section, the internal police and government of lunatic hospitals is detailed. The rules here delivered are in general such as unprejudiced reason readily submits to, as nature dictates, and experience confirms. Dr. Pinel lays particular stress upon the great advantages to be derived from employment; and he adduces two examples in confirmation of his opinion—one in Holland, and the other in Spain, where there are institutions in which the patients are employed in different occupations, and especially in rural labours: and constant and uniform experience has shewn the wisdom and propriety of such regulations. Indeed,

the effect of permanent and active employment in preventing, as well as in curing hypochondriasis, has long been known, though too little practised. *Burton* concludes his long book upon Melancholy with this important precept: 'Be not solitary, be not idle.'

The Last section is occupied with what the author entitles, the *principles of the medical treatment of maniacs.* In these, there appears very little precision or novelty of remark. Several examples are adduced to shew the influence of sudden terror in changing a disposition to suicide, and the following among the rest:

'A man of letters, accustomed to free living, and who had lately been cured of an intermittent fever, was seized in the autumn with all the horrors of a propensity to suicide, and he often estimated the different ways of destroying himself. A journey which he took to London seemed to increase his melancholy, and his determination to shorten his life. He fixed upon a late hour of one night, and went upon one of the bridges, in order to throw himself into the Thames; but at the moment he got there, he was attacked by some pickpockets. He became very angry, and made violent efforts to escape, which he effected, after being considerably agitated and greatly alarmed. His melancholy immediately was changed; he forgot the object of his walk; and, though he was reduced to as great distress as before, he never afterwards felt any emotions of suicide.' p. 242.

In the conclusion of this section, we find some observations upon one of the most difficult and delicate points on which medical men are sometimes called to decide, viz. whether madness, in certain cases, can be cured? instead of any new light being thrown upon this important question, or any new rules of conduct pointed out, our author gives a minute detail of two cases, where any ancient female of ordinary capacity could have decided as well as himself, and relates with laboured minuteness the contrary opinions of some eminent physicians on a late memorable occasion in this country. The object of this digression does not appear very evident, except it be to shew, that in consultations upon very intricate cases, where insanity is to be considered, medicine is still *ars conjecturalis*; and that, among a great number of physicians, as among a great number of persons giving their opinions on any other subject of difficulty, some will be right, and some wrong.

From the abstract which we have given, this treatise will appear to deserve the attention and commendation of our readers. Some profitable instruction may be collected from it for the treatment of lunatics; and it may furnish some approximation to a method of prosecuting inquiries, so as to arrive at more accurate knowledge of the nature of madness; at least it may direct the

public attention to the injudicious and too common mode of treatment, which can only pass uncensured, when it escapes observation. On a subject so extensive and difficult, a complete work cannot be expected from the unassisted efforts of any new inquirer: We are therefore inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the imperfect execution of many parts of Dr. Pinel's Essay, and to entertain hopes of farther information from his diligence and discernment.

ART. XVII. *Delphine.* By Madame de Stael Holstein. London. Mawman. 6 vols. 12mo.

THIS dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Stael out of Paris, and, for ought we know, sleeps in a nightcap of steel, and dagger proof blankets. To us it appears rather an attack against the Ten Commandments, than the government of Bonaparte, and calculated not so much to enforce the rights of the Bourbons, as the benefits of adultery, murder, and a great number of other vices, which have been somehow or other strangely neglected in this country, and too much so (according to the apparent opinion of Madame de Stael) even in France.

It happens, however, fortunately enough, that her book is as dull as it could have been if her intentions had been good; for wit, dexterity, and the pleasant energies of the mind, seldom rank themselves on the side of virtue and social order; while vice is spiritual, eloquent, and alert, ever choice in expression, happy in allusion, and judicious in arrangement.

The story is simply this.—Delphine, a rich young widow, presents her cousin Matilda de Vernon with a considerable estate, in order to enable her to marry Leonce Mondeville. To this action she is excited by the arts and the intrigues of Madame de Vernon, an hackneyed Parisian lady, who hopes, by this marriage, to be able to discharge her numerous and pressing debts. Leonce, who, like all other heroes of novels, has fine limbs, and fine qualities, comes to Paris—dislikes Matilda—falls in love with Delphine, Delphine with him; and they are upon the eve of jilting poor Matilda, when, from some false reports spread abroad respecting the character of Delphine (which are aggravated by her own imprudences, and by the artifices of Madame Vernon), Leonce, not in a fit of honesty, but of revenge, marries the lady whom he came to marry. Soon after, Madame de Vernon dies—discovers the artifices by which she had prevented the union of Leonce and Delphine—and then, after this catastrophe, which ought to have terminated the novel, come two long volumes of

complaint and despair. Delphine becomes a nun—runs away from the nunnery with Leonce, who is taken by some French soldiers, upon the supposition that he has been serving in the French emigrant army against his country—is shot, and upon his dead body falls Delphine as dead as he.

Making every allowance for reading this book in a translation, and in a very bad translation, we cannot but deem it a heavy performance. The incidents are vulgar; the characters vulgar too, except those of Delphine and Madame de Vernon. Madame de Stael has not the artifice to hide what is coming. In travelling through a flat country, or a flat book, we see our road before us for half the distance we are going. There are no agreeable sinuosities, and no speculation whether we are to ascend next, or descend; what new sight we are to enjoy, or to which side we are to bend. Leonce is robbed and half murdered; the apothecary of the place is certain he will not live; we were absolutely certain that he would live; and could predict to an hour the time of his recovery. In the same manner, we could have prophesied every event of the book a whole volume before its occurrence.

This novel is a perfect *Alexandrian*. The two last volumes are redundant, and drag their wounded length: It should certainly have terminated where the interest ceases, at the death of Madame de Vernon; but, instead of this, the scene-shifters, come and pick up the dead bodies, wash the stage, sweep it, and do every thing which the timely fall of the curtain should have excluded from the sight, and left to the imagination of the audience. We humbly apprehend, that young gentlemen do not in general make their tutors the confidants of their passion; at least we can find no rule of that kind laid down either by Miss Hamilton or Miss Edgeworth, in their treatises on education. The tutor of Leonce is Mr. Barton, a grave old gentleman in a peruke and snuff-coloured clothes. Instead of writing to this solemn personage about second causes, the ten categories, and the eternal fitness of things, the young lover raves to him, for whole pages, about the white neck and auburn hair of his Delphine; and, shame to tell! the liquorish old pedagogue seems to think these amorous ebullitions the pleasantest sort of writing *in usum Delphini* that he has yet met with.

By altering one word, and making *only* one false quantity,* we shall change the rule of Horace to

> Nec *febris* intersit nisi dignus vindicè nodus
> Inciderit.'—

* Perhaps a fault, of all others, which the English are least disposed to pardon. A young man who, on a public occasion, makes a false quantity at the outset of life, can seldom or ever get over it.

Delphine and Leonce have eight very bad *typhus* fevers between them, besides *hæmoptoe, hemorrhage, deliquium animi, singultus, hysteria,* and *fæminei ululatus,* or screams innumerable. Now, that there should be a reasonable allowance of sickness in every novel, we are willing to admit, and will cheerfully permit the heroine to be once given over, and at the point of death; but we cannot consent that the interest which ought to be excited by the feelings of the mind, should be transferred to the sufferings of the body, and a crisis of perspiration to be subjected for a crisis of passion. Let us see difficulties overcome, if our approbation is required;—we cannot grant it to such cheap and sterile artifices as these.

The characters in this novel are all said to be drawn from real life; and the persons for whom they are intended are loudly whispered at Paris. Most of them we have forgotten; but Delphine is said to be intended for the authoress, and *Madame de Vernon* (by a slight sexual metamorphosis) for Talleyrand, minister of the French republic for foreign affairs. As this lady (once the friend of the authoress) may probably exercise a considerable influence over the destinies of this country, we shall endeavour to make our readers a little better acquainted with her; but we must first remind them, that she was once a bishop, a higher dignity in the church than was ever attained by any of her sex since the days of Pope Joan; and that, though she swindles Delphine out of her estate with a considerable degree of address, her dexterity sometimes fails her, as in the memorable instance of the American commissioners. Madame de Stael gives the following description of this pastoral metropolitan female:

'Though she is at least forty, she still appears charming even among the young and beautiful of her own sex. The paleness of her complexion, the slight relaxation of her features, indicate the languor of indisposition, and not the decay of years; the easy negligence of her dress accords with this impression. Every one concludes, that when her health is recovered, and she dresses with more care, she must be completely beautiful: this change, however, never happens, but it is always expected; and that is sufficient to make the imagination still add something more to the natural effect of her charms.' Vol. I. p. 41.

Nothing can be more execrable than the manner in which this book is translated. The bookseller has employed one of our countrymen for that purpose, who appears to have been very *lately caught.* The contrast between the passionate exclamations of Madame de Stael, and the barbarous vulgarities of poor Sawney, produces a mighty ludicrous effect. One of the

heroes, a man of high fastidious temper, exclaims, in a letter to Delphine, 'I cannot endure this Paris, I have met *with ever so many people* whom my soul abhors.' And the accomplished and enraptured Leonce terminates one of his letters thus: '*Adieu! adieu! my dearest Delphine. I will give you a call* to-morrow.' We doubt if Grub-street ever imported from Caledonia a worse translator.

We admit the character of Madame de Vernon to be drawn with considerable skill. There are occasional traits of eloquence and pathos in this novel, and very many of those observations upon manners and character which are totally out of the reach of all who have not lived long in the world and observed it well.

The immorality of any book (in our estimation) is to be determined by the general impressions it leaves on those minds whose principles, not yet *ossified*, are capable of affording a less powerful defence to its influence. The most dangerous effect that any fictitious character can produce, is when two or three of its popular vices are varnished over with every thing that is captivating and gracious in the exterior, and ennobled by association with splendid virtues: this apology will be more sure of its effect, if the faults are not against nature, but against society. The aversion to murder and cruelty could not perhaps be so overcome; but a regard to the sanctity of marriage vows, to the sacred and sensitive delicacy of the female character, and to numberless restrictions important to the well-being of our species, may easily be relaxed by this subtle and voluptuous confusion of good and evil. It is in vain to say the fable evinces, in the last act, that vice is productive of misery. We may decorate a villain with graces and felicities for nine volumes, and hang him in the last page. This is not teaching virtue, but gilding the gallows, and raising up splendid associations in favour of being hanged. In such an union of the *amiable* and the vicious (especially if the vices are such, to the commission of which there is no want of natural disposition), the vice will not degrade the man, but the man will ennoble the vice. We shall wish to be him whom we admire *in spite* of his vices, and, if the novel be well written, even *in consequence* of his vices. There exists, through the whole of this novel, a shew of exquisite sensibility to the evils which individuals suffer by the inflexible rules of virtue prescribed by society, and an eager disposition to apologize for particular transgressions. Such doctrine is not confined to Madame de Stael; an Arcadian cant is gaining fast upon Spar-

tan gravity; and the happiness diffused, and the beautiful order established in society, by this unbending discipline, is wholly swallowed up in compassion for the unfortunate and interesting individual. Either the exceptions or the rule must be given up: Every highwayman who thrusts his pistol into a chaise window, has met with *unforeseen misfortunes;* and every loose matron who flies into the arms of her *Greville,* was compelled to marry an old man whom she detested, by an avaricious, and unfeeling father. The passions want not accelerating, but retarding machinery. This fatal and foolish sophistry has power enough over every heart, not to need the aid of fine composition, and well-contrived incident—auxiliaries which Madame de Stael intended to bring forward in the cause, though she has fortunately not succeeded.

M. de Serbellone is received as a guest into the house of M. d'Ervins, whose wife he debauches as a recompense for his hospitality. Is it possible to be disgusted with ingratitude and injustice, when united to such an assemblage of talents and virtues as this man of paper possesses? Was there ever a more delightful fascinating adultress than Madame d'Ervins is intended to be? or a *povero cornuto* less capable of exciting compassion than her husband? The morality of all this is the old morality of Farquhar, Vanburgh, and Congreve,—that every witty man may transgress the seventh commandment, which was never meant for the protection of husbands who labour under the incapacity of making repartees. In Matilda, religion is always as unamiable as dissimulation is graceful in Madame de Vernon, and imprudence generous in Delphine. This said Delphine, with her fine auburn hair, and her beautiful blue or green eyes, (we forget which), cheats her cousin Matilda out of her lover, alienates the affections of her husband, and keeps a sort of assignation house for Serbellone and his *chere amie,* justifying herself by the most touching complaints against the rigour of the world, and using the customary phrases, *union of souls, married in the eye of heaven,* &c. &c. &c. and such like diction, the types of which Mr. Lane of the Minerva Press very prudently keeps ready composed, in order to facilitate the printing of the Adventures of Captain C—— and Miss F——, and other interesting stories, of which he the said inimitable Mr. Lane of the Minerva Press well knows these sentiments must make a part. Another perilous absurdity which this *useful* production tends to cherish, is the common notion, that contempt of rule and order is a proof of greatness of mind. Delphine is everywhere a great spirit struggling with the shackles imposed upon her in com-

mon with the little world around her; and it is managed so, that her contempt of restrictions shall always appear to flow from the extent, variety, and splendour of her talents. The vulgarity of this heroism ought in some degree to diminish its value. Mr. Colquhoun, in his police of the metropolis, reckons up above 40,000 heroines of this species, most of whom, we dare to say, have at one time or another reasoned like the sentimental Delphine about the judgments of the world.

To conclude—Our general opinion of this book is, that it is calculated to shed a mild lustre over adultery; by gentle and convenient gradation, to destroy the modesty and the caution of women; to facilitate the acquisition of easy vices, and encumber the difficulty of virtue. What a wretched qualification of this censure to add, that the badness of the principles is only corrected by the badness of the style, and that this celebrated lady would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!

ART. XVIII. *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.* By W. Belsham. Volumes V. & VI. 8vo. G. G. & J. Robinson. London. 1801.

THE preceding volumes of this history had created in our minds so little expectation of merit in those which are now presented to the world, that we cannot with propriety say that we have been disappointed. There is a fraud in the very title-page of this work; for if the reader expects to find in the 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.' any thing like an history of that period, he will soon find himself dolefully mistaken. By the illiberality, party spirit, and intemperate ardour for the propagation of his political opinions, which Mr. Belsham displays, he has forfeited the title of historian, for the more appropriate, though less respectable, name of zealot, or pamphleteer. The bitter and licentious spirit in which he had indulged his pen throughout his former volumes, has now risen to a height more intolerable to the reader, and disgraceful to the writer. It appears that Mr. Belsham's habits of writing, like all other evil habits, increase in virulence, in proportion as they proceed; and unless the wholesome discipline of criticism be administered, the press may, at some future day, groan under a still more highly accumulated mass of personal abuse and intolerant zeal.

By stripping these volumes, however, of their title to the rank of history, to which they have assuredly no more claim, than a book made up of political registers and party pamphlets

can pretend to, we have greatly abridged to ourselves the unpleasant task of censure; and by thus bringing their merits and defects to the decisions of an inferior standard, we have allowed greater latitude to the author's eccentric excursions, and greater indulgence to his violations of decency and propriety. It may be proper, however, to hint that the former are always observable when a low factious citizen comes under the cognizance of the law; and the latter, whenever a prime minister, a tory, or an alarmist, is honoured by a mention in his annals.

The most cursory and rapid review of the events which these volumes detail, would occupy a pamphlet of some magnitude. It would therefore be totally inconsistent with the plan of our work, to offer more than a general view of their design and execution. Unhappily indeed for all Europe, the memory of these events is yet fresh in the mind of every individual; and the spirit in which they originated has not, even to this day, totally subsided.

The Fifth Volume opens with the declaration of war between France and England. And the author at once displays his party spirit and want of political knowledge, in ascribing solely to the measures of the British court, a war, which had its true origin in principles and passions common to both countries, at that interesting juncture. Whether England or France first adopted measures decisive of their warlike intentions, is a point upon which Europe differs, and Mr. Belsham dogmatizes. From his Delphic decision of this question, the author proceeds to give a short account of the Parliamentary transactions of that period. Here, our pamphleteer openly enlists himself in the party of Mr. Fox; and, after paying his homage to this great man, he proceeds to declare his irreconcilable enmity to the first minister. In a note, which we are induced to mention, merely that the author may observe we are not altogether inattentive to his efforts at wit, he contrasts the characters of these two statesmen, by the school-boy anecdote of Phocion and Demosthenes. Mr. Belsham afterwards presents his reader with the Royal message to the House of Commons on the declaration of war; and obligingly marks, by *italic* letters, those passages which we suppose have peculiarly attracted his attention. He next gratifies his ardent zeal against tories and alarmists, (for this is, in truth, a principal object of his work), by reproaching their great leader Edmund Burke. 'Mr. Burke,' says he, (speaking of the debate occasioned by the Royal message,) 'pronounced a vehement philippic, affording a melancholy contrast to the speeches of his better days.' In this sentiment, many of our readers may, *perhaps*, agree with Mr.

Belsham, and reprobate the man who once professed and acted upon genuine Whig principles. But when (in p. 21.) the author denominates him 'this eloquent *madman*,' and afterwards (p. 285.) 'the *demoniac*,' we are at a loss to decide, whether the malignity or the folly of this indecent language is most deserving of condemnation.

As a farther proof of his gross violation of rule and decorum, we shall quote to the reader his last view of Mr. Burke's character.

'Mr. Burke, who had now no longer a seat in Parliament, published a most furious, sanguinary, and frantic pamphlet, entitled, 'Thoughts on a Regicide Peace;' in which he urged, in his characteristic manner, the prosecution of the war *ad internecionem*.' Vol. v. pp. 484-5.

Yet does not all this come up to the bitterness and sarcasm which he pours upon the devoted head of the unfortunate first minister. Mr. Belsham's weapon is never sharp, his aim dexterous, nor his vigour formidable; and we might amuse ourselves with the quiverings and deviations of the '*telum imbelle et sine ictu*,' did we not perceive the malignity which directs it. Our readers will judge of the temper and capacity which dictated the following passages. P. 57, he styles Mr. Pitt 'that *perfidious* minister, who had opposed almost invariably, and with effect, every liberal measure which had, from time to time, been brought forward in Parliament for the extension of the general system of constitutional liberty'

Speaking of the British Parliament of 1795, our author utters the following insolent and low invective.

—'and, what was infinitely the worst of all, a Parliament, not possessing a spark of the old English spirit, lost to every sense of national honour, sunk into a state of stupefaction, obstinately and idiotically confiding in a minister whose visionary plans and projects had been every where defeated, and whose predictions had been uniformly falsified—a minister evidently destitute of the talents necessary for carrying on any war but the WAR OF WORDS—a bullying, boasting, Bobadil statesman!' Vol. v. p. 258.

We hope it will not be deemed too severe to say of the following passage, that it is worthy of a place in the 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.'

'Surely, then, it cannot be too harsh to characterise the financial administration of Mr. Pitt as exhibiting a system infamously improvident. If a national bankruptcy should be the ultimate, as it seems the inevitable, result of this system, let us thank GOD that the LAND remains, and that no extravagance of kings or ministers can annihilate it. If our government could have had such communion with

the inhabitants of the sun or moon, or any other agents visible or invisible, as by parting with territory to have obtained the means of supplying their immediate purposes, there would not have been by this time an acre of ground left for an Englishman to have set his foot upon. But regret and indignation are alike useless and unavailing; and we submit to the oppressions inflicted by such an administration as the present, as to a plague, a famine, or an earthquake, or any other visitation of Providence in the natural or moral world. Vol. v. pp. 395-6.

We have been amused likewise with the following passage.

'Under the administration of Mr. Pitt, bigotry and malignity advanced with an accelerated progress, and every species of improvement, moral, intellectual, or political, seemed gradually to become the object, first of cold indifference to this insidious statesman, then of dislike, and at length of fear, of hatred, and of horror.'—'When such a man bore sway, it cannot be a matter of wonder that the persecuted and oppressed should be ardently desirous to withdraw far beyond the sphere of his baleful influence; though this could not, in the nature of things, be effected without making great and mournful sacrifices.' Vol. v. pp. 194-5.

From these divertisements, which we fancy the author has introduced into this medley calling itself 'Memoirs,' for the Christian purposes of entertaining his reader and humbling himself, we shall proceed to an examination of his more serious efforts at composition.

After detailing the principal articles of the petition for reform of Parliament, presented by the 'Society of the Friends of the People,' this libellous oracle thus delivers itself:

'Whoever reads this celebrated petition, and still retains the opinion, that the Parliamentary representation of this kingdom needs no reform, may be regarded as in a state of mind far beyond the reach of facts or of argument.' Vol. v. p. 56.

We admire, too, the lofty and contemptuous style in which Mr. Belsham treats the exertions of Government at that period.

'Notwithstanding the great predominance of the spirit of loyalty, and the numberless addresses of duty and allegiance transmitted from all parts of the united kingdom, and the perfect security of the government, a mean and merciless spirit of revenge displayed itself in the prosecution and punishment of very many petty offenders accused of the vague and indefinable crime of sedition—amongst whom were several printers and booksellers; so that it became extremely dangerous to publish any tract or pamphlet reflecting in any manner upon the measures of government; and the liberty of the press was silently and virtually annihilated. Vol. v. p. 70.

The narration of the trials of Watt and Downie, Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke, is conducted with some spirit; though the triumphant air of party, with which he leads them out of court after their acquittal, is better suited to the *coryphæus* of a mob, than to a writer of history. Our zealot, too might have spared this intemperate exclamation, which concludes the whole account.

'Had the men arraigned upon such an accusation, supported by such evidence, been capitally convicted, and the sentence been carried into execution, it would most unquestionably have been an horrible murder, perpetrated in the forms, and under the pretext of law. Vol. v. pp. 213-14.

After noticing the embassy of Lord Macartney to China, our sectary takes the opportunity of introducing, what he denominates 'a few particulars' respecting the government and manners of the Chinese. From other sources, as well as from Sir George Staunton's account, he contrives to make up a system more stupendously perfect, than any Utopian scheme with which the world has hitherto been favoured, and which at once manifests the weakness of his credulity, and the vulgarity of his fanaticism. We shall content ourselves with two interrogatories upon the subject: *First*, Whether it be possible, in the nature of human institutions, that, in the immense dominions of China, 'knowledge and virtue can alone qualify for public employments?' And, *secondly*, Whether the Emperor can, in every instance, 'remit the customary taxes to those whom misfortune has rendered unable to discharge them?'

P. 223. In relating those political distractions of Poland which ended in its partition, Mr. Belsham again breaks out the zealous and infatuated partizan of democracy. The sagacious counsels and moderate spirit of Kosciusco, are not only reprobated, but treated with a considerable degree of contempt, by this coarse and arrogant politician. How unfortunate for Poland, that Mr. Belsham the historian, Mr. Hardy the shoemaker, and Mr. Holcroft the bookmaker, were not there at this critical juncture, 'to call a national convention, and establish a new constitution upon the broadest basis of democracy! For, to a grand and glorious effort like this, (says Mr. Belsham), the talents of Kosciusco did not appear equal.'

Upon the subject of the Irish Catholic emancipation, our author, after quoting and reprobating the speech of Dr. Duigenan in the Irish House, and dwelling with fond delight upon the eloquent harangue of Mr. A. O'Conner, breaks forth again in his true character of a fourth-rate pamphleteer. As the Irish

apologist and warm advocate for reform, he assumes the arguments both of moral right, and political expediency. His view of the subject is strikingly partial and superficial, and his humanity more conspicuous than his sagacity.

In his 'deviations,' as he styles them, 'into the regions of speculation upon this momentous subject,' after soaring into regions, where the impediment of common sense prevents us from following him, he plumps down upon the following truism:

'Wisdom and virtue are surely not confined to Protestants.'

Of the two negociations with France, commenced in the year 1796, hear the author of 'the Memoirs.'

'The former bears the evident stamp and impression of a minister who has been characteristically described as possessing every talent for the conduct of great affairs consistent with cunning, and, as it might properly have been added, with pride and obstinacy. But the whole procedure is, notwithstanding, destitute of the real and essential marks of political sagacity and ability.' Vol. v. p. 462.

Of the latter, (Lord Malmsbury's), he says, 'On a review of this strange negociation, there appears, on the part of the English ministry, a very disgraceful want of sagacity, or a still more disgraceful want of sincerity; and this alternative, he pronounces it impossible to evade. The attempt and failure of both these negociations, he ascribes either to the folly or the perfidy of 'the arch enemy Mr. Pitt.'

The Sixth volume is not composed in a spirit quite so outrageous, or a style so completely indecorous as the former; and, in justice to its real merits, let it be said, that it contains many valuable memorials, which might have atoned for slighter deformities. The account of the negociation of Lord Malmsbury, though interpersed with frivolous and captious remarks, is full and interesting. The details respecting the Irish affairs are narrated with spirit, and some temper: and we have occasionally found some other passages to admire. Not that this latter volume is without its foul and virulent eruptions, for Mr. Belsham is always Mr. Belsham. The following paragraph (p. 11.) is coarse and insolent.

'Mr. Wilberforce, who for two sessions earnestly, and not without some effect upon the House, and still more upon the public at large, opposed the ruinous and frantic measures of the minister, had been, for a considerable time past, evidently wavering in his conduct; and he embraced the present opportunity to demonstrate to the world, that he was now again, from a disposition, as those who were friendly to him represented, weak not depraved, capricious not corrupt, as ready and willing as the most servile instrument of Government, to defend the worst of men in the commission of the worst of deeds.'

We cannot refuse to our readers the temptation which the insertion of the following passage, into a most serious and momentous part of history, affords for a smile. Speaking of the Duke of Grafton, our author says in a note—

'Nothing less, indeed, than the urgent call of public duty, as was perfectly well known to his friends, could have induced this highly respected Nobleman to have quitted those peaceful and happy shades.

"Where smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy;
Lord of pure alms and gifts that wide extend,—
The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend."

Vide the singularly beautiful and extraordinary production of natural taste and genius, recently published under the appropriate title of THE FARMER'S BOY.' p. 90.

Mr. Bloomfield must no doubt feel much indebted to his historic encomiast. But we have more serious objections to the Memoirs, than his amiable patronage of the Farmer's Boy, and more obnoxious passages to point out, than poetic quotations Mr. Belsham's inveterate rancour against Government, breaks out, on his mention of Mr. Fox's dismissal, into the following invective:

'By the counsels of others, whose names are still inscribed in the fatal roll, has the present reign been rendered an almost perpetual spectacle of blood and horror, of corruption, extortion, disgrace, and calamity.' p. 335.

We must pass, likewise, a very decided censure upon our author's invidious account of Mr. Wakefield's literary offences and punishment, and still more upon his quotations of violent and absurd passages from the pamphlet of that mistaken gentleman. The mention of Mr. Wakefield's imprisonment draws from our author the following climax of exclamation:

'How pleasing must be the reflections of the bishop of Landaff, on recollecting the complete victory which, by the assistance of his new friends, the present ministers, he has been able to obtain over all his enemies—Wakefield, Williams, Jordan, Johnson, Cuthell, and Flower! How convincing are the arguments of fine and imprisonment! How satisfactory the refutation of a verdict of conviction! Certainly the learned Prelate may plume himself henceforth upon being an unanswerable writer.' p. 338.

Before we conclude this review of the 'Memoirs,' we must point out one as a capital defect—the paucity of references. Throughout the two volumes, speeches are quoted, and events detailed, with scarcely a single authority, and no references are made to books, where information may be obtained upon the po-

litical topics of the day. 'Liberticidal,' p. 9.—'Governmental,' p. 440.—'Royalism,' for Monarchy, p. 139.—'Sufficance,' for suffering, p. 196.—are slight innovations upon the English language, which we cannot give up to the ravages of this thirsty reformer, any more than the English constitution.

We should be sorry to offend Mr. Belsham by the severity of our remarks, though we will not sacrifice truth to any apprehensions of his enmity; and we cannot help reminding him, that that man has almost forfeited his right to complain of invective, who has dealt it out so liberally against birth, talents, dignity, and every other object, to which good and wise men always pay the homage of manner, without therefore sacrificing the freedom of investigation, or independence of speech. Our object has been, to recal Mr. Belsham to a more accurate knowledge of himself, and to disabuse him of those exaggerated pretensions, to which every sentence of his book proclaims his want of right. An indulgence in gross and unmannerly abuse, implies no other victory, than that which any man may quickly obtain over delicacy and shame. To be distinguished for violence, at a period when nobody is moderate; to inflame the public bigotry, during the omnipotence of political passions; to be more incandescently wrong-headed than any body else; and, above all, to remain mad when the rest of the world are returned to their senses,—are sources of exultation which we should not have been much inclined to deny to Mr. Belsham. The noble supremacy of discerning truth amidst warm, fresh, and numerous emotions, and of telling to mankind, in history, their yet visible errors, is a rare gift of God. It must not be claimed by the monks of anarchy, and the boiling bigots of a sect.

ART. XIX.* *Charles et Marie.* Par l'auteur d'Adèle de Senange, Charles and Mary. By the author of Adèle de Senange. 12mo. Paris. 1802.

IN the conduct of a novel, one of two modes is usually followed. The action is related, as completely *past*, in an unbroken narrative; or the heroes and heroines, whose hands are never weary with letter-writing, describe it, as *progressive*, in all its changes of events. The author of '*Charles et Marie*' has adopted a third mode, or at least a modification of the second, by

* We have been induced to pay some attention to this novel, from the reputation of its authoress, Madame de Sowza, wife to the Portugeze Ambassador at Paris.

which the effect is considerably altered. The hero is indeed his own historian; but the details he presents are those of a journal, in which, in obedience to the request of a friend, he had recorded every evening, not merely the events, but the passions and sentiments of the day. The plan, however, will be better understood, from the prefatory epistle.

'*Charles Lennox to his Friend.*

'I have followed your advice, and at the close of every day have brought before me the different emotions, by which I have been agitated. I thought that my journal would be read by *you*, and I said, My friend shall be to me a second conscience, to whom I will speak with the same sincerity as to myself. Yet, when thus examined, how great a number of my days have been void of interest? They remind me of the astonishment of one of our philosophers, at the sight of those numerous epitaphs, which comprehend the history of a whole life, in the dates of the moments when it was begun and finished. I have therefore suppressed in my journal all those hours which have been filled with nothing—the days which have floated along, without leaving a remembrance. I confide to you only that part of my life, which can excite either some consolatory recollection, or those late but generous resolutions of the future, which arise from regret of the past.'

This plan seems to bear to the usual epistolary mode the same relation, which that mode bears to the unbroken narrative. In such a narrative, *events* are detailed, rather than *feelings*. The writer addresses us in his own person, and informs us of incidents, the whole series of which he is supposed to know. We therefore do not willingly allow him to harass us with all the doubts, fears, hopes, loves, resentments, which, though strongly felt by his heroes and heroines from the trifling circumstances of one day, were removed by circumstances as trifling in that which succeeded. There is a kind of unity of action, necessary to the dignity of a narrative, which digressions so frequent would destroy. The incidents, accordingly, must all be great in themselves, or, if in themselves unimportant, be great at least in the permanence of the emotions which they leave; and to them must be sacrificed all those thousand fleeting circumstances, and fleeting feelings, which best display the varied susceptibilities of human passion, and which interest us more, because, being less easily foreseen, we are less prepared to expect them. A long narrative, though of fictitious adventures, is reducible in a great measure to the laws of historical composition, and is hence preferable, only where the attention is chiefly to be fixed by greatness of events, and where the passions, though strong, are not rapidly varied. It is thus peculiarly suited to the wild romance; the interest excited by

the tales of Mrs. Radcliffe would have been comparatively very inconsiderable, if we had received our information of all the mysterious horrors of her castles only from the epistles of her Emilies and Adelines to their faithful friends.

The epistolary form converts in some degree the history into a drama; but even an epistle has a certain historical dignity, to which it must adhere, and cannot give us all those little changes of sentiment, which arise often from circumstances so slight, as almost to escape our own remark. The mind may converse with itself on the most trifling events; but we do not readily suppose it to treasure up these trifling events, in the intervals of correspondence, and to pour out to friends at a distance the expressions of fears and hopes, which, at the moment of writing, have either been realized, or disappointed. A series of letters requires, therefore, a series of incidents, and is hence less suited to those simple tales, in which little more is intended to be exhibited, than the affections and caprices of an irregular mind. For the exhibition of the rapid changes of such a character, no form seems better suited, than that which has been adopted by the author of this little tale. It allows the whole mind to be portrayed to us, in all the hourly shiftings of its love, and jealousy, and indignation, and returning love: and, though perhaps it may at first strike us as improbable, that any one should keep such a diary, it is an improbability which we forget; because it is not continually forced upon us, like the epistolary form of letters that convey no information, but remind us only that the writer is at a distance, and is writing to his friend.

The very circumstance, however, which constitutes the excellence of this mode of narrative, renders it peculiarly dangerous, to a taste that is not under powerful restraint. Where the effect is to arise chiefly from delineations of the heart, an author may be tempted to think that his knowledge of the heart is great, precisely as he can, with any degree of apparent justness, deduce powerful emotions from slight events. We shall thus have all the feelings, in their distorted, rather than their natural state, and be told to look upon the sickliness of artificial refinement, as the very health and vigour of passion. It is not nature that will be exhibited to us, but mere canvass and paint, in which the design, though fantastic, may be ingenious, and the colours beautiful: but the figures are sylphs, or goblins, and not our fellow men. The writer of 'Charles et Marie' has not been able to avoid this fault. With the many beautiful delineations of *human* character which she has given us, there are very many, in which we discover the reader of romances, rather than the reader of the heart: and the hero is therefore made, with all the propriety of precedent, to

sigh, with nearly the same pathos, for a rose that had faded, as for his mistress whom he believes engaged to another.

The tale is very simple. Charles is a young man, of a disposition tender in the extreme, but impetuous in every passion; affectionate, but jealous in his affection; delighted, and disgusted, and angry, and appeased, from motives which are scarcely felt, but in the effects they produce. At the age of twenty, he returns from Oxford to his father's seat. A few weeks afterwards, in a solitary walk by moonlight, he is struck with a simple ballad, sung by a voice unknown to him, in a grotto of a neighbouring pleasure ground, and with that suddenness of passion, which is very frequent *in romance*, is completely enamoured, before he knows of whom. Luckily, however, the singer turns out to be very beautiful. She is the youngest daughter of Lord Seymour, whose family is divided, by great contrast of character, into different parties. The father and his favourite daughter Sara are rivals in the loves of their horses and hounds. Eudoxia, the second, is a little pedant, who talks of the Indus and Timur-Beg, and gives lectures on the origin of the Gypsies: she is the pupil, and favourite, and heiress, of her aunt Indiana, who is delicately nervous, and trembles at every motion of hand or foot, which the wretched necessities of life oblige her to make. Mary and her mother form a third party, who, alike of mild and unobtrusive character, and neglected by the rest, take shelter in their mutual regard. The display of filial virtue, which is thus afforded, fixes still more strongly the affection of Charles. But, in the very height of his love, he receives from Eudoxia some malicious information, which leads him to believe, that Mary's affection is engaged to Philip, the son of a proprietor of a small estate in the neighbourhood, at this time absent in India; and, as a confirmation of all he dreads, he perceives her coming from the house of Philip's mother, with many circumstances of suspicious secrecy. At length, however, after the usual agonies of despair and indignation, he is convinced, that no love has been felt for his imagined rival; and, Lady Seymour having promised to intercede with her husband, for his consent to the marriage of his daughter, he returns home, in too great rapture to know that he is riding on horseback. The horse is as impetuous as his rider. A fractured skull is the consequence. In his delirium he speaks only of Mary; and she, in gratitude for this exclusive remembrance, resolves to marry him, at a time when she is led to believe that he is to be for ever insane. The heroism of her resolution is rewarded, of course, by a speedy cure and a marriage.

Such is the fable of the piece; the interest of which, it is evident, must depend almost wholly on the representations it af-

fords of character and sentiment. The author has hence been led into error, by wishing to make the characters peculiarly striking, from extravagance of contrast. Mary is not sweet: she is insipid. To all the absurd doubts and jealousies of her lover, she submits, with an obsequiousness of affection, that is almost servility, and, though unconscious of guilt, believes that she must have been guilty, as often as he thinks proper to give vent to his caprice in a look of displeasure. Instead of the generous impetuosity of an ardent mind, which the author wishes to represent in Charles, we have depicted to us the ungovernable passions of a selfish and suspicious tyrant, who loves only for his own sake, and delights in torturing the object of his love, merely to feel more strongly the power he has over her; who can 'feign indifference, to mark whether her countenance grow pale, and her eyes be filled with tears;' and who 'cannot think of resigning the power of shaking her whole soul, of destroying her joy by a single glance, and then recalling a smile, when her tears were about to flow.' A character of this kind is not one with which we can sympathise; and as little can we sympathise with any love which it excites. We are provoked that the lady does not share our own indignation; and we are almost content, that the marriage should take place, not as the reward of her gentleness, but as the punishment of her tame submission: for it is certainly impossible, if we take that interest in her fate which the author wishes, to rejoice at her union with one, who, 'if he find her calm, will suppose her indifferent; who will think, if she appear gay, that she has not felt his absence, and, if sad, that she feels no joy at his return.'

We object, then, to the extreme contrast of character in the hero and heroine, who would both have been much more interesting, if each had borrowed a little of what is superabundant in the other: we object to much *false* refinement and extravagance of sentiment; but there are at the same time so many passages of true and simple nature, that we are convinced, if the writer had not been ambitious of the praise of uncommon knowledge of the workings of the heart, she would have exhibited to us pictures, which we should have felt and delighted to recognise, with unmingled approbation. We are not, however, the less sensible of the beauties of the piece, when they occur; and even its faults are preferable to the tame insipidities of a common novel.

As a specimen, we select a part of the explanation, which Charles receives from Mary, of her supposed attachment to Philip. p. 103.

'I waited for her near the grotto. It was not love which conducted me; it was the eagerness of curiosity, to know what excuse her perfidious coquetry could allege. So free from love did I feel myself, that I took a secret pleasure, in imagining every possible justification; and, passing in review, with a bitter irony, the usual expedients to which women have recourse, their air of innocence, of respect, of timid silence; I exhausted every useless excuse, that I might be more certain of condemning her, when the excuse was delivered. Yes! I condemned her: and yet, if at the moment I had heard her confess herself guilty, a cry would have escaped me of painful surprise.

'She appeared: I still see her trembling steps, her pale countenance, that look so sad, and so sweet. The reproach was suspended on my lip: could I add a tear to eyes which had wept so much! "You have heard, then, of Philip," she said. I was about to name her sister, when she added—"No. Do not tell me, what it would be too difficult to forgive." She turned away her head, and stopped, as we were entering the grotto. "Let us remain here," said she to me; and lifting her eyes with a look of confidence, "Let there be nothing between Heaven and me, for Heaven alone is just." She sat down on the grass, and again turned away her head to conceal her tears. My wrath, my love, myself, were all forgotten. I thought only of the anguish she must have suffered, and I was wretched. I watched the first words she should utter, to be still more wretched; and yet I awaited them with impatience. At length she said, "You have been very severe, to condemn me without once hearing me; to fly me without a single reproach. If I had done wrong, and wrong to you, for what greater misfortune could I have needed your consolation?" She had not yet uttered a single word of defence, and I already believed her innocent. Her look was so pure, her confidence in herself, in me, so tranquil; I said within myself, when I have known her better, I shall love her more. "Mary forgive me, and let us forget the past. The future is ours. Permit me to ask Lord Seymour for your hand, if you can forget———" I stopped involuntarily at the name of Philip. She pronounced it herself, "O yes, forget Philip," she replied with a bitter smile, and her eyes rose towards heaven, as if complaining of my injustice. "I am ignorant of what may have been said to you, and I do not wish to know it: It will be better for us both, that I should relate to you what I know of myself. Since yesterday, I have retraced with care every past impression. The most indifferent action, the slightest interest to which any casual remembrance may have given value, nothing has escaped me. "I said to myself, I will tell him all." Perhaps I may discover some feeling which he may have misconceived, some happy word which may remove his inquietude.'

If we were to prolong this extract, as much as we wish to do, it would be difficult to find occasion of censure; and the many delicate touches of nature which it presents, are not such as

need to be pointed out. The great fault of this part of the story, is the interest excited for Philip, whom the writer afterwards deserts, without any mercy for the sympathies of his readers. We hear nothing more of him, than that he leaves England for India, without being completely undeceived in his hope of Mary's affection; and that, as the object of his voyage is only to secure the rich inheritance of an uncle, he is to return in a few months. It would have been but decent humanity to have thrown him to a tiger, or dispatched him in any other Indian method. At any rate, if his life was necessary for a few months, a storm is very easily raised; and no reason can be given, that he should not have been drowned conveniently on his return to Europe. As circumstances are left, there is a most distressing rivalry; and we own, that, however differently the lady may have made her preference, to us Philip is the more interesting of the two.

His departure gives occasion to some beautiful pictures of maternal love. Mary immediately hastens to the house of his mother, with the intention of destroying, as soon as possible, the hopes he might have formed.

"I found her sick and feeble; it was not a day to afflict her more. The days which followed added to her grief. If the wind was against him, she sighed because Philip was stopped in his course:—if the wind was in his favour, it took Philip still farther away." p. 136.

"She never spoke to me of Philip, in connexion with myself; but she never would consent to inform him of my real sentiments.—'Let time take its course,' said she to me one day; 'let us hope at least: for every hour of hope is something gained from misfortune.'—'But I do not love Philip,'—'Is it possible not to love Philip!'—'At least I do not feel love.'—'Do you know what love is?'—'No.'—She put her finger on her lips, and said to me, smiling, 'Let us speak no more of Philip, let us take care to say nothing that might distress him; for here, where he was born, and where all his life has been passed with me, I feel always as if he heard me.' p. 137.

How opposite to such passages of simple *nature* is the following, which will probably, at Paris, be much more admired. It is indeed as *fine* as *art* can make it.

"Near the grotto from which the sounds had come, was a rosebush covered with flowers. I had plucked one, and, scarcely knowing what I did, had smelled it with delight, at every passage of sweeter emotion in the song. On returning to my room, I found that I had still preserved this rose. It pleased me no longer. I cast it on my table, and lay down to sleep. When I woke in the morning, it was faded. I began to regret it. I went into my father's garden; there are there many rosebushes. I was out of humour, though I knew not why, at

seeing so many flowers together, At length, I remarked a distant solitary rose; it was the more beautiful. I plucked it hastily—I inhaled its odour—I sought to find again the sensations which that of the evening before had given me. It reminded me of them, without restoring them. It was full day—I was alone—it was nothing but a rose.' p. 17.

From the specimens already given, the general faults and beauties of this little volume will be easily understood. We can scarcely allow ourselves any farther liberty of extract. But there are some passages which we are unwilling to omit.

In going to the house, in which he is to see for the first time his fascinating singer, Charles forms, in his fears, a thousand pictures of her.

'Ugly!—O no—not even commonly beautiful. Immediately I imagined her in all the splendour of youth and loveliness, but arrayed with the art of a coquette: and I, I who had never paid attention to the dress of any woman—all the extremes of fashion were in a moment present to my view.' p. 22.

'In the evening, all the pedants and smatterers in the neighbourhood came to pay their court to Miss Eudoxia. Mary made tea. How strange is that principle of self-love, by which we wish for others an applause which we should disdain for ourselves! I was wretched at hearing not a word addressed to Mary, except when it was to give her the trouble of serving them. There was not one present whose suffrage could have increased my admiration of her; and yet I was hurt, and out of humour, that the suffrage was not given.' p. 28.

Soon after his introduction to Mary, in a morning walk to the grotto, he discovers her approaching it, followed by two women with baskets of flowers. The scene which ensues is not unworthy of Sterne.

In the passage which follows this, there is much powerful expression in a very simple action; though we own, that the circumstance which calls it forth does not seem to us to harmonize well with the retiring and bashful simplicity of Mary's character.

In taking our leave of this little volume, it is needless to repeat our remarks on its *faults*, into many of which the writer has probably been led, by the mode of narrative adopted, and perhaps too, in some measure, by her country. To repeat, that, with these, many pictures, of very happy design, are interspersed, would be equally superfluous. We feel that we have paid the volume a higher compliment, when we look back to the extracts we have given, and compare the length of our criticism with the size of the original work.

ART. XX. *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.* Vol. V. Part. II. Cadell & Davies. London. 1802.

An Investigation of the Method whereby Men judge by the Ear, of the Position of Sonorous Bodies, relative to their own Persons. By Mr. John Gough.

THIS paper aims at explaining a very curious set of phenomena which have seldom been discussed by philosophical writers. The investigation displays some ingenuity and original argument, though we are afraid that the solution still remains hypothetical, and loaded with all its former difficulties. The author distributes his subject into three distinct considerations. *First*, He attempts to explain the mode by which men ascertain that sounds proceed from some point directly before or behind their heads, which he denominates '*direct hearing*:' *2dly*, The mode of determining that sounds proceed from one side or the other, which he denominates '*oblique hearing*:' And, *3dly*, The mode of ascertaining that sounds proceed from above or below. With regard to the first of these ('*direct hearing*'), our author illustrates the common notions upon that subject, by the following apposite plan. He supposes an imaginary right line drawn across the head, joining the two ears, and another line passing from the front to the back of the head, bisecting the former at right angles. If, then, a circle be described upon the first line as a diameter, this circle may be said to represent the head. A sonorous body, then, situated any where in the straight line produced, bisecting this diameter at right angles, will be equally distant from both the extremities of this diameter, viz. the ears. The vibrations or pulses of sound proceeding from it, will therefore fall with equal force upon both ears; and hence, our author declares, the situation of the sonorous body is determined by the person to be either directly before or behind his head. This he considers is the case of direct hearing. Again, upon the supposition, which is very universally admitted, that the undulations or vibrations occasioning the sensation of sound, move in a straight and uniform direction from the sonorous body, any solid interposing obstacle must shelter the parts situated immediately on the opposite side of it, from the direct reception of these vibrations: so that, if the sonorous body be placed any where out of the right line just mentioned; or, in other terms, if it be placed so, that a straight line drawn from it to the point of bisection in the line passing across the head and joining both ears, shall form an angle which is not a right angle, a part of the head must intercept vibrations, and

prevent them from arriving directly, or with their full force, on that ear which is thus sheltered. This is obviously demonstrated, by drawing from the given point in which the sounding body is placed, two lines which shall be tangents to the circle before mentioned: then will these lines exhibit the direction in which the vibrations proceed, and shew, that while they fall immediately upon one ear, they are interrupted in their progress to the other by a projecting part of the circle or supposed head.

Thus far we perfectly agree with the ingenious author: indeed we conceive this to be little more than a mathematical illustration of a very common notion, that experience teaches us to refer the situation of sonorous bodies to the right or the left of us, according as the ear of one of these sides receives a stronger or more immediate impression than that of the other. The author informs us, that he himself is peculiarly sensible of the slightest obliquity (compared with the plane of the horizon) in the direction from whence sounds proceed. This, however, is not a very common faculty—the result, perhaps, in the author's case, of a peculiarly sensible organ, and frequent attention to the process of hearing.

Our author next attempts to 'investigate the perception which determines the place of a sounding body to be in front of the hearer, or behind him.' We shall quote his reasonings at length in order that their full force may be comprehended by our readers.

'The head is a sensitive solid, and it perceives the impulses made on it by sounds much more exquisitely than men generally imagine. This sensibility is strongest in the auditory passages, and, next to them, in the parts immediately adjacent to the ears; nevertheless, it diffuses itself more or less perfectly over the face, forehead, and temples, as well as all the external teguments of the skull. The sensation in question being of but little use independent of its connexion with hearing, we for the most part mistake its true situation, and refer it to the organs of this sense, unless some circumstance, resembling the succeeding experiment, should happen to discover the nature of it to us. If any one will take the pains to close the orifices of his ears with wet paper, and will hold two slender rods of wood to his forehead, or to one of his temples, taking care to keep the ends which are in contact with the skin separated by a small interval: and let another person at the same time touch the opposite ends of the rods with two watches, one of which does not move: the beats of the active watch will immediately pass along the stick, and make a sensible impression on the spot where its other extremity rests; which proves, that the bones of the head do not simply conduct sounds to the auditory nerves, but that the external teguments of this member also assist in discovering the directions of sounds by their sensibility. The same apparatus may be used to shew, that all parts of the head

are not equally alive to the impulses of sounds; for a stick, which is of a proper length to impress the beats of a watch very faintly on the ear and parts adjacent, will prove too long to produce the same effect on the forehead, which is nevertheless much more exquisite in its feelings than the back part of the head. pp. 638-39.

It is difficult to comprehend what power or faculty our author here means to ascribe to the bones and integuments of the skull. There are only two, relating to the present subject, of which we can form any distinct conception. Either they possess a sentient and auricular faculty, or they act merely as conductors of vibrations. Now, upon the former of these propositions only can the author's reasoning rest. And that it is totally untenable, in other words, that the bones of the skull and its integuments do not possess in the slightest degree an auricular faculty, is demonstrable from this fact, that in cases where the ears are effectually stopped, or in persons who are deprived of these organs, no sensation of sound can be produced, however loud that sound be, or however closely the sonorous body be applied to the integuments, provided only it do not touch: but on the other hand, the instant that the sonorous or vibrating body comes into contact with the head, the perception of sound is immediate and distinct. Whence we infer, that the bones and integuments of the head act merely as conductors of the sound or vibrations to the organs of hearing. It is true, that a sensation is produced in the head, at the point of contact; but this is merely a matter of feeling, and perfectly distinct from the other sense. That the situation of sonorous bodies, therefore, is determined by the hearer to be before or behind him, by means of the different qualities with which the front and back part of his head are endued, we consider not only as hypothetical, but palpably untrue. But the extension of this hypothesis, by our author, to the mode by which we determine whether sounds proceed from a point above or below us, we conceive to be even more fanciful than the former. This 'difference,' therefore, 'between the front and back part of the head;' and again, 'the want of sensibility in the upper part of the head and the lower part of the face,' we must reject as entirely unfounded in fact or probability.

From this subject, our author proceeds to investigate the nature of ventriloquism, a curious, and, as yet, unexplained subject. And here again we are disposed to differ very materially from his opinions.

'He who is master of this art,' says he, 'has nothing to do but to place his mouth obliquely to the company; and to dart his words,

if I may use the expression, against an opposing object, whence they will be reflected immediately, so as to strike the ears of the audience from an unexpected quarter, in consequence of which the reflector will appear to be the speaker.' p. 649.

Though this comprehends the scope of the author's doctrine, we are of opinion that it affords a deficient and inadequate explanation even of the case that he relates, in which the ventriloquist performed his operations in a confined room. The power of projecting the voice against a plain wall, so that it shall be reflected to a given point, is difficult, and we may almost say impossible of attainment. But, granting that this power were attained, the reflected tones of the voice must be a mere echo, whilst the sounds proceeding immediately from the mouth of the speaker being both louder in degree, and prior in point of time, must necessarily, as is the case in every echo, drown the first parts of the reflected sounds, and make the remainder appear evidently different from the original. The author seems to have been led into this theory by the analogy of light, without perhaps duly considering that the particles of light move successively in direct lines; whereas the undulations of sound must necessarily expand and enlarge, as they proceed on from the sounding body. But the feats of ventriloquism are often performed *sub dio*, when no means for reflecting the voice can be present, and where, of course, the author's doctrine cannot in any respect apply. He has omitted to mention a cause which has a very powerful influence in effecting the deception, viz. the expectation excited in the spectator or hearer, by the artist having previously informed him from whence he proposes to make the sounds proceed. This circumstance of raising expectation almost to belief, aided by a peculiarly happy talent for imitating singular or striking sounds, such, for example, as the cries of a child in the act of suffocation, is perhaps a more probable explanation of the phenomena of ventriloquism.

As an appendix to this paper, the author has added a short disquisition on the theory of compound sounds, in which he endeavours to maintain, that Dr. Smith's hypothesis on this subject has not been in the least invalidated by a late theory of Dr. Young. Our author agrees with Dr. Smith in opinion, that 'a number of simple sounds may exist in concert, and strike the ear in a distinct manner, without suffering any interruption in their motions from the interference of their pulses.' He adduces many acute arguments, and mathematical demonstrations, to prove 'that there are as many sets of pulses in an aggregate of sounds, as that aggregate contains elements, and that the coalescence of two sounds is impossible.' Now, we conceive the prominent de-

fect of our author's hypothesis to be, his confusion of the abstract mechanical nature of sounds, with their sensible effects upon the human ear. We agree perfectly with him, that in a band of music, every separate instrument, or cause of peculiar vibrations, must produce separate and peculiar pulses upon the air; at the same time, however, that the ear may not be able to detect the appropriate and distinct sounds of each. It is indeed a mathematical absurdity to talk of the absolute coalescence of two sets of pulses, as they must necessarily proceed from different points, and the direction in which they flow must of consequence be in some degree varied. It is nevertheless an obvious and well ascertained fact, that in a concert of musical instruments, the ear only occasionally distinguishes the separate causes or sources of vibratory sounds. This unison, indeed, which deceives the hearer, forms what is properly termed harmony. There is one view of this subject which may perhaps illustrate the distinction that we wish to establish between the absolute and mathematical nature of sounds, or, to speak more philosophically, the causes of sounds, and their sensible properties on the ear. A correct and harmonious concert of musical instruments may produce sets of vibrations or pulses, which have a uniform tendency to coalesce, but which may nevertheless proceed on indefinitely, approaching nearer to each other, without ever constituting an uniform compound. In the same manner, a hearer may place himself so near to a band of musical instruments, as to be enabled to distinguish the separate sounds proceeding from each; but in proportion as he recedes, their united sounds become more blended and harmonious, until he comes first to lose some of the feebler sounds, and at last to have no effect at all produced upon his ear.

But the author attempts to demonstrate, by a mathematical process, what no mathematical reasoning can prove, viz. 'that a number of distinct cotemporary sounds cannot do otherwise than produce distinct sensations.' If, by distinct sensations, he means sensations distinctly felt by the individual, the fact overturns all these deductions. But if, by this expression, we are to understand distinct causes, or indefinitely small and separately imperceptible parts of that whole which constitutes one distinguishable sensation, then we shall be ready to admit that this is at least a highly probable, and very philosophical conjecture. Some men hear more acutely than others, and some animals perhaps more acutely than men. It is impossible, therefore, to bring matters of bodily sensation to the test of mathematical argument, or the correctness of mathematical precision.

ART. XXI. *Poems written chiefly in Retirement.—Effusions of Social and Relative Feeling, &c. &c.—With a Prefatory Memoir of the Life of the Author, &c.* By John Thelwall. 8vo. pp. 210. Hereford. Second Edition. 1802.

LITERATURE opens so obvious and so pleasant a way to distinction, to those who are without the advantages of birth or fortune, that we need not wonder if more are drawn into it, than are qualified to reach the place of their destination. The task of ministering to the higher wants and more refined pleasures of the species, being both more dignified and more agreeable than that of supplying their vulgar necessities, multitudes are induced to undertake it without any great preparation; and the substantial business of life is defrauded of much valuable labour, while the elegant arts are injured by a crowd of injudicious pretenders. The gradations by which increasing luxury accomplishes these seductions, are sufficiently distinguishable. Ploughboys and carpenters are first drawn into the shops of mercers and perfumers, and into the service of esquires, baronets, and peers; the runaway apprentice next goes upon the stage; hairdressers and valets write amatory verses; coffeehouse waiters publish political pamphlets; and shoemakers and tailors astonish the world with plans for reforming the constitution, and with *effusions of relative and social feeling*.

These observations are so extremely familiar to all who are in the practice of looking into new publications, that we should probably have spared our readers the trouble of perusing them in this place, if they had been suggested only by the quality of the *poetry* in this volume. But there is something that illustrates and justifies them in so remarkable a manner, in the 'prefatory memoir' of the author, that we cannot help thinking that some instruction and entertainment may be derived from a short account of it.

John Thelwall was the son of a silk mercer of London, and was severely whipped at school, for 'a tardiness and apparent inaptitude,' as he expresses it, 'which occasioned him to be considered as of a slow and even feeble mind.' He was then placed behind the counter, and was beaten by his elder brother, a person, we are informed, 'of a very vehement and tyrannical temper.' His ambitious spirit, however, disdained this double bondage; and he soon tried, like other discontented heroes in similar situations, to deliver himself from it, by going upon the stage. His application to Mr. Colman, however, he informs us, 'was answered only by a moral expostulation against the design;' and his own consciousness of want of voice and figure compelled him to give up this idea altogether. He next made an unsuccessful attempt to become a painter; and the grand catastrophe of his early

life is then announced to the reader in the following magnanimous sentences, which afford a tolerable specimen of this interesting biography:

'But though disappointed alike in his views, upon the arts and upon the stage, his situation at home was not to be endured; and, rather than live in that terrible state of domestic discord, which tore his over-irritable nerves, and embittered every moment of his life, *he yielded to the proposal of being apprenticed to an eminent master tailor at the west end of the town.**

'This was one of those projects of narrow and miscalculating policy, by which the dictates of Nature are so frequently violated, and the prospects and happiness of youth are so inhumanly blighted.'

'Young Thelwall had now changed his residence, and his nominal profession; but his pursuits were still the same. The shopboard, like the shop-counter, was a seat, not of business but of study. Plays (particularly tragedies) were perpetually in his hands and in his mouth. From thence he soared to epic poetry; devoured with insatiable avidity Pope's translation of Homer, and committed several hundred verses to memory; meditating the herculean labour of getting the whole Iliad by heart. His opportunities of study were, however, so inadequate to his wishes, that he even carried a wax taper in his pocket, that he might read as he went along the streets by night.' p. ix.

Ill health put a temporary stop to those sedentary and peripatetic occupations: But, upon his return to them after his recovery,

'gloom and dejection seized upon his spirits; but his resolution assumed a decisive tone. He burst again from his sordid fetters, and determined to endure all the consequences which his disastrous circumstances seemed to threaten, rather than submit to a situation so irreconcilable to his tastes, his habits, and his wishes.' p. xv.

He next took to the study of the law, though this was a profession, he acknowledges, 'from which his feelings and his principles alike revolted,' and was articled to an attorney, with whom he passed a very idle period of three years and a half, till at length 'his distaste for the drudgery of the office was heightened by his abhorrence of the principles and practices of the profession; and he quitted the office in the same abrupt way that he had before quitted the shopboard.'

Such a genius, it was apparent, could only rise into distinction in a season of general ferment and disorder; and the time was not yet come, when mere forwardness and audacity could recommend an individual to the notice of the public. He continued, therefore, for some years to write obscurely in magazines and newspa-

* We conceive this avowal to be the utmost limit of human candour.

papers, and produced some novels and poetry that have since, he confesses, 'fallen into merited oblivion.' The hour of his greatness, however, it seems was now at hand: he read a paper in a society of medical students, that contained so undisguised a defence of materialism, that it was voted out of the society; in consequence of which the author also withdrew himself. He then became an orator at Coachmakers-hall; and had the honour of being appointed one of the poll-clerks to Mr. Horne Tooke, upon his first canvass for Westminster. Elated with this mark of distinction, he now threatened to desert the debating societies, unless they would agree to confine their inquiries to political subjects exclusively; and when they were shut out of every place of assembly in the city of London, and no person could be found who would venture to carry on a public debate with him, he began a course of 'political lectures,' with a view 'to revive discussion in a form that might depend entirely on his individual exertions.' In the meantime, he had become a member of the London Corresponding Society, and of that of the Friends of the People; and was brought to trial for high treason, accordingly, as a member of their secret committees, in 1794.

After his acquittal, he persisted in his endeavours to 'revive discussion,' and resumed his lectures in various parts of the country, in defiance of the insults and the danger to which they perpetually exposed him. His magnanimity, however, was at length overcome, by the discouragements which he everywhere experienced; and he resolved, in imitation of Scipio and other ill requited patriots, to solace himself, for his country's ingratitude, in the quiet occupation of a rural life. With this view, although utterly unacquainted with agricultural affairs, he took a small farm in Wales, where he was persecuted, he affirms, by all his neighbours, and very nearly ruined by the bad crops, 'modern rent, and modern taxes,' with which it was his misfortune to be burdened. He persisted for three years in 'this ill-starred experiment;' and left his retreat at length, completely disgusted with the business of a farmer, and the rustic virtues of the Cambrian peasantry. The memoir terminates with an apology for conjecturing favourably of his poetical success from the uniformity of his political miscarriages.

'Since he has proved so bad a politician, as to plunge himself and his family in ruin, for the dissemination of a principle which he thought conducive to the happiness of mankind, it ought to be regarded as an argument *a priori* in favour of his poetical talent: that species of imprudence (a sort of failing so rare and so fatal in politics) having always been considered as a distinguishing characteristic of those whom Apollo and the Muse inspire.' p. xlviii.

Our author probably is not the first who has spoiled a good tradesman, by an unlucky ambition of literary or political glory; but he is the only one we recollect who has left a minute and authentic record of the steps of his transformation, and of the motives and sentiments by which he was successively actuated. In every page of this extraordinary Memoir, we discover traces of that impatience of honest industry, that presumptuous vanity, and precarious principle, that have thrown so many adventurers upon the world, and drawn so many females from their plain work and their embroidery, to delight the public by their beauty in the streets, and their novels in the circulating library. They have all 'ardent temperaments,' like Mr. Thelwell, 'irritable feelings, enthusiastic virtues, and a noble contempt for mechanical drudgery, dull regularity, and slow-paced erudition.' Their performances need no description.

We have little to say of the poetry of this volume. It has come to a second edition, we perceive; and the author somewhere informs us, that upwards of two thousand copies have been disposed of; but it still appears to us, that very little need be said upon the subject. It consists of a dramatic romance, called the 'Fairy of the Lake,' full of freezing spirits, and songs about ale; a collection of effusions; and a fragment of a projected epic upon the establishment of the kingdom of Northumberland. Of the dramatic piece, we give the following scene as a specimen, because it is shorter than any of the others, without having less meaning.

'*SCENE III. Enter Fairies.*

1. *Fa.* Sisters! Sisters! 2. *Fa.* Whist ye! Whist!
1. *Fa.* Tell me—tell me what ye list.
3. *Fa.* Things of moment hover nigh.
1. *Fa.* Who can read them? 2. *Fa.* I. 3. *Fa.* And I.
Cho. Things of moment hover nigh.
1. *Fa.* Sisters! Sisters! 2. *Fa.* List ye! List!
3. *Fa.* Tell me, fairies, what ye wist?
1. *Fa.* Tell me what ye read on high?
2. *Fa.* Fading stars. 3. *Fa.* And morning nigh.
1. *Fa* Who can see it? 2. *Fa.* I. 3. *Fa.* And I.
Cho. To the Grotto—haste away.
4. *Fa.* You have seen it? 1. *Fa.* Aye! 2. *Fa.* Aye! 3. *Fa.* Aye!
Cho. To the Grotto whisp away.
1. *Fa.* Frisk it! 2. *Fa.* Whisk it!
3. *Fa.* Trip it! 1. *Fa.* Whip it.
4. *Fa.* To the Grotto—flit away!
Cho. What we've witness'd there display. [*Exeunt.*' p. 44.

King Arthur, in the succeeding scene, after being surprised by a violent fit of anger, recollects himself so far as to make the following very natural invocation.

> 'Come then, thou sullen Calm
> Of conscious desperation, thro' my soul
> Breathe thy narcotic influence—steep each nerve
> In opiate dews, and o'er each maddening sense,
> Bewilder'd, from their chilling urns pour forth
> Thy inanescent torpors, till no more
> Reflection wakes, and dull Oblivion drop
> The veil by Fancy lifted.' p. 49.

From the 'Effusions,' we do not know how to make any selection. In the Epic Fragments, we were particularly struck with the easy dignity of the language, though the narrative is not very perspicuous. The following simile shews what incalculable improvements our modern poetry may expect from the philosophical skill of its votaries.

> 'As, from group to group, expands
> The electric fire, when to the chrystal jar,
> Or sphere excited, the hermetic hand
> Applies the tried conductor, and relieves
> The imprison'd element, whose subtile flames
> Dart thro' the languid nerves, the fibres brace,
> And with increas'd pulsation urge the heart.' p. 197.

Homer's catalogue of ships, and Milton's of devils, take away the merit of originality from the following sublime passage; but the author, it will readily be admitted, has borrowed nothing but the general idea.

> 'First bled Gwendellan, fierce Caradoc next,
> Madoc and Modred, strong Derwyddon, Ludd,
> Merion and Mathraval; Rhiwallon next,
> Renown'd for brutal rage; and Howel's son,
> Proud Cunvan; swift Ardiffrid then we slew,
> O'erta'en in flight; and, making fruitless stand,
> Cadwallader, and Rhun, and Ruthfedel;
> And stern Cadoffin, tall Usgathrog, Mawr,
> Enion and Cadiffor—Arglooddi all,
> Fam'd in their clans.' pp. 193–4.

After selling two thousand copies of his book, and lecturing upon politics to crowded and intelligent audiences, we are afraid there is no great probability of Mr. Thelwall submitting to cut out casimere, or stitch in buckram; though we are persuaded that he was infinitely more useful and respectable in his old

occupation, than in those to which he has lately betaken himself. Middling as his poetry is, however, we shall be happy to find that it affords him a subsistence; because it is a great deal better than his politics. There are some passages in the Lamentation for his Daughter's Death that are written with tenderness and effect; and, if he will renounce all pretensions to epic and dramatic fame, and publish his next volume of Effusions without any Prefatory Memoir, we shall be glad to hear that he has sold four thousand of them, instead of two.

ART. XXII. *Thoughts on the Residence of the Clergy.* By John Sturges, L.L.D.

THIS pamphlet is the production of a gentleman, who has acquired a right to teach the duties of the clerical character, by fulfilling them; and who has exercised that right, in the present instance, with honour to himself, and benefit to the public. From the particular character of understanding evinced in this work, we should conceive Dr. Sturges to possess a very powerful claim to be heard on all questions referable to the decision of practicable good sense. He has availed himself of his experience, to observe; and of his observation, to judge well: He neither loves his profession too little, nor too much; is alive to its interests, without being insensible to those of the community at large; and treats of those points where his previous habits might render a little intemperance venial, as well as probable, with the most perfect good humour and moderation.

As exceptions to the general, and indisputable principle of residence, Dr. Sturges urges the smallness of some livings; the probability that their incumbents be engaged in the task of education, or in ecclesiastical duty, in situations where their talents may be more appropriately and importantly employed. Dr. Sturges is also of opinion, that the power of enforcing residence, under certain limits, should be invested in the bishops; and that the acts prohibiting the clergy to hold or cultivate land, should be in great measure repealed.

We sincerely hope, that the two cases suggested by Dr. Sturges, of the clergyman who may keep a school, or be engaged in the duty of some parish not his own, will be attended to in the construction of the approaching Bill, and admitted as pleas for non-residence. It certainly is better that a clergyman should do the duty of his own benefice, rather than of any other. But the injury done to the community, is not commensurate with the vexation imposed upon the individual. Such a measure is either

too harsh, not to become obsolete; or, by harassing the clergy with a very severe restriction, to gain a very disproportionate good to the community, would bring the profession into disrepute, and have a tendency to introduce a class of men into the Church, of less liberal manners, education, and connexion; points, of the utmost importance, in our present state of religion and wealth. Nothing has enabled men to do wrong with impunity, so much as the extreme severity of the penalties with which the law has threatened them. The only method to insure success to the bill for enforcing ecclesiastical residence, is to consult the convenience of the clergy in its construction, as far as is possibly consistent with the object desired, and even to sacrifice something that *ought* to be done, in order that much *may* be done. Upon this principle, the clergyman should not be confined to his parsonage house, but to the precincts of his parish. Some advantage would certainly attend the residence of the clergy in their official mansions; but, as we have before observed, the good one party would obtain, bears no sort of proportion to the evil the other would suffer.

Upon the propriety of investing the Bench of Bishops with a power of enforcing residence, we confess ourselves to entertain very serious doubts. A bishop has frequently a very temporary interest in his diocese: he has favours to ask; and he must grant them. Leave of absence will be granted to powerful intercession; and refused, upon stronger pleas, to men without friends. Bishops are frequently men advanced in years, or immersed in study. A single person who compels many others to do their duty, has much odium to bear, and much activity to exert. A bishop is subject to caprice, and enmity, and passion, in common with other individuals: there is some danger also that his power over the clergy may be converted to a political purpose. From innumerable causes, which might be reasoned upon to great length, we are apprehensive the object of the Legislature will be entirely frustrated in a few years, if it be committed to episcopal superintendance and care; though upon the first view of the subject, no other scheme can appear so natural and so wise.

Dr. Sturges observes, that after all the conceivable justifications of non-residence are enumerated in the Act, many others must from time to time occur, and indicate the propriety of vesting somewhere a discretionary power. If this be true of the penalties by which the clergy are governed, it is equally true of all other penal acts; and the law should extend to every offence the contingency of discretionary remission. The objection to this system is, that it trusts too much to the sagacity and the probity

the judge, and exposes a county to the partial, lax, and corrupt administration of its laws. It is certainly inconvenient, in many cases, to have no other guide to resort to but the unaccommodating mandates of an act of Parliament: yet, of the two inconveniences, it is the least. It is some palliation of the evils of discretionary power, that it should be exercised (as by the Court of Chancery) in the face of day, and that the moderator of law should himself be moderated by the force of precedent, and opinion. A bishop will exercise his discretionary power in the dark; he is at full liberty to depart to-morrow from the precedent he has established to-day; and to apply the same decisions to different, or different decisions to the same circumstances, as his humour or his interest may dictate. Such power may be exercised well under one judge of extraordinary integrity; but it is not very probable he will find a proper successor. To suppose a series of men so much superior to temptation, and to construct a system of church government upon such a supposition, is to build upon sand, with materials not more durable than the foundation.

Sir William Scott has made it very clear, by his excellent speech, that it is not possible, in the present state of the revenues of the English Church, to apply a radical cure to the evil of non-residence. It is there stated, that out of 11,700 livings there are 6,000 under 80*l. per annum*; many of those, 20*l.* 30*l.* and some as low as 2*l.* or 3*l. per annum*. In such a state of endowment, all idea of rigid residence is out of the question. Emoluments, which a footman would spurn, can hardly recompense a scholar and a gentleman. A mere palliation is all that can be applied: and these are the ingredients of which we wish such a palliation should be composed:—

1. Let the clergyman have full liberty of farming, and be put in this respect exactly upon a footing with laymen.

2. Power to reside in any other house in the parish, as well as the parsonage house, and to be absent five months in the year.

3. Schoolmasters, and ministers *bona fide* discharging ministerial functions in another parish, exempt from residence.

4. Penalties in proportion to the value of livings, and number of times the offence has been committed.

5. Common informers to sue as at present; though *probably* it might be right to make the name of one parishioner a necessary addition; and a proof of non-residence might be made to operate as a nonsuit in an action for tithes.

6. No action for non residence to lie where the benefice was less than 80*l. per annum*; and the powers of bishops to remain precisely as they are.

These indulgencies would leave the clergy without excuse, would reduce the formations to a salutary number, and diminish the odium consequent upon them, by directing their effects against men, who regard church preferment merely as a source of revenue, not as an obligation to the discharge of important duties.

We venture to prognosticate, that a bill of greater severity either will not pass the House of Commons, or will fail of its object. Considering the times and circumstances, we are convinced we have stated the greatest quantum of *attainable* good; which of course will not be attained; by the customary error of attending to what is desirable to be done, rather than to what it is practicable to do.

ART. XXIII. *Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects.* By Sir John Sinclair, Baronet. 8vo. pp. 467. London. 1802.

THIS volume is a collection of various papers, most of which have been printed before, in various forms. They consist of speeches in the House of Commons, addresses to the Board of Agriculture, to the Edinburgh Wool Society, to the Clergy of Scotland, &c. It would be idle in us to give any particular account of compositions, of which both the merits and the contents are sufficiently known to all who are likely to take any interest in them. The rest of the essays which now appear for the first time, possess that general character with which the readers of Sir John Sinclair's works are well acquainted. And although these might have been withheld, without much injury to the author's reputation, they afford various proofs of the zeal with which he labours to merit the public approbation, as well as of his readiness to save his country the trouble of bestowing the applauses he has deserved. These appear to be his ruling passions, of which, if the former be highly honourable, the other will easily be forgiven; and they are both so well expressed on the first page of this volume, that we cannot deprive our readers of the following advertisement.

'I should hardly have ventured to have troubled the world with this publication, had I not flattered myself with the idea, that any person who will take the trouble of perusing the following Essays, will on the whole, be inclined to say, "This is the work of an author who seems to have directed his attention to subjects connected with public utility and national improvement, and whose favourite object was, *not to have lived in vain.*'

In the *first* essay, which is given as a sketch of the plan which the author intended to pursue in his analysis of the Statistical

Reports, we are informed that all thoughts of that publication are for the present given up; and that 'it is impossible for him to foresee whether it will ever be in his power, even to begin, far less to complete, such a work.' We are greatly disappointed by this intelligence: without such a digest of the Statistical accounts as was promised, that immense store of valuable information will remain almost inaccessible; and the labours of Sir John's respectable coadjutors will prove, in a great measure, unprofitable to the public, unless the redundancies of topographical information be reduced into a general description, and the varieties of detail embodied in a distinct arrangement. If he should finally relinquish the task, we hope some other person may be tempted to undertake it, who will probably not adopt, without considerable change, that outline of contents which is sketched in the present volume. Even with respect to such articles as are properly included among the objects of Statistical description, our author's plan might be adapted more nearly to the order of those general inquiries, to which all local researches are subservient. But the chief objection to his design is unnecessary extension, and a want of distinct unity. It includes a description of antiquities, annals of eminent men, an account of the laws and political constitution of Scotland; all of which belong to departments of literature quite distinct from that which professes to describe the resources and political economy of particular states. There was to be prefixed likewise, in an introduction, a review of the history of Scotland. It is not improbable that he may have been misled, in this respect, by the example of Boulainvilliers, whose sketch of the constitutional antiquities of France, most awkwardly prefixed to his abstract of the Provincial Surveys, still delights many readers. Were Sir John Sinclair to imitate that model with any degree of success, we should be apt to overlook any incongruity that might subsist between his historical sketch and the work to which it served as an introduction. If he feels himself bold enough to attempt such a competition, he ought to leave the compilation of Statistical abstracts to labourers of an inferior class.

We had almost forgotten to mention, that the outline, on which we have made these strictures, is subjoined to general observations on the nature and advantages of statistical inquiries; under which he enumerates, methodically, the sources of human happiness, and attempts to explain the means of extending the advantages of political society.

These observations are extremely trite and puerile, and are the worst specimen we have lately seen of a sort of composition very fashionable among Scotish writers, in which the history of political institutions is deduced metaphysically, from a sup-

posed æra of extreme barbarism, through the successive stages of improvement. The masterly sketches which abound in the writings of Smith and Millar, communicated this taste to the universities, and has in some degree vitiated the style of all our inferior writers. Such deductions unquestionably hold a most important rank among the investigations of moral science; but, in the execution, they require most profound skill and delicate management. Whether these powers are displayed in the following picture, our readers will determine.

'The pleasures of shelter may properly be classed under the head of animal gratifications, as there are many animals, from the lordly lion to the skulking rabbit, who shelter themselves in holes, and dens, and in caverns, from the inclemency of the seasons, and from the dangers to which they themselves, and their tender offspring are exposed, from the attacks of their enemies, more especially, when in sickness or at rest. Similar apprehensions, it is probable, first gave man a conviction of the necessity there was for shelter; and as such dens and caverns as were formed by nature would soon be occupied, the idea would thence occur, of erecting the means of shelter and repose in the trees of the forest; then huts made of wood, of earth, or of stone, would be constructed; and by progressive improvement, thence would arise the comfortable cottage, the elegant and hospitable rural mansion, and the luxurious palace, with all its ornaments and splendour. Habitations would then not only afford shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and safety during sickness and repose, but a variety of other conveniences and advantages would arise from that source of accommodation, more especially the means of using the important article of fuel or heat; through the medium of which, food is prepared to more advantage; clothing is improved in its utility, and in the comfort of using it; and houses themselves, by warmth, and the exclusion of damp, rendered fitter for the habitation of men.' pp. 9-10.

After this profound deduction of 'the pleasures of shelter,' we have an inquiry, equally learned and original, into the pleasures of *friendship* and *matrimony*, and an ingenious account of the gratifications to be derived from *political* institutions and *religious* practices. The best method for promoting all those kinds of happiness, we are finally informed, is to collect *statistical* information; and the essay concludes with this prophetical *apotheosis* of all who devote themselves to such meritorious researches.

'By such inquiries, when properly conducted, and wisely acted upon, every individual in a great political community may be enabled to enjoy as much real happiness in this world, as the imperfect condition of human nature will admit; and may indulge the pleasing hopes, of partaking in those superior blessings, which Revelation teaches us, a truly virtuous character will inherit beyond the grave.' p. 22.

The next essay, which is entitled 'Observations on the means of enabling a cottager to keep a cow,' was originally addressed to the Board of Agriculture, and circulated in a separate form among the patrons and pupils of that institution. It is now submitted, for the first time to the *exoteric* students of the science, and really does not appear to contain any of its higher mysteries. There can be no other 'means of enabling a cottager to keep a cow,' we should humbly conceive, than to allow him such a quantity of land adjoining to his cottage as may be found necessary for her subsistence; and if the cottager pays the ordinary rent for this land, there is every reason to believe that he will make as economical an use of it as any member of the Board of Agriculture could have done. This is the learned author's opinion also; and it is the sum and substance of an essay consisting of nine titled sections, and an oratorical peroration.

The third essay, 'On the conversion of pasture land into tillage,' consists altogether of facts reported to the author by his correspondents, which lead him, though they may not lead all his readers, to the following conclusions:

'On the whole, though it may not be advisable to recommend the ploughing up of very rich old pastures, or water meadows, or land apt to be overflowed, yet, with these exceptions, there is every reason to believe that other sorts of grass lands may be rendered much more productive, by being occasionally converted into tillage; and for that purpose, it is desirable, that the conversion of such lands should be promoted as much as possible; by removing the obstacles to such conversion—by enforcing the necessity of commuting tithes, without which no considerable tract of old pasture can be broken up—by pointing out to landlords the conditions under which they may agree to such a plan, not only without detriment to the real value of their property, but also yielding a most important addition to their income—and, above all, by explaining to Parliament, and to the public, that the measure above recommended, is one which may effectually tend to prevent future scarcities; and to render this country independent of foreign nations, in the important article of provision.' pp. 59—60.

'Hints regarding cattle' is the title of the fourth essay. It contains neither system nor conjecture, that approaches to originality; and states no facts or maxims that are not either self-evident, or familiar to the most superficial observer of rural economics.

After this, follows a long paper on the improvement of British wool, being the substance of an address to the Edinburgh Wool Society in 1791, which was published at that time, and is now reprinted with a few alterations.

The sixth essay is a third edition of 'An address to the Board of Agriculture on the improvement of waste lands,' which was

printed by their order in 1795, and annexed to a Report to the House of Commons in 1796. Though these publications are within the reach of every one who takes an interest in the subject, the philanthropy of the author has determined him to give his work this additional chance of notoriety.

The substance of a speech in the House of Commons, on the subject of private inclosure bills, forms the seventh article in this collection. As a specimen of Sir John Sinclair's eloquence, we extract the following passage from the conclusion of this oration. It describes the feelings of a peasant, 'looking with hungry anxiety at an improveable waste; and represents him as

—'enraged to see the skulking rabbit starved, where the industry of man, once unshackled, would soon enable the stately bullock to fatten itself in luxuriant pastures; enraged to see goss and ling, and furze and heath, and all the miserable trash that might be enumerated on such an occasion; to see them growing, where the knotted oak, the pride of the British forest, would expand its lusty branches, enliven the bleak scene, and, in future ages, would become the boast and bulwark of the country.' pp. 204-5.

As our degenerate peasants no longer feed on acorns, the 'knotted oak,' we should imagine, would not relieve their hungry anxiety much more effectually than the goss and the ling, which are supposed to have excited their indignation.

In the eighth essay, which is entitled, 'Hints for the improvement of an extensive property, more especially applicable to an estate in the North of Scotland,' Sir John Sinclair has favoured the public with an account of what he has done, and proposes to do, for the improvement of his own property in the county of Caithness. We shall not trouble our readers with any part of the eulogium which Sir John pronounces on this happy region; which he represents as admirably calculated for every species of improvement—though he confesses that trees will not grow in it; and that there is still nothing more than a probability 'that a valuable mine of coal may be found.' As every Highland improver, however, is now suspected of being accessory to the depopulation of his country, (which we are far from regarding as a very grievous offence), it may afford some consolation to those who shudder at such consequences, to learn how this matter is adjusted by our author.

'The great difficulty in carrying on the improvement of the property I am converting into a sheep farm, arose from the circumstance of its being occupied by eighty small farmers, who did not pay in all above 250l. *per annum*. Nothing could be more absurd than to suffer such an extensive and valuable district to be employed almost in

nothing but in breeding an inconsiderable number of cattle, and feeding some red deer, who wandered about the upper parts of the estate. Humanity, however, required, that above five hundred individuals, who inhabited the estate, should not be driven from their ancient possessions, without having some other means of subsistence pointed out to them: Hence it was necessary to proceed with caution in extending the farm, and to form some liberal plan to provide for the people. The following measure was at last adopted for that purpose,—that of giving two Scotch acres of arable land, or at least fit to be made arable, with a house and garden, to each of those little farmers, under the name of "*Cottage Farms,*" the proprietor becoming bound to employ them for 100, 200, or 300 days in the year, as the cottager chose, paying the labourer so much grain, and so much money, in proportion to the number of days agreed upon; and thus the cottager, in a manner, received rent from the landlord, instead of paying any.' pp. 227-8.

The ninth essay is a republication of 'An account of the origin and progress of the Board of Agriculture,' which was published in 1796, and does not require any farther notice in this place.

The tenth essay contains a proposal for establishing a *great experimental farm,* to be supported by subscription. Sir John bestows a whole section in answering the objections which had been stated to this institution; but there is one, of which he takes no notice, that would probably render the whole scheme abortive within two years after its establishment: the subscribers would quarrel about the management, and the theorists would dispute and contradict each other about the actual result of the experiments. Experimental farms are best where they now are, in the hands of individuals; nothing short of the monarchical power of a proprietor can preserve any thing like uniformity or steadiness under a new system of operations.

The next essay is really a curiosity. It is 'a letter to a proprietor on the means of promoting the comfort of the people in his neighbourhood;' and contains such an enumeration of *truisms* as has rarely been laid before the public in a serious composition. His directions for making the cottages of the lower orders comfortable, for instance, are as follows: '1. They should be dry and healthy; 2. They should be warm, cheerful, and *comfortable;* 3. Convenient; 4. Of a proper width,' &c. &c. On the subject of fuel, in like manner, we are gravely informed, 'that it is of use, 1. For cooking victuals; 2. For warmth; 3. To remove damp,' &c. 'All proprietors,' it is then said, 'should make *statistical surveys* of their estates;' and take care to see the people of their district amusing themselves 'with music and dancing,' in imitation of the wise administrations of ancient Greece!

The *last* essay, 'On Longevity,' is the most amusing of the whole collection, though it contains as few traces of original genius, or judicious selection, as any of those that go before it. Among the circumstances tending to promote 'longevity,' we do not know by what rule of logic the learned author has enumerated 'the renewal of youth, by the reproduction of new teeth, new hair,' &c. This may be an indication of longevity, but can scarcely be accounted a circumstance tending to promote it. Mountainous countries, even though exposed to moisture, seem to be by far the most favourable to long life; and habitual exposure to the open air, appears of much greater importance than the most rigid temperance and regularity. Annexed to this essay, is a curious list of ninety-six in-pensioners in Greenwich Hospital, above eighty years of age, (the whole number being 2410), with a short note of their present state and past conduct. Almost all these veterans have used tobacco constantly for a great number of years, and most of them acknowledged the habit of drinking freely. It is a singular proof of the admirable management of this institution, that while such is the proportion of aged to the whole among the in-pensioners, there should be no more than twenty-three among 2500 *out*-pensioners who are upwards of eighty years of age.

Upon the whole, there is not much to praise in this volume, but the motives from which it appears to have been composed. Sir John Sinclair would certainly be an useful man, if he knew how to set about it: though there will probably be always a considerable difference between his own estimate of his importance, and that which is adopted by the public.

ART. XXIV. ΑΝΑΛΗΚΤΑ ΜΕΙΖΟΝΑ. Pars altera. Poëtica complectens. Cum Notis philologicis, quas partim collegit, partim scripsit Andreas Dalzel, S.R.S. Edin. 1802-3.

AN exclusive attachment to experimental philosophy, and a laudable desire of extending knowledge, more immediately subservient to the purposes of common life, have induced a very great majority of those who bestow any cultivation on their minds, either wholly to neglect, or, what is truly liberal, to depreciate the valuable labours of the philological critic. It must be acknowledged, that the accurate grammarian has not always united a delicate taste and a fine imagination, to skill in analysing the language of ancient authors. Destitute of elegance, his disquisitions have been sullied with barbarous invective, and the angry

polemic has irreverently rushed into the vales of Helicon, scattering dismay through the peaceful haunts of Parnassus. But classical learning is sufficiently vindicated from the charges too commonly imputed to it. We may contrast the candour of Markland with the severity of Bentley, and the elegance of Heyne with the dryness of Burmann.

The performance now before us is calculated to remove impressions unfavourable to the study of verbal criticism, by the amiable spirit which pervades the annotations of the learned Professor, and by that happy union of philological erudition and cultivated taste for general literature, which distinguishes this elementary work from all others of a similar nature. The second volume of the Collectanea Majora, presented to the public in another edition more correct than the former one, and enriched with additional notes, deserves all the attention from instructors which has been given to the prose collection. The poetical Excerpta are divided into five parts. The first consists of selections from the heroic poets, from Homer, Hesiod, and Apollonius Rhodius. Those from Homer are exceedingly judicious, containing the whole first book of the Odyssey—the discovery of Ulysses to Alcinous in consequence of the strains of Demodicus—his departure from Calypso: the whole of the ninth book, which includes the most entertaining part of the hero's adventures—his descent to the shades, and the first meeting of Penelope and Ulysses after his return to Ithaca. The reader certainly has here an ample view of Homer's genius, as exhibited in the Odyssey. We are not, however, satisfied with the Professor's reason for omitting to present some specimen from the Iliad. Though this poem is in the possession of most students of the Greek tongue, we should have been highly gratified by a commentary on the more splendid parts of it from so deserving a critic. From Hesiod we have every thing which a man of taste can wish to peruse; the description of the Ages in the Opera and Dies, and the battle of the Titans in the Theogonia. We think the selections from Apollonius too copious. He is a poet by no means of the first class. Some few beauties from Quintus Calaber, or Tryphiodorus, might have supplied the place of part of them. The second part consists of the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, and the Medea of Euripides. It seems a defect to have given no specimen from Æschylus, and no example of the Greek comedy. An 'expurgata editio' of some parts of Aristophanes would have contributed to the improvement and entertainment of the pupil. The Third Part contains the principle beauties of Theocritus, and some pleasing compositions of Moschus and Bion. In the Fourth division, we have the Excerpta Lyrica, which are divided into Odes, Scholia and Pæans.

These selections are from various authors, and form an agreeable diversity. The same observation will apply to the miscellanies composing the Fifth part, and divided into Hymns, Γνῶμαι, and Epigrams. Upon the whole, although we have taken the liberty of suggesting some little improvement, a more amusing and instructive selection could scarcely be presented to the public.

The preface to this useful volume claims attention, as it contains some information respecting a consummate master in the critical art. The professor apologizes for not following the Medea of Euripides, as edited by Porson. This new edition of the *Collectanea* was printed before that eminent scholar had published the Tragedy. Dr. Raine, master of the Charter-House School, had however communicated to the Professor the other plays by Porson, before the publication of this second edition. His encomium on the critical abilities of that editor, is remarkable for its pure and elegant Latinity, and for the spirit and animation of the style.

In the proœm to the Notes, the Professor acknowledges his obligation to two of his friends in the most liberal manner, happy to avail himself of the learning and abilities of others, and not affecting an ostentatious display of his own acquisitions. Our readers will peruse the whole paragraph with pleasure, as a specimen of that candour and politeness, which ought ever to accompany an offering to the Muses. We assent also to the just praise bestowed on Dr. Young in this walk of literature. Had he never attempted to transgress into parts beyond his reach, we should have, on former occasions, been spared much trouble.

The notes upon Homer are preceded by an elegant dissertation on his life and writings. In this preliminary treatise, we have occasional glimpses of that accurate and profound erudition, which, to have displayed more fully, would have been foreign to the object of a book intended for novices in the study of antiquity. The reader is everywhere referred to authorities for more complete information. The following comprehensive view of Homer's merits, as a poet, is drawn with much judgment, and expressed in clear and pleasing language.

'Sed ne longiùs in campum hunc immensum progrediar (ubi quicunque Homerum justis laudibus prosequi aggressus fuerit finis ei circumspicienti nusquam apparere videtur) mihi tantùm observare liceat, quicquid animum humanum heroicorum facinorum admiratione in sublime rapiat, quicquid lætitiam, luctum, misericordiam, cæterosque affectus, quorum exercitatione aut is valde delectatur aut promovetur, excitet, id omne inesse carminibus Homeri. Neque effectus hi plani admirandi ex inconditâ rerum gestarum, descriptionum aut narrationum congerie oriuntur: sed in Iliade et Odysseâ exhibentur duo pul-

cherrima opera, quorum partes tum benè sunt dispositæ, omnesque tum apti inter se connexæ ut exempla adhuc absolutissima præbeant nobilissimi illius fatûs humani ingenii, epici nimirum vel heroici poematis.'

But to inquire into the merits of such discussions, would far exceed our limits. The dissertation is followed by a catalogue of the principal editions of the poet. The plan of annexing an account of the best editions of each author, is pursued throughout the volume, and cannot be too much commended. The peculiar excellence of the Professor's valuable performance, consists in the substitution of philological notes for Latin versions, which are often erroneous, and even when executed in the most perfect manner, convey little or no knowledge of the idiom of the Greek language. In the preface to the former edition, he begins with mentioning the propriety of rejecting translations for the assistance of pupils.

'Fuit jamdiu mihi persuasissimum, nihil ad ætatem juvenilem verâ linguæ Græcæ cognitione imbuendam plus collaturum, quàm ut præceptores, perpetuis interpretationibus Latinis repudiatis, annotationum philologicarum usum adoptarent.'

The notes which accompany each selection are chiefly extracted from the most eminent critics, who have illustrated the sense of ancient authors by grammatical accuracy and deep erudition. The reader becomes acquainted with the critical acumen of various scholars, and is thus enabled to estimate their comparative merits, and incited to make himself more familiar with their writings. In this collection of verbal criticisms, the foundation is laid for the most conspicuous attainments in Greek literature; the sources of more extensive information are pointed out to the pupil; and his improvement is everywhere consulted by the most ample instruction in matters involved in difficulty and obscurity. Nor is this the only merit to which the volume may lay claim. Provision has been made for the cultivation of a refined taste, as well as for a minute acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Greek language. The pleasures of imagination are not wholly sacrificed to verbal minutiæ, which, however important as the basis of a literary education, are but a means to a great end.

In his notes on Theocritus, the Professor directs his pupils to seek information on the subject of pastoral poetry.

'Cæterùm de poësi Bucolicâ multi scripsere. Est hoc quidem argumentum inter criticos satis tutum. Qui in eo versari cupit; præter has ingeniosas Wortoni et Heynii dissertationes adire potest.—Rapin, de Carm. Pastoral.—Dissert. sur l'Eclogue, par Fraguier.—Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. II. p. 132.—Pope's Discourse on Pasto-

ral Poetry.—The Rambler, No. 36. and 37. auctore Sam. Johnson.—Postea autum hicce vir celeberrimus si iniquissimum ostendit in hoc genus poësios in libro suo jucundissimo.—The Lives of the English Poets, ad fin.—Vitæ Joan. Gay,—et alibi passim.'

It is superfluous to remark, how greatly notes, containing so much literary information, must conduce to the improvement of the juvenile reader. We cannot close our observations, without expressing great obligation to the Professor for the outline, which he has presented, of the Iambic, Trochaic, and Anapæstic metres; a subject perplexed with so many considerable difficulties, but which are in some degree lessened by the ingenious scheme communicated to him by a friend. Upon this passage we beg leave to observe, that whether the canons of metrical criticism be perfectly established by Porson or not, that it is a very doubtful point. The exquisite learning and ingenuity of the preface to the Hecuba, are undeniable. But perhaps the rejection of the anapæst from the third seat of the Iambic verse, is only a probable doctrine.

'Jam loca' (says the author) quæ huic doctrinæ adversantur, tam pauca sunt, tam facilia emendatu pleraque, ut si unus et alter forte supersint, quibus nos mederi nequeamus, non idcirco sana judicanda sint.' (Præf. ad Hecub.)

But why have recourse to conjectural emendation to establish an hypothesis, when the very passages in question may be instances of negligent composition? The Comic poets, it is granted, are more licentious. May not the Tragic poets have sometimes indulged themselves in similar liberties? On these grounds, we think our Professor has too hastily admitted as certain, a canon, which ought to have been stated as dubious.

Upon the whole, we are happy in having the opportunity of recommending a work, which promises to diffuse the knowledge and love of Greek learning, which initiates the student in the arcana of the Muses, and tends in the most effectual manner to preserve a respect for those venerable monuments, to the existence of which we owe almost every thing noble and beautiful in the productions of modern genius.

ART. XXV. ΠΛΟΥΤΑΡΧΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΧΑΙΡΩΝΕΩΣ ΤΑ ΗΘΙΚΑ. Plutarchi Chæronensis Moralia, id est, Opera, exceptis Vitis, reliqua. Græca emendavit, notationem emendationem, et Latinam Xylandri interpretationem castigatam subjunxit, animadversiones explicandis rebus ac verbis, item indices copiosos, adjecit, Daniel Wyttenbach Hist. Eloq. Litt. Gr. et Lat. in illustri Athen. Amstelod. Professor. XI. Tom.* Oxonii, E Typographio Clarendoniano 1795—1802.

THOSE works of Plutarch, which are improperly styled his Morals, are very miscellaneous in their subjects, and various in their degrees of merit. They all, however, bear evident marks of an industrious mind, and a desire to be useful. Some of them are entitled to much higher praise: They discover an accurate and extensive knowledge of mankind, and the ability as well as the desire to communicate that knowledge, or to apply it to the interests of virtue.

If we consider the miscellaneous works of Plutarch in connection with his lives, the merits of which are more generally known and more easily appreciated, we shall not hesitate to consider him as one of the most useful and entertaining of the Greek writers.

It is surprising, therefore, that his works should have been so seldom edited during the last two centuries, and that, in most of the editions, there should have been displayed little of the skill and the industry of Criticism. This was particularly unfavourable to his miscellaneous works, in which the corruptions of the text are so frequent and so great, as to lessen the pleasure and instruction they would otherwise afford.

The edition of Henri Etienne, the most portable and convenient which has yet appeared, abounds with vacant spaces, which that editor was unable to fill up, and with corruptions so glaring and fatal as to defy the utmost license of conjectural emendation.

None of the editions which have appeared since that of Etienne, displayed a text much more full or correct. Few manuscripts seem to have been consulted, and little ingenuity exercised.

It was therefore with considerable satisfaction that the classical world beheld the publication of Plutarch's Treatise, *de Sera Numinis vindicta*, about thirty years ago, by Professor Wyttenbach. Their satisfaction was much increased, when they beheld the

---

* There are properly speaking only five volumes; but they are divided into so many parts, as to be bound in eleven.

There are three editions; one in 4to, and two in different sized 8vo.

manner in which he edited that tract, and received his promise of an entire edition of Plutarch, executed in the same manner, and with the same exertion of industry and talent.

Part of this great and difficult work is now completed. The eleven volumes already published, comprehend the text of the Morals, a Latin version, and various readings. The Professor means to publish separately the Notes and Indices, and afterwards to proceed to the Lives.

We have thought it advisable to notice the part already published, without waiting even for the notes; because such a corrected edition of the text as this appears to be, cannot be known or appreciated too soon; and because, from the great length of time which has been consumed on these volumes, the publication of the notes appears precarious or distant.

This work is dedicated, very briefly, to the University of Oxford, at whose press it was printed.

The first volume commences with a very long preface, consisting of 145 pages, divided into chapters, and subdivided into sections.

This preface to all will appear too long, and frequently too minute and tedious, and to some entirely without interest. But it will be read with avidity and advantage by the classical scholar, to whom every thing which proves the authenticity and genuineness of his favourite writings, or which exalts their character, or removes their obscurities, is important.

It will not be without its use or interest to the philosopher, who wishes to trace the productions of human industry and skill through all the stages of their progressive improvement, and to enter into the motives and the views, the hopes and the fears, which have operated during that time.

For these reasons, and in order to relieve the dryness of verbal criticism, we shall pay particular attention to the contents of the preface, and make extracts from it, where it is remarkably interesting.

Delighted and astonished with the exuberant eloquence of Plato, the learned Professor still felt that he had gained little real and useful knowledge, and turned his attention to the unadorned but more solid writings of Plutarch.

The difficulty which at first retarded his progress, and almost repelled him, afterwards became the point of attraction, and the source of pleasure.

'Qui (Plutarchus) me, fatebor enim, primo sua quadnam difficultate rejiciebat; postea eo magis alliciebat, quo magis ad ejus familiaritatem proficerem. Animadvertebam quotidie, quantam illa patefaciendæ intelligentiæ difficultas, patefactæ suavitatem ferret:

quantam illa nominibus verbisque et tralatis et efficacibus referta, ac per complures enunciationes continuata oratio præstantiam haberet figurarum et sententiarum, cum ex ipsa natura expressarum, tum ex omni doctrinæ genere delibatarum.' Præf. p. 12.

This may be called the language of pedantry or prejudice, of zeal without knowledge; but it expresses, more or less fully the sentiments of all, who possess that ardour and perseverance of mind, before which the difficulties of literature and science vanish. That truth which is easily discovered, seldom gives much pleasure, or tends to much good.

He describes very fully the progress, the difficulties which he met, and the encouragement and advice he received.

He exhibits a striking proof of the imperfection of human foresight, or the weakness of human resolution and perseverance, even in men habituated to exertion.

He hoped to have finished the publication of the Morals within ten years after the publication of his Specimen. This calculation he made, from considering the time which he had employed on it. But thirty years, instead of ten, elapsed before the completion of his design.

The labour which he appears to have bestowed on his grand work is immense, and must have protracted its publication. He not only performed the customary duties of an editor in comparing editions, and collating manuscripts, but he read, with great care, almost every author of antiquity. As a proof at once of his knowledge of Greek literature, and the care and industry which he added to that knowledge, it may be mentioned, that he occupied eight months in the perusal of Athenæus, whom, when he had not his edition in view, he had read in fifteen days. A man who can peruse a Greek author with so much rapidity, and yet, when it is necessary, can devote so much time and attention to it, is well qualified for an editor.

In order to facilitate his progress, he undertook the tedious and laborious work of index-making. Of those he completed four: the first, of words; the second, of modes of construction; the third, of authors and passages mentioned by Plutarch; and the last, of the names of men, &c.

With regard to the means he followed for amending the text, he acknowledges that he first employed conjectural criticism.

'Erat enim ferax emendationis partæ accurata lectione auctoris: erat eadem laboris pars jucundissima, nec labor potius quam condimentum laboris.' Præf. p. 23.

But he had also recourse to all the editions and manuscripts within the reach of himself or his friends; and he gives a striking instance of the happy effects of the acuteness of conjectural criticism, when joined to careful collation, in restoring a corrupted passage.

'In libello περὶ τῦ λάθι βιώσας, Ed. Gr. Lat. p. 1130. E. Steph. p. 2071. ita legitur: οὐδὲν ἐστιν ὑπόλειμμα νώμανος τοῖς τεθνηκόσι τιμωρίας ὅπερ ἐστιν ἀνίατόν δίξασθαι δυνάμενον. Cætera satis sunt plane: sed quid illud ὅπέρ ἐστιν? Possit quis ita sententiam accipere: "Mortuis nullæ sunt corporum reliquiæ, quæ possunt *illud quantum est* solidi supplicii suscipere." Probabilis est sententia, nec in Latina interpretatione tantum duri habet quantum in Græca Plutarchi oratione. Ergo lectio fertur, vera habetur. At veteribus libris conferendis vidi exstare αἴπερ ἐστιν in Aldina et Basiliensibus editionibus, item in plerisque meis codicibus scriptis: at istud nullo modo intelligi poterat: igitur antiquus jam corrector mutavit in ὅπερ ἐστιν, quod patet ex collectionibus Schotti, collationibus Jannotti, et libro Poli, in quibus est ὑπέρ ἐστιν. Stephanus, qui ex his libris suæ ipsæ editionis scripturam constituebat, hoc arripuit et edidit. Equidem ut vidi veterem lectionem αἴπερ ἐστιν, ita ex ea cognovi veram lectionem ἀπίρητον, quam recipi: et Xylandri interpretationem, neque reliquiæ corporum sunt post mortem, quæ cruciatus sustinere possint: ita leniter correxi et immutavi, retentis quoad ejus fieri poterat plurimis verbis: neque reliquiæ sunt corporum post mortem, quæ cruciatus inflictionem solidi capere possent.' Præf. p. 29.

He seems to have been very industrious and fortunate in the procuring of manuscripts. He laments that he could bestow no more than half a year on the collation of those which he found in the royal library of Paris; and gives this concise but full account of all which he consulted.

'Defungimur iis notitiis, quas nostro ipsi usu collegimus. Videmur nobis quatuor recensiones et ætates Moralium deprehendisse. Prima est ante seculum xiii. ex qua ætate sunt Moscuenses valde illi mendosi, iisque haud paulo meliores Parisienses D. et F. iisdem tamen lacunis, quibus Aldina et Basilienses editiones affecti. Altera est sub finem sæculi xiii. recuperata a Græcis Constantinopoli, libris Plutarcheis et Vitis et Moralibus in unum volumen collectis, cujusmodi est Codex A, scriptus anno 1296, cum quidem librarii non tam emendata lectionis, quam collectionis omnium, qui reperiri possent, librorum, rationem habuerunt. Tertia est Codicis E, qui eundem librorum numerum, sed lectionem scripturamque magis sinceram habet, petitam ex vetustioribus ac melioribus libris: scriptus sæculo xiv. ineunte: ejusdem generis est Palatineus, in symposiacis etiam melior, quippe quas Codex E, a deteriore ac posteriore manu scriptas habet: cæterum aliis in libris cæteros ejusdem ætatis codices multum superans. Quarta exstat in Codice B, cui major etiam adhibita est emendationis cura quæsitæ ex

pluribus et antiquioribus exemplis: numeri et summæ librorum Plutarcheorum non item habita ratio. Sequuntur codices sæculi xv. fere omnes in Italia descripti e codicibus recensionis secundæ, id est, Codicis A adhibitis forte uno alteroque in libro, aliis exemplis: ex hoc genere sunt codices, Bessarionis, Veneti, unde princeps editio Aldina expressa est.' Præf. p. 76.

In the first section of the third chapter, he gives a list of writers who have either mentioned Plutarch, or quoted his writings. The Professor here displays an accuracy and wideness of research, which does credit to his learning and industry; and gives a perfect specimen of the mode of exhibiting that kind of historical evidence on which we must ground our belief in the genuineness and authenticity of the ancient authors. He begins with the second century, and proceeds regularly down to the fifteenth, that is, to the invention of printing. In the second section, he enumerates and estimates the different editions, versions, animadversions, and commentaries.

In his account of the seventh century, he mentions the capture of Alexandria by the Saracens, and gives an opinion respecting the probable loss which literature sustained, from the destruction of its famous library, which, as it appears to us to be new and well founded, we shall give; and, as it may be interesting to some of our readers who have no turn for classical learning, we shall translate it.

'Alexandria having been taken by the Saracens in the year 641, its celebrated library was then destroyed: we shall not inquire how; the fact is certain. It will be more to our purpose to inquire, whether many of the writings of Plutarch, and other ancient authors, then perished; whether the learned world sustained as great a loss as is commonly imagined; and whether, if that library had not been destroyed, we should have had at present, either the books it contained, or copies of them. I am not of this opinion. In the first place, it is highly probable, that, before the invasion of the Saracens, many of the ancient manuscripts contained in that library had perished, through the neglect of transcribing them; and that great part of the manuscripts, at the time of its destruction, were new, and on ecclesiastical subjects. Besides, it is very likely that there were copies in Greece of most of the Alexandrian manuscripts, which might have been preserved, if proper care had been taken in transcribing them. The sloth of the Greeks, and the inattention which was then, and for long afterwards, manifested towards literature, were the causes of the loss of more works, than all the barbarians: so that, if the Saracens had either not taken Alexandria, or had sent all the books into Greece, we should not have been more fortunate.' Præf. p. 57.

Reiske is one of the latest editors of Plutarch. His edition, however, disappointed the expectations of those who were not

acquainted with his situation and character. The *res angusta domi*, the irritability of his temper, and the unsettledness of his disposition, made him constantly dependent on the booksellers; and he was therefore more anxious to do much, than to do well.

We shall conclude our extracts from the preface, with the character which the Professor draws of Reiske; because all may discover in it the hand of a master, and those who have read his works, and the particular and full account of his life, published soon after his death, will acknowledge the likeness to be just and impartial; and because the Professor appears from it to have followed a maxim, highly necessary to be observed in every department of literature, but by scarcely any more trespassed, than by the editors of the classics—*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas.*

'Omnino ex omnibus ingenii facultatibus judicium, sive datum a natura sive negatum, minime excoluerat Reiskius. Judicium dico eam facultatem quæ res confusas distinguit, quid cuique proprium et consequens sit perspicit, et verum a falso accurate distinguit. Hæc in Reiskio facultas non apparuit: minus etiam ea facultas, qua id quod verum judicasset, oratione subtiliter, ordine, perspicue, explicaret. Sensus veri in Reiskio fuit: quidquid ad hunc sensum accideret eumque verisimilitudinis specie percuteret, hoc continuo probabat, hoc amplectebatur: sententiamque si scriptione proderet, eam quasi projiciebat cum impetu, duriter et subito. Nam lenioribus illis cum judicio conjunctis mentis partibus minus utebatur, ratione, subtilitate, industria, assiduitate: semper actuosus ex alio in aliud involebat, ejusdem operis diu persequendi satietatem fugiens, doctrinæ copias in adversaria congerere negligebat: itaque nullo fere apparatu instructus ad auctores vel emendandos vel edendos accedebat. At valebat memoriæ bonitate, infinita lectione Græcæ linguæ scientia, usu collecta illa, non ad rationem conformata: valebat ingenii velocitate et acumine, subito movebatur, impetu ferebatur: cumque ita incitatus omnes locos, de quibus dubitaret, emendando attingeret, in plerisque a proposito aberrabat, alios probabiliter tractabat, nonnullos penitus complectebatur et certissima restituebat conjectura quæ plane divinitu oblata videbatur——in nullo auctore habitabat: vagabatur per omnes: nec apud quenquam tamdiu divertebat, ut in paulo interiorem ejus consuetudinem se insinuaret: itaque per festinationem omnia arripiebat: sana, corrupta, obscura, difficilia, corrigere tentabat, mutabat, transponebat, demebat, addebat de suo: hæc in charta notabat, et in vulgus prodebat: et plane ut alter Lucilius—*in hora sæpe ducentas* faciebat correctiones *stans pede in uno.* Et tamen, *cum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles:* non ille quidem *garrulus* sed *piger scribendi ferre laborem; scribendi recte: nam ut multum, nil moror.*' Præf. pp. 129, 130.

—'Nunquam eum vidi. Sed conciliavit commune litterarum studium, postremis ejus annis, quamdam inter nos per epistolas notitiam et

consuetudinem. Favebat nascenti meæ laudi. Accedebant animi virtutes, quæ eum commendarent: in quibus excellebat candor et veritatis amor. Ergo et vivum dilexi, et mortui memoriam cum benevolentia colui. Et quando nunc de eo dicendum fuit, ita me ejus memoriæ consulturum existimavi, si nec dicerem nec tacerem quidquam contra animi ipse mei sententiam, nec vel verum detraherem viro laudem vel falsam tribuerem.' Præf. p. 134.

In the last chapter of the preface, he particularises what he has performed in this edition. He here speaks the language of a man conscious of his own industry and talents, and capable of estimating fairly the value of his labours. We shall therefore enter minutely into the contents of this chapter, because from it the reader may infer, what he may justly expect, and because it will render it unnecessary to protract this article, and render it dry, by a critical examination of every volume. After having given the author's account of his labours, and declared that, from an attentive examination of them, it appears to be just, we shall merely quote a few passages, which he has been particularly fortunate in correcting, and some, where he appears to us to be mistaken.

He professes to have considered the Aldine edition as the foundation of his. Conjectural criticisms he has rarely indulged in or admitted, except where they were supported by other editions, or agreed with the conjectures of other learned men. In forming his conjectures, he very properly has considered, what most probably the author wrote, rather than what he ought to have written; a rule by which some of the commentators on Shakspeare might greatly have profited: And, lest the text might have been injured by his conjectures, he has given, in the annotations, the old and common reading, and the correction which he proposes.

He has followed Stephen's edition in the order of the treatises.

The annotations are of three kinds: *first*, where a new reading is received; *secondly*, where a conjectural reading is proposed; and, *thirdly*, where the authority of the common reading is doubtful, or where another equally probable is produced. He never has admitted a new reading, without having given the common one, that is, the one to be found in Stephen's edition.

He has adopted the Latin version of Xylander; and has endeavoured to render it less imperfect, in what appears to him the three great requisites of a Latin version; that it express faithfully the meaning of the author; that the Latinity be pure and correct; and that it be as much as possible literal and follow the peculiarities of the author in his phrases and construction.

He acknowledges to have had the use of as many manuscripts, as ever were brought to the elucidation of any Greek author; but he professes to have paid attention to them, more because they were manuscripts, than because they were necessary. He has been religiously scrupulous in giving to every former editor the merit of those emendations which he first proposed; and speaks with proper abhorrence of those who are silent, where praise is due to another, and name only in order to censure.

Such is the preface; and from the sketch of its contents, and the extracts from it, which we have given, we think the candid and learned reader will join with us in the character we gave of it, and be induced to peruse the whole.

The preface is followed by an account of the different manuscripts and editions which he has used, and a list of the marks or abbreviations by which he designates them in his Notes; and by a full, and apparently complete enumeration of the different editions of Plutarch's works, either altogether or separately, which have been published.

We think he has been too scrupulous in not admitting into the text the reading of the following passage, which he mentions in the note.

'ὡς ἰις τ᾽ὴ παϊδικῆ δικαιοπραγίαν τρία δεῖ συνδραμεῖν, φύσιν, καὶ λόγον, καὶ ἔθος. Καλῶ δὲ λόγον μὲν τὴν μάθησιν· ἔθος δὲ, τὴν ἄσκησιν. Εἰσὶ δὲ αἱ μὲν ἀρχαὶ, τῆς μαθήσεως.

'Amiotus ita vertit ac si legerit, *ἰσοὶ δὲ αἱ μὲν ἀρχαὶ τῆς φύσεως, αἱ δὲ πρόκοπαὶ τῆς μαθήσεως*· et ita sententia auctoris plane postulare videtur. Atque ita est cum in Heusingeri una editione ex priore quadam Germanica, unde illa expressa est: tum in Augustano codice, ut quidem testatur Schneiderus. Equidem religioni mihi duxi quidquam mutare atque hæc verba recipere, quum absint ab omnibus omnino et editis et scriptis quibus utor libris, atque adeo a Fabricii et editione et codicibus.'

It seems wrong not to receive a reading confessedly necessary to the sense, and supported by one manuscript; merely because the editor had seen no copies in which it was to be found. Not only what immediately precedes, but what follows the words in question, make it highly probable that the reading in the note is genuine.

'Η μὲν γὰρ φύσις ἄτευ μαθήσεως, τυφλόν· ἡ δὲ μάθησις δίχα φύσεως, ἐλλιπές· ἡ δὲ ἄσκησις χωρὶς ἀμφοῖν, ἀτελές.' Tom. i. p. 4.

We differ from him, but with hesitation and doubt, respecting the necessity of the reading of the following passage.

'Εἰ δὲ τις οἴεται, τοὺς μὲ εὖ πεφυκότας, μαθήσεως καὶ μελέτης τυχόντας ὀρθῆς πρὸς ἀρετὴν, μὲ ἂν τὴν τῆς φύσεως ἐλάττωσιν ἰις τελειχόμενον ἀναδραμεῖν, ἴστω, &c.

'ἀναδραμεῖν) Legendum ἀναλαβεῖν. quanquam vulgatum in omnibus meis exstat libris et scriptis et editis.' p. 5.

ἀναλαβεῖν would certainly suit the passage, but *ἀναδραμεῖν, to surmount,* seems equally applicable.

'Μεγάλη τοι ῥοπὴ πρὸς ἀρετῆς κύσιν ἐστιν, καὶ ἤθη, &c.
'κύσιν) Ita omnes libri. Auctor aut scripsit, aut scribere debuit, κλῆσιν.' p. 8.

The author perhaps ought to have written κλῆσιν, as less harsh and more strictly applicable; but *κύησιν, conception, production* is, sufficiently correct and intelligible.

'Ἐχω δὲ δι' εἰκόνος παραστῆσαι τὴν ἰμασθῆ γνωμήν· ὥσπερ περιπλεῦσαι μὲν πολλὰς πόλεις καλὸν, ἐνοικῆσαι δὲ τῇ κρείσσῃ χρήσιμον.
'ὥσπερ γὰρ περιπλεῦσαι μὲν) Malim περιπλεῦσαι μὲν γάρ. ita nil desirabitur ad sententiæ absolutionem.' p. 24.

This appears to us a happy conjecture: and also the following.

'καιεδάν πολὶ εὐφρεϊνωΐαι, ταῖς ἐπιπλαξιν ἐν αἰχυνῇ ποτεῖνθαι. Forte legendum ἀφραίνωσι.' p. 30.
'Οτι ὥτως ὠδὲν γενᾶν καὶ τρίφειν ὡς ἡ μνημὴ πίφυκε.' Excidit forte παιδεῖαι. aut corrigendum γνῶσιν ἐκτρίφειν.' p. 33.

Either will suit the sense: the latter seems more probable.

'Τὸν γὰρ ἀρχιμάγειρον Εὐτροπίωνα γεγενημένον ἐν τάξει ἐπιμέλας, παραγενέσθαι πρὸς αὐτὸν ἠξίω, &c. Jubebat is per Eutropionem coquorum principem qui munus aliquod gesserat, ad se venire Theocritum, &c. Xylandri versionem correxi ad sententiam forte veram. Locus nec perspicuus, nec satis certus est.' p. 38.

But it is sufficiently plain, if it be translated in the following manner, which the words will certainly bear: 'He requested Theocritus to come to him, having sent Eutropion, who had been his chief cook, on this errand.'

To the common title of the treatise, *Περὶ τῆ ἀκούειν,* he adds, *τῶν φιλοσόφων,* on the authority of the index to Plutarch's works, which is supposed, and with great probability, from the testimony of Suidas, to have been written by Lamprias, the son of Plutarch. The argument of this tract, and the idiom of the Greek language, require this addition.

As a proof of the advantage which the text has received from the extensive and careful reading of the Greek authors, by which the Professor prepared himself for the office of an editor, we quote the following passage:

'Τοῖς μὲν ἂν ὅρισι τὰς ὑπνίμους λοχίτας καὶ ὠδῖνας ἀτελῶν τινων καὶ ἀψύχων ὑπολειμμάτων ἀρχὰς λέγουσιν εἶναι.'
'ὑπολειμμάτων) Non dubitavi recipere ex uno D. accedit auctoritas Aristotelis Hist. Animal. l. vi. c. 2. vulgo ὑπολημμάτων, quod ex hoc loco laudat Stephanus. Thes. Gr. tom. ii. p. 582.' p. 147.

By comparing the passage in the treatise Περὶ Πολυφιλίας, in this edition, p. 366. Επει δ' ἡ αληθινη, with the passage as it stands in Stephen's edition, Tom. i. p. 163, the reader will perceive how a long and intricate sentence, evidently incorrect in many places, has been restored to a clear meaning, and most probably the very words of the author, by extracting from different faulty readings what was good in each, with the assistance of two words of skilful conjecture.

Tom. i. pars 2. p. 528. § 21. 'ἀκριβεῖς καὶ τεταγμένας τινὰς ἐκ περιοδῶ κριτικὰς ἐμβάλλοντες ἀσιτίας, οὐκ ὀρθῶς τὴν φύσιν μὴ δεομένην διδάσκουσι θεῖσθαι συστολὴν καὶ ποιεῖν ἀναγκαίαν τὴν οὐκ ἂν ἀναγκαίαν ὑφαίρεσιν, ἐν καιρῷ ζητούμενον ἔθος ἀπαιτοῦντι.'

This passage, which is extremely difficult, both from the words and the construction, and which in Xylander's version is unintelligible, he thus translates:

'Statas quasdam, certa tempore conversione quasi decretoria, interponunt cibi abstinentias: temere assuefacientes naturam, cum non indigeat, indigere coarctatione, et subductione sibi, minime, clam necessariam, reddere necessariam in tempore adscititiam consuetudine desiderante. Κριτικὴ ἀσιτία est decretoria cibi abstinentia, ut dies decretorius medicorum, vulgo κρίσιμος ἡμέρα, rarius κριτικὴ ἡμέρα. Forte legendum περιοδῶ κριτικῆς.'

—— p. 594. Symposion.

'Διὸ καὶ Κλειόβυλον ἡ πρὸς τὸν Φρύγιον αὐλὸν τερπόμενος κτημὴ ἁρμόττοντα ἂν ἔξει θαυμάσιον ἕκατι κρούσιος· ἄστε θαυμάζειν τὸν ὄγον, εἰ παχύτατος καὶ ἀμουσότατος ὢν ἄλλα, λεπτότατον καὶ μουσικώτατον ἔστιον παρίχεται.

'In loco desperato, cui nil medicinæ præbent codices, licet audacius periclitari: non qui eum sanari a nobis confidamus: sed ut aliosin vestigio reperiundi certioris remedii ponamus. Igitur adhuc probabilis mihi visa est hæc mutatio. Κλειοβυλίνη πρὸς τὸν Φρύγιον αὐλὸν εἶπε, Νεβρύγιον κτημὴ κεκραβέλον ὡς ἔσ' ἕκατι κρούσιος· ἄστε θαυμάζειν τὸν ὄγκ. κ. τ. λ. Cleobulina dixit de Phrygia tibia, Hinnulea tibia duræ auri placuit propter ictum, seu crepitum.'

From this proposed emendation we dissent, for the following reasons. Κλειόβυλος, the father, is more probable than Κλειοβυλίνη, the daughter. The latter would more probably have been called Eumetis, the name by which she is mentioned in the list prefixed to this dialogue, and by which her father called her. vide p. 585. The daughter does not appear from any other passage to have taken any part in the conversation. The verb ἄδω, (ἀδίω, ἀνδάνω,) *placeo*, requires a dative case: but all the MSS. have ὡς. vid. Herodot. Thal. Hom. Iliad, γ. ver. 748, &c.

Lastly, The connection between the latter and the former part of the observation is loose, or rather entirely broken.

These objections, we think, will be done away, by the following reading, which, at the same time, requires less alteration of the common text.

'Κλεόβουλος πρὸς τὸν Φρύγιον αὐλὸν (εἶπε subaud.) εἰ νεβρόγενος κνημὴ παραβόλου ὗας ἔξει, θαυμάζειν, ἅτατι κράσεως· ὥστε θαυμάζειν τὸν ὄνον, εἰ κ. τ. λ.'

'Cleobulus remarked of the Phrygian flute, that he was surprised the bone of a stag should make an impression on the dullest ear by its noise, as he was surprised that the ass, &c.' ἔξει seems a much more proper expression than ἦσε, when applied to the effect produced by mere loudness on dull ears.

That both circumstances should be matter of surprise is much more rational, than that Cleobulus, after having remarked that the bone of a stag pleased the dullest ear by its noise, should express his surprise that the bone of an ass produced the softest music. —'ὥστε θαυμάζειν ut mirari subeat.' This version, which the Professor gives, makes his proposed emendation still less agreeable to the sense.

Tom. ii. p. 98. 'γίνεσθαι γὰρ αὐτοῖς τρόπον τινὰ καὶ φύσει. Locus mancus, ut vere monuit Xylander. Puto corrigendum γίνεται γὰρ αὖθις τρόπον τινὰ ἡ φύσις.'

—— p. 399. 'Καλυδώνιος οἶνος. Legendum Χαλαβώνιος. Vinum Syriæ celebratum. Monuit et J. Toup. cur. nov. in Suid. p. 145.'—See also Strabo, L. 15. and Hesychius, who mention it as wine so excellent, that the Persian kings drank no other. See also Athen. L. 1. c. 22. and Casaub. in loc.

—— pars 2. p. 797. A. 12. 'παραμίνωσιν. Revocavi ex Ald. Bas. pro pervulgato in Plutarchi codicibus παρδίνωσιν.'

It can hardly be inferred from the passage in Herodotus, here referred to by Plutarch, (Melp. p. 253. edit. Stephan. 1592.) whether the Scythians deprived their slaves of their eyes, in order that they might not run away, or to make them better qualified for their work: as they were employed solely in stirring the milk, the Scythians most probably considered the loss of sight as no injury, and as a sure mode of keeping them.

—— p. 796. E. 3. ἐναλλὰξ occurs, Aristoph. Nub. ver. 979.

—— p. 472. 'πολλαχῇ κεῖσθαι λεγομένῳ τῷ σώματος. Ἄβυδοι ἴσως ἢ Μέμφιν ὀνομάζεσθαι πολίχνην λέγουσιν ὡς μόνην τὸ ἀληθινὸν ἔχουσαν.

'Locus turbatus. Primo delenda Ἄβυδοι ἴσως ἢ Μέμφιν. auctoritate quatuor codicum. A. E. Flor. Petav. Tum reliqua ita constituenda. πολλαχῇ γὰρ κεῖσθαι λεγομένῳ τῷ σώματι, ὀνομάζεσθαι πολίχνην λέγουσιν ὡς μόνην τὸ ἀληθινὸν ἔχουσαν.

—— p. 441. 'Τὰ ἄλλα μὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποις ὁ θεὸς ὧν δίδοται δίδωσιν, οἰκεῖα κεκτημένος ταῦτα καὶ χρώμενος.

'Locus mutilus, ita supplendus e vestigiis scripturæ et Eustathio in Anst. Ethic. l. vi. p. 98. Τά ἄλλα μὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώπους ὁ Θεὸς ὧν δίδωσιν, τοῦτο δὲ καὶ φρονήσεως μεταδίδωσιν, οἵοις κεκτημένοις ταῦτα καὶ χρώμενος.'

—— p. 536. 'Καθόλου ἀμείνων ὅτος ἐστιν, ὥσπερ καὶ Πλάτων ὑποτοῖ καὶ Αριστοτέλης. κινεῖται δὲ τῆς φύσεως τὸ μὲν γόνιμον καὶ σωτήριον ἐπ' αὐτὸν, καὶ πρὸς τὸ εἶναι, τὸ δὲ ἀνιαρετικὸν καὶ φθαρτικὸν, ὑπ' αὐτοῦ, καὶ πρὸς τὸ μὴ εἶναι.

'Corrigo. Καθόλου δὲ ἄμεινον, οὕτως ὥσπερ καὶ Πλάτων ὑποτοῖ καὶ Αριστοτέλης, κινεῖσθαι τῆς φύσεως τὸ μὲν γόνιμον καὶ σωτήριον ἐπὶ τὸ ὂν καὶ τὸ εἶναι. τὸ δὲ. αν. κ. φθ. ἀπ' αὐτοῦ καὶ πρὸς τὸ μὴ εἶναι.'

The learned reader will agree with us, that the text has received great assistance in the passages quoted, from the Professor's skill in conjectural criticism, his accurate and extensive learning, and his industry in collating different readings, and his knowledge in selecting the text. In the last quoted passage, however, we should be inclined to differ from him, in one part. ἐπὶ τὸ ὄν seems very nearly if not exactly the same as ἐπὶ τὸ εἶναι, and does not contrast the different parts of Nature sufficiently: would not ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτὸ be preferable? the sense of the passage would then be complete: that part of Nature which is creative and preservative is moved to the same place, and to existence: the destructive and corruptive part is moved from the same place, and to nonexistence.—Vid. Aristot. de Longit. et Brev. Vit. c. 3. et Natural. Auscul. L. v. de Motu, c. 1. 2. 3.

As we are unwilling to protract this article by more quotations, we shall, in our examination of the remainder, merely refer to the passages, where the Professor has displayed his reading, industry, or skill, to greatest advantage as an editor of Plutarch, and where we differ from him.

—— p. 569. F. 6. 657. E. 4. 753. B. 3.

Tom. iii. p. 169. E. 9. The treatise, De Fato, in this volume, p. 189. is remarkably corrupt in all the MSS. and printed copies: and here the Professor acknowledges, he has admitted the most probable of his conjectures into the text. We therefore examined his text in this tract with particular attention, and, on the whole, think the alterations not only assist the sense, but approach very nearly to what may be supposed to have been the expressions of Plutarch.

—— 428. D. 7. 490. F. 4. 500. B. 8. 501. C. 9. 609. E. 4. 632. C. 3. In this last passage, we think the following reading preferable to his οὐκ ἄκρατον ἀλλ' οἶνος καὶ ὕδατος τῇ κράσει. or, with the insertion of οὐκ, and the changing of ἄκρατον into ἀκράτῳ, which he proposes, we think Xylander's ἀλλ', ιειω, or Junius's ἀλλ', ιω, much more likely than the common one* which he retains, ἀλλ' ἀοίνω, and we cannot concur with him in his remark on it—'Nec inelegans dictu ἀοινος οινος.'

* Vid. Plin. Hist. Nat. lxxi. c. 8. lxxxvii. c. 6. & 9.

—— 672. B. 7. 736. E. 1. 753. B. 1. 841. D. 11. 857. C. 2. 1081. E. 6.

—— pars 2. p. 741. F. 6. '*ἐξόχειε*'—we should prefer *ἐξυήκειε*, as more conformable to the adjective and to the opposite noun *δυσήκειε*. —Vid. Diosc. L. 11. et Plut. *εν τῷ εἰ πρεσβυῖς πολιτευ*:

Tom. iv. p. 12. B. 8. 265. C. 9. The reading proposed here in the note, appears to us neither so probable, nor to express the sense so fully, as the following—*και καρπὸν μέσον—ἀλλὰ μίγαλα.*—

—— p. 336. A. 4. 461. F. 9. —pars. 2. p. 852. A. 3. 988. E. 7.

Tom. v. p. 12. E. 8. 21. B. 5. Here he has been too scrupulous in not admitting the reading given in the note, with the text. No future editor will, we imagine, hesitate, but receive it, without, most probably, either mentioning who first proposed it, or the authorities on which it rests.

—— p. 104. C. 9. 253. F. 7. 273. E. 1. — pars 2. p. 324. F. 7. 377. E. 14. 480. B. 2. 651. D. 4.

The Third part of the Fifth tome, which makes the eleventh volume, and completes the Works, contains Fragments of Plutarch, and several Treatises, which have either not been published till lately, or printed very seldom: most of which are wanting in the editions of Plutarch's Morals. The Professor, here, has had more than common occasion for his reading and acuteness, and has displayed them to great advantage: a few references, however, to this volume must suffice.

Tom. v. pars 3. p. 895. B. 5. 1010. E. 3. 1138. C. 3. 1146. B. 5. 1266. C. 1.

We think we have adduced sufficient proofs of the character we have given of this edition. Many passages are still corrupt; many words wanting; and some of the supposed readings may not to every critic appear to be supported by sufficient authority: but, on the whole, the miscellaneous works of Plutarch have perhaps received as much emendation as can well be expected, when we consider the state of the common text, the failure of assistance from manuscripts, in many passages where the most bold conjecturist would be at a loss, and, compared with these advantages, the text which the Professor has given.

We cannot conclude this article, till we have entered our protest against the editing of the Greek classics with Latin versions: we hoped, from a few works which were published here, and on the Continent, that the practice was about to be discontinued—But it is not so. The reasons alleged, will appear strong and convincing only to those, who interest themselves more in the sale of the book, than in the advantage which classical literature may derive from it.

Warton, in his observations on Pope, after having quoted, in Greek, a passage from Aristotle, de Mundo, laments, that the state of Greek literature in this island is such, as to render it necessary to add a Latin version. We hope the same imputation cannot now be made with equal justice: but, if it can, the only mode of effacing it, is by taking away the temptation and the assistance of a Latin translation: the room which it occupies, nearly doubles the size, and consequently the price of a book, and might certainly be filled to more advantage and utility by a judicious selection of notes. We would even object to notes, if they were very numerous, or minute: those difficulties should be left unexplained, which would merely exercise and improve the knowledge and acuteness of the reader. There should be rather too few for the ignorant, or idle, than too many for the industrious scholar. Schutz, in his excellent edition of Æschylus, has erred in this respect: but, in annotating such an author as Æschylus, the error is more pardonable. Most other classical authors might be given to the world, with every requisite note, in less bulk, and at less expense, than they are increased to by the Latin version.

The university of Oxford has done itself much honour by the encouragement it gave to Wyttenbach, and by the correct and elegant manner, in which it has published his Plutarch.

ART. XXVI. *Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S. E. late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. &c.* By Professor Dugald Stewart, F.R.S.E. London. Cadell and Davis. 1801. pp. 307.

THE few preliminary remarks which we have to suggest upon the plan of this very interesting performance, are dictated by the highest veneration for the memory of that illustrious man who is the subject of the publication; and tempered by the most unfeigned respect for the personal character and literary talents of his biographer. Indeed, when we consider how much Professor Stewart must have reflected upon the nature of a species of composition that has occupied so large a share of his attention, we deliver our opinion upon this point with real diffidence, inasmuch as it differs very materially from the sentiments which he appears to entertain.

We have heard of various kinds of biography enumerated by superficial thinkers. We are told of the life of the man, as distinct from the life of the author; and literary is thus separated from personal biography. In this division or arrangement we cannot by any means acquiesce. It appears to us, in the first place, that the literary and the personal history of an author are as closely connected together, as the public and private

life of a warrior or a statesman. What, indeed, is an author, but a public character, who has made himself known to mankind by his influence on their minds, as the general or the minister has distinguished his name by the effects of his measures upon the destinies of the world? His writings are his memorable achievements; his victories are gained over prejudice, ignorance, and error: the laws which he gives, and the sway which he exercises, are extended over the opinions of men. We may observe, in the next place, that to separate the public from the private history of a general or statesman, would be to omit exactly one part of his story; a part, too, so intimately connected with the whole, that no opinion whatever could be formed of the personage so imperfectly depicted. The distinction between the military and civil life of a man, who, like Marlborough or Frederic, united the eminent qualities of both stations, would be as just a principle of arrangement as that which we are considering. We can understand the plan of the historian who writes the history of Frederic's campaigns, and leaves another to narrate the civil events of his reign. The former intends merely to detail those military occurrences in which Frederic bore a more distinguished part than any other individual; and he connects his subject with the Prussian warrior, in order to limit its extent, and give it a sort of unity. In like manner, the historian of his civil actions chooses for his theme another branch of the Germanic history, connecting its different parts, and bounding the whole subject by the relation of the leading figure to the rest of the group, and by his duration upon the stage. But both the one and the other of those historians leave to a third writer the biography of Frederic; that is, the narrative of which Frederic forms the paramount object, which is undertaken on his account, and embraces other men and things only from their relation to him. Of this narrative, the private character and actions of the prince form an essential part; and to separate them from his conduct as a statesman and a warrior, would be as inconsistent with the idea of biography, as to denominate an account of his campaigns, or a summary of his civil reforms, a history of Frederic the Second. In like manner, it seems inconsistent with the idea of biographical composition to confine the narrative to the history of an author's works, that is, his public achievements, while his private conduct, and his personal deeds, remain unnoticed. This is a worse than useless subdivision of a subject, which appears to be undoubtedly one, and simple. It is a separating and frittering down, which distorts and confuses; prevents us from either feeling so warm an interest, or forming so correct a judgment, as we might do upon the whole piece. The skin of one

beauty, the mouth of another, and the eyes of a third have been the theme of universal admiration; but no one, beyond the walls of the academy, would wish to see the most finished sketch of those *chef-d'œuvres* of natural or artificial workmanship, abstracted from the whole figures to which they belong. It is, in fact, exactly because the public character interests us, that we desire to view the great man in his private walks. Where a man has moved through life with nothing but innocence or common virtues to recommend him, we would rather subscribe to the marble-cutter and the author for a monumental narrative, than read the biographics of his friends and admirers. But, where the author has instructed or delighted, where the great man has astonished or overawed, we desire to see mingled with the story of that grandeur, which we ourselves can view, the narratives of those incidents and anecdotes which, during their occurrence, were veiled from the world. The private life is only interesting in its connexion with the public; and the deeds which live in common fame, must, in a biographical sketch, be fixed down to some real person, not to an abstract being; they must be told of a man who lived, as well as wrote, and acted, and spoke. They immediately excite a desire to know all that belonged to this *real* man. The gratification of this double curiosity, is the province of biography. This union of objects constitutes its claim to a distinct place in the circle of the sciences. From its subserviency to this important purpose, both its name and value are derived. But if the history of a life ought, in every case, to comprehend the private as well as public transactions of the man, how much more forcibly does this remark apply to the biography of a scholar—a person, whose public life furnishes of itself so faint a delineation of his peculiar habits and character? Those who might be satisfied with reading the story of a general's campaigns and political conduct, because they necessarily occupy a very large space in the canvass, and throw much light on the private circumstances of the subject, would be disappointed at finding, in the biography of an author, no account of his manners—no anecdotes of his peculiarities—no personal history of the man; because these are circumstances on which the recital of his literary achievements throw little or no light.

We have now been considering that division of subject, which separates the literary from the personal life of an author. By literary life, however, we must be understood to mean something very different from the account which Mr. Stewart has in this work given of Dr. Robertson. We conceive, that all history, whether of nations or of individuals, bears a reference to the

succession of events in the order of time. We can form no other idea, either of national or individual history. The private biography of an author, is a narrative of the events composing his private life; his literary biography, is a narrative (interspersed, no doubt, with more discussion and remark) of the events which distinguished the progress of his mind in its literary attainments, and tended to form his peculiar habits of thinking and composing.

Now, Mr. Stewart's life of Dr. Robertson cannot possibly be said to consist of this: it contains a few short notices of his private life; that is, the date of his birth and death and marriage; a nomenclature of his contemporaries, a list of his preferments, a statement of the periods of his different publications, with numerous excerpts from the correspondence of his friends, and various admirable *critiques*, both upon the nature of his merits as an author, and as a leader of the Scotish Church. But we must be allowed to say, that he will be disappointed, who shall expect from these pages an account of the progress of Dr. Robertson's mind, or a distinct view of his mental character, farther than can be obtained in his works. We meet neither with striking anecdotes, nor discriminative touches, nor fine and descriptive sketches. We recognise in every part of the piece a great master's hand: but the painting is not historical—it is not a portrait. It is a composition of inimitable beauties: the contemplation of its harmonious arrangement and brilliant colouring, confer a delight which we should in vain seek elsewhere. But all that part of the effect which is didactic, which consists in awakening distinct ideas of resemblance, which is intended to describe unknown objects, or to recal exact impressions of objects that are known; all this may be produced, by contemplating the only original from which the imitative part of the piece is taken —the portraits contained in the works of the original himself. Such appears to us to be the sum of Mr. Stewart's merit, as an historian of Dr. Robertson's mind; or, in other words, a literary biographer. He has given us criticism instead of narrative; and on opening what we expected would prove a life of Robertson, or at least an account of his literary life, we find ourselves engaged in reading an exquisite dissertation upon the merits of his works.

But if this performance gives us little new information with respect to the historian, much less does it introduce us to the man. The care with which Mr. Stewart has avoided all descriptive anecdote, is indeed mortifying to the very natural curiosity inspired by a perusal of Robertson's works. We cannot

avoid feeling some desire to extend our acquaintance with the man who has so often instructed, dazzled, enchanted us, by the profundity of his disquisitions, the brilliant majesty of his narration, the varied spells of his language. We eagerly seize the opportunity which seems to be presented by the title of this work: and we cannot avoid expecting, when we open it, that Mr. Stewart, himself an intimate friend, will introduce us to the great modern historian. We certainly perceive a figure, which tantalizes us by its resemblance to the real or fancied original: But it is sullen and silent; it deigns not to hold converse; it vouchsafes not to cheer us by a smile, or to comfort us by the disclosure of a single human imperfection; its eye has no speculation, it wants expression and animation. We soon discover it to be an airy fleeting form, lifeless and unsubstantial. We are left in admiration of the magician who conjured it up; but we lament that his powers do not extend to recal a reality, as well as to deceive with a phantasm.

But why do we talk of Mr. Stewart's powers? Was it not Mr. Stewart who sketched the only striking and living portrait that exists of Burns?* And did he know Dr. Robertson less intimately, or was the historian a less interesting subject, or were his features less marked and less worthy of the pencil, than the coarse lineaments of the Scotish rustic. The omission is without doubt wilful: it must have proceeded from an amiable solicitude about the subject; a delicate fear of raking up things which, from their minuteness, might offend surviving relatives; a dread, not unnatural, of falling into the modern errors of gossiping biography; errors which often tend to throw upon the subject a little of the contempt that should be left entire for the authors.

These feelings, no one will be much inclined to blame, who considers the high literary character which Mr. Stewart has to support, and the still more sacred trust which is committed to him, as biographer of the great historian. But, unfortunately, there is something essentially inherent in that walk of literature, to which Mr. Stewart has devoted no inconsiderable share of his attention, perhaps necessarily connecting it with deviations from the stately deportment that the historian of nations is required to maintain. Personal biography is one of those walks, we can scarcely call them subordinate, in treading which, a man must stoop to contemplate and pick up objects of a less dignified nature and less extensive mass, than those that beset the paths of the annalist. Unless the biographer will condescend, thus,

* See Mr. Stewart's "*Letter*" in Dr. Currie's life of Burns; in our opinion the most interesting part of that publication.

to lower his attention, his work will neither be useful, nor satisfactory, nor pleasing, nor, in one word, biographical. And when we recollect the illustrious names which have adorned this branch of science, we are inclined to think, that the possibility of maintaining as much dignity as would satisfy a man of ordinary ambition and laudable pride, depends altogether upon the right choice of the subject, and the manner in which the writer applies his talents to the task. We acknowledge, that so long as the works of Xenophon, of Plutarch, of Tacitus, and of Johnson, remain to instruct and delight mankind, we shall be disposed, in spite of the Boswells, the Piozzi's, and the herd of anecdote-mongers, who have filled our libraries with table-talk, to mingle sufficient respect with our esteem of the men who devote their talents and industry to that captivating art, which consists in the delineation of individual excellence; in portraying the resemblance of all that is estimable or singular in mind; in embalming, for the veneration, for the love, for the personal acquaintance and social intercourse of posterity, those finer parts in the frame of the benefactors of mankind, which escaped all the skill of all the artists of Egypt. Let the men who undertake to exhibit specimens of this fascinating power, choose subjects worthy of their pencil, study their originals with a temperate attention, and delineate only those parts which decency does not command us to veil, in attitudes which are neither mean, nor ungraceful, nor uninteresting. The artist may be well assured, that the public, far from diminishing the sentiments of respect due to his skill and usefulness, because he has chosen to paint portraits in preference to history, will bestow upon the master somewhat of the veneration, challenged by his subject, and dignify with a name as high as that of the historical painter, him who has preferred the individual to the group, and brought forward from the multitude those most striking figures, so well worthy of nearer contemplation.

Upon the whole, our readers will perceive that we are decidedly partial to that species of historical composition, which consists in the minute description of the lives of such men as are worthy of a biographer: that we can in no sense of the word be satisfied with mere general sketches of such interesting personages; that we wish to have the ancient practice revived, of handing down to posterity the manners as well as the deeds of famous men; that we are far, indeed, from thinking it any degradation to the most celebrated of our contemporaries, thus to occupy themselves in recording excellence and virtue; that we even regret to see the example of Gibbon and Hume so little followed, and would willingly pardon a much greater degree of vanity than those illustrious men have exhibited, for the sake of acquiring accurate and

lively representations of the spirits which have animated and guided the world.

'*Clarorum virorum facta moresque* (says the biographer of Agricola) *posteris tradere antiquitus usitatum. Sed apud priores ut agere memorata digna pronum, magisque in aperto erat: ita celeberrimus quisque ingenio ad prodendam virtutis memoriam sine gratia aut ambitione, bonæ tantum conscientiæ pretio ducebatur. Ac plerique suam ipse vitam narrare, fiduciam potius morum quam arrogantiam arbitrati sunt: nec id Rutilio et Scauro citra fidem, aut obtrectationi fuit: adeo virtutes iisdem temporibus optime æstimantur, quibus facillime gignuntur.*'

The other feeling, by which we have supposed our author to be influenced, is the much more manly and dignified tenderness for the character of a departed friend: And here, again, we can only observe, that if the execution of the biographer's task brings an illustrious character into contempt, the blame is imputable, not to that species of composition which we recommend, but to the unskilful manner in which an useful and honourable duty is performed. The story of a man's life may be rendered contemptible, and his character held up to profane ridicule, by the prying curiosity, the perfidious breaches of confidence, the babbling pen of a silly gossiping woman, or by the inimitable folly of a Boswell, ambitious of universal absurdity. But this visitation of the sins of the author upon his subject, is not peculiar to any one department of literature. It is possible, by tedious minuteness, and the detail of ludicrous particulars, which have no other recommendation than that they are natural and true, to cast a broad glare of ridicule around the most venerable and important transactions. The victory of Marathon might have been described by some Greek trifler, with a minute detail of Miltiades's dress; an Homeric description of the passage of each javelin among the entrails of the wounded; and a narrative accompanied by cuts, of the distortions which the pain occasioned in the sleek faces of the Persians, or the more manly visages of the Grecian warriors. Had Mr. Boswell unfortunately lived about the age of Leonidas, we should doubtless have received from his pen, a catalogue of the dishes which composed the last repast of the Spartan warriors, and a full detail of all the notable impertinences with which he interrupted the slumbers of the devoted hero. But, surely, although such absurdity would have caused the name of this trifler to live in deathless ridicule, little of that sentiment could have been lent to his immortal subject; and if a Plutarch or a Xenophon had accompanied the Lacedemonian monarch to the scene of his glory, we should have gladly pored

over volumes of all the anecdotes which their pen might have preserved; and reverenced the more, upon more intimate acquaintance, that achievement of which we scarcely know any thing but the name, the martyrdom of Thermopylæ.

It appears to us, that the life of a person, whose days and nights were spent for above half a century in conferring everlasting benefits, not upon a petty district of savages, but upon the whole community of the world, is as worthy of minute record, as that of a petty prince, who is only known to us by the last action of his career, the savage valour of four-and-twenty hours; nor do we repose so little confidence in Mr. Stewart as to think that any effort of his pen, had he really employed it in biography, would have rendered contemptible a character, in itself more dignified, more useful, and, in every sense of the word, far more venerable than the heroes, whose private lives delight and instruct us in the divine portraits which the classics have left.

There is another consideration to which we have not adverted, because we trust it has had much less weight with Mr. Stewart than any of the above circumstances. We allude to a fear, neither inexcusable nor unamiable, of giving offence, or creating any kind of uneasiness to the surviving relations of the historian. We conceive that when an individual, who is only known to the private circle of his friends, departs this life, he leaves to those who inherit his property the legacy of his honour and character. They only have an interest in defending his memory, and procuring a good reception for his name when it happens to be mentioned: they naturally endeavour, by all possible means, to trumpet forth his praises, and conceal his defects even at the expense of truth. In all this the public is wholly unconcerned, it is entirely a family matter. The interests of truth or of virtue can never be injured by the falsehoods which vanity or affection draw from a few private individuals, which are propagated through a narrow and insignificant circle, and which tend to gloss over the faults, or raise the virtues of a personage, so wholly unimportant, that no exaggerations can extend his notoriety, or prevent his name from being forgotten in a month. It has frequently happened, that the feelings of friends, we mean their silly and preposterous vanity, induce them to print (they perhaps cannot so easily publish) a narrative of the deceased person's life. In this case it can do no manner of good to specify the dark, as well as the bright parts of his character; for as no one will, in the ordinary course of things, peruse the performance, but either friends whom the recital of his foibles would hurt, or enemies whose malignity it

would gratify, it is contrary to the object for which the writer is hired, to mingle, with the funeral eulogium, any sacrifices to candour and truth. Now, in all these circumstances, the case of a great and public character is diametrically opposite to that of an obscure and private individual. As his time and talents were not his own; as his life was devoted to the public service; as he belonged not so much to the family in which he ate, and drank, and slept, as to the great community for whom he read and thought: so, after his death, his name and character is the property of the public; and it is the interest of the world that the whole truth should be made known. His friends, indeed, may feel, or affect to feel, the consequences of such sacrifice to the public cause. But it is the tax which they must of necessity pay for the honours and advantages of their connexion with the departed worthy. It is a tax which he paid during life for his glory, and which his name must continue to pay for renown. If friends are determined to tickle themselves with an eulogium, unalloyed by the more severe graces of the historian, a skilful preacher may make the temple resound with unmingled praise, and load the altar with burnt-offerings to his memory: or let them, if their relative was so very obscure that no preacher would give him a funeral sermon, procure admittance for the panegyric into the Memoirs of a Belles Lettres Academy, or a Royal Society. But, when a great man falls, something more remains to be done. That truth, which relations dare not hear, it is criminal to conceal from the world.

For these reasons, (very few of which can have any particular application to the case of Dr. Robertson), we conceive it to be in general highly improper, to say the least of it, that much deference should ever be paid to the feelings of relations: in these cases they are the parties least concerned; their number is so small, their stake so trifling, and the injury their feelings can sustain so inconsiderable, in a comparative view, that it would be wholly unworthy of a *man* to steer according to their wishes, in performing so sacred a duty as that entrusted to the biographer.

Now, although we do not conceive that Mr. Stewart merits such a censure as this, we suspect that a tenderness, scarcely excusable, may have perhaps induced him to balk the natural curiosity of his readers with general dissertations upon Dr. Robertson's style, and still more general remarks upon his character, while every one who opened the book expected to find anecdotes of the man. Did Mr. Stewart know less of the historian's life and manners than he did of those of the Ayrshire Poet; or, were the public more curious about Burns than about Robertson? Had our author been desired to write an article for the Edinburgh Transactions, containing the life, that is, the praises, of an obscure

Judge or Lord Mayor, it might have been injudicious in him to comply with the request, but still more injudicious, after compliance, to defeat the end proposed, by minute details either of peculiarities in manner, or of foibles in character. Those details would inevitably have sunk the puny name of the subject a few moments sooner than the destined time; but the name of the historian is sufficiently buoyant to float all the details which the most intimate acquaintance could have enabled a biographer to heap upon it. We are far from insinuating that there were faults in the character of Dr. Robertson which his biographer has voluntarily concealed. Our veneration for that great and good man is as profound as any which it is possible for Mr. Stewart to entertain. In reading his tract we have frequently said to ourselves, *Si quis piorum manibus locus, si ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ, placide quiescas: nos domum tuam ab infirmo desiderio, et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri, neque plangi fas est: admiratione te potius, temporalibus laudibus, et si natura suppleditet, similitudine decoremus.* A character more adorned both with the severer and milder virtues, we believe, has seldom appeared among men. As his imperfections and faults (if indeed he had any) were uncommonly few, the impartial part of his biographer's task would have been extremely small. In truth our remarks apply to what we imagine may have been Mr. Stewart's feelings upon the *minuteness*, rather than upon the *impartiality* of his narrative. We have endeavoured to shew, that all the reasons which can be alleged against giving those details to the world are groundless; that the biographer's dignity, or the dignity of his subject, can never be impaired by the faithful discharge of his task; and that where a man has a duty to perform to the world, to violate it by consulting the feelings of a small circle of relations, is not atoned for by the benevolence of the motive. Mr. Stewart will, therefore, excuse us for suggesting, that a life of Robertson is still an important *desideratum* in literary biography; and for expressing a wish that some person, as nearly as possibly allied to Mr. Stewart in talents and in taste, but differing from him as much as possible in his ideas of this branch of history, may be found to supply the want, while authentic materials are yet within our reach. To those friends who are tender of Dr. Robertson's memory, we would address, together with the foregoing remarks, one additional consideration. The blank which Mr. Stewart has left is so great, and so obvious, that attempts to fill it up must inevitably be made. Let those who are interested in defending

the memory of the friend, reflect how infinitely more agreeable it is, even to their tenderest feelings, that a complete account, from which they can have nothing to fear, should be given at present, than that hereafter, as has uniformly happened in such cases, the unavoidable defect should be supplied by multiplied falsehoods.

The work of Mr. Stewart which is now before us, may be considered as belonging to a new and most interesting department of literature. It is a union of general criticism with literary history, and contains the most judicious and profound remarks upon some celebrated writings, interspersed with all those anecdotes concerning the works which the reader is most desirous to know. We express ourselves with unaffected and unaccustomed praise, when we state the great pleasure which we have received from a perusal of this tract. The extracts from Dr. Robertson's correspondence are generally interesting, some of them truly delightful. We particularly refer to the charming and inimitable letters of Mr. Hume. So far from thinking an apology necessary for publishing any one of these, we are really surprised that any of them have been suppressed. We are by no means eager to extend the same remark to the letters of Horace Walpole. We cannot help thinking it a little injudicious in Mr. Stewart to have filled so many pages of his valuable collection with the effusions of this *dilettante*. To introduce Horace Walpole as speaking to the character of Dr. Robertson, is nearly as unnecessary as to prefix the testimonials of obscure friends to the poems of Dryden and Pope, more especially if we consider that the former testimonials are not, like the latter, given to the world, while the fame of the author, and the success of his work, are matters of doubt. Besides, Mr. Stewart has himself acknowledged, that the testimony of this person deserves no regard in point of sincerity; and all the facts contained in it are much better told by various other correspondents of the Historian. Indeed as the biographer himself has expressed his own decided, though cautious contempt of it, we are the more inclined to marvel at the apparent inconsistency of admitting this branch of correspondence.

We cannot avoid remarking, that our author does not appear to have adopted the best mode of procuring authentic information with regard to the conduct of Dr. Robertson as a leader of the Scottish Church. Had the narrative of Dr. Hill, which is partly inserted in his own words, partly incorporated with Mr. Stewart's composition, been confined to a statement of Dr. Robertson's views and measures, we should perhaps have admitted him to be a fair witness; because he was inti-

mately acquainted with that eminent person, and is one of those who continue zealously to support the same, or at least similar principles. But the reverend author has also given a general account of the Church establishment; and Mr. Stewart has received this account as part of his work, entering indeed his caveat, that it rests entirely upon the authority of the writer. Now, with great deference, we presume to think Dr. Hill and his friends exactly the most suspicious quarter, from whence information of this description could have been obtained. We are happily unacquainted with the disputes of the Scottish churchmen, unless in those parts which interfere with the municipal laws, and the civil history of the realm. But we know enough of *those parts*, to satisfy us, that Dr. Hill's narrative contains popular topics of invective and insinuation against half the church, which we suspect Dr. Robertson never condescended to use; and very glaring misstatements of important points of statute law.

In Mr Stewart's general opinion of Dr. Robertson's character as an historian, we are very much disposed to concur. One observation we think he has omitted, which must strike every one who compares the historian's narrative with the authorities from which it was drawn, or indeed who reads the narrative with a view to make use of it in serious inquiries. The histories of Robertson abound in the finest descriptions, the most pleasing delineations of character, the most dignified and judicious mixture of reflections; and more especially they are distinguished by a style of narration, at once manly, copious, and easy. But all these descriptions, delineations, reflections, and even this narrative itself, are too general for practical use and application. The politician and political œconomist will search those writings in vain for the accurate details of fact which they have a right to expect from one who investigates the subjects of particular men and nations. We will not by any means go so far as say, with Johnson, that the substance of Robertson's works is like a guinea wrapt up in a wool pack; but we think that the mass of the historian's gold has come from a mint, where the beauty of the die is rather more attended to than the accuracy of the marks which prevent falsification, and give the coin its uses and currency. In this instance, indeed, there is no light weight; but he who possesses the powers of ornament may give base metals a similar appearance. In plain terms, Dr. Robertson appears to have studied grace and dignity, more than usefulness. He has chosen those features of every figure which he could best paint rather than those which were most worthy of the pencil. His buildings are more remarkable for that symmetry and those ornaments which would please a common observer, than for the Do-

ric strength which adapts them for lasting use—that internal arrangement which is necessary to the purposes of inhabitancy, or even that accuracy of proportion in the external parts which is as much required by the eye of a learned architect, as chasteness of ornamental design. The charms of Robertson's style, and the full flow of his narration, which is always sufficiently minute for ordinary readers, will render his works immortal in the hands of the bulk of mankind. But the scientific reader requires something more than periods which fill his ear, and general statements which gratify by amusing: he even requires more than a general text-book—a happy arrangement of intricate subjects, which may enable him to pursue them in their details. It is not always enough that proportions should be stated by general terms of comparison. A period may look finer for the want of figures; and common readers will certainly be satisfied with the words *more* or *less*. Those who alone, as Lord Bolingbroke says, deserve the name of historical readers, require to be told *how much more* and *how much less*. When we repair to the works of Robertson for the purpose of finding facts, we are instantly carried away by the stream of his narrative, and forget the purpose of our errand to the fountain. As soon as we can stop ourselves, we discover that our search has been vain, and that we must apply to those sources from which he drew and culled his supplies.

We do not maintain, that history should be degraded to the rank of German statistics; but we are inclined to think that this tedious, and, in general, useless department of literature, owes its origin, and certainly all its bad qualities, to an unnecessary division of labour which has been rendered indispensable by such writers as Dr. Robertson, who, in order to polish their periods, and generalise their remarks, have carefully avoided all those substantial parts of history which render style and discussion necessary and useful. If these writers had filled up this vacuity, and made this requisite combination, the political world would have reaped more advantage than it has gained from all the learned labours of the German pedants, and been saved from the weight of all that large proportion of the science which is utterly useless.

We are therefore inclined to wish that Dr. Robertson had added to his other accomplishments a taste for inductive science, which would have given minute details a greater importance in his eyes, without drawing off his attention in any degree from those general views of system and arrangement, unaccompanied by which, details are altogether nugatory. Perhaps, too, we might wish that the turn of his mind had been more generally scientific, and less popular; and that he had gained, in rigid philosophical spirit, what he probably would have lost in elegance

and taste. As illustrations of all these remarks, which at the same time we offer with extreme diffidence, (greater perhaps than we have contrived to express,) we refer our readers to the account of the feudal system in the first book of the History of Scotland, to the greater part of the first volume of the Emperor Charles, and to the whole of the eighth book of the History of America.

With respect to the style of Robertson's History, we are very much inclined to agree with Mr. Stewart in his account of its various excellencies. It is infinitely more faultless than Hume's, if it is less forcible; and although it wants some of the inimitable beauties that shine in the histories of the English fanatics and courtiers of the seventeenth century, it compensates the deficiency by the possession of many excellencies, which Hume's narrative does not possess, and which are of much more ordinary application and general use in historical composition, than powers that can only be called forth by the downfal of kingdoms and hierarchies, or the romantic valour and faithfulness of Sydneys and Falklands. It deserves to be remarked, also, that Dr. Robertson's subjects were infinitely more difficult, more various, and less susceptible of decoration, than Mr. Hume's. He has, in fact, brought within the range of civil history, and the province of the historic muse, various subjects that had formerly been confined to the dry pages of the geographer and the naturalist. His History of America, in our opinion the finest of his performances, though perhaps not the most faultless, abounds in examples of this bold originality of plan, which neither formed any feature of his general intellectual character, nor, we believe, of his passions and actions. We shall present our readers with the following statement of Mr. Stewart's opinion upon this unrivalled specimen of historical composition, which at once expresses our sentiments, and exhibits one of the most splendid efforts of Mr. Stewart's own distinguishing vein of eloquence.

'After these testimonies to the excellence of the American History, joined to twenty years possession of the public favour, it may perhaps be thought presumption in me to interpose my judgment with respect to its peculiar merits. I cannot help, however, remarking (what appears still more characteristical of this than of any of Dr. Robertson's other works) the comprehensive survey which he has taken of his vast and various subject, and the skilful arrangement by which he has bestowed connexion and symmetry on a mass of materials so shapeless and disjointed. The penetration and sagacity displayed in his delineation of savage manners, and the unbiassed good sense with which he has contrasted that state of society with civilized life, (a speculation in the prosecution of which so many of his predecessors had lost them-

selves in vague declamation or in paradoxical refinement,) have been much and deservedly admired. His industry, also, and accuracy in collecting information with respect to the Spanish system of colonial policy, have received warm praise from his friends and from the public.* But what perhaps does no less honour to the powers of his mind than any of these particulars, is, the ability and address with which he has treated some topics that did not fall within the ordinary sphere of his studies; more especially those which border on the province of the natural historian. In the consideration of these, although we may perhaps, in one or two instances, have room to regret that he had not been still more completely prepared for the undertaking by previous habits of scientific disquisition, we uniformly find him interesting and instructive in the information he conveys; and happy, beyond most English writers, in the descriptive powers of his style. The species of description, too, in which he excels, is peculiarly adapted to his subject; distinguished, not by those picturesque touches which vie with the effects of the pencil in presenting local scenery to the mind, but by an expression, to which language alone is equal, of the grand features of an unsubdued world. In these passages, he discovers talents, as a writer, different from any thing that appears in his other publications; a compass and richness of diction the more surprising, that the objects described were so little familiarized to his thoughts, and, in more than one instance, rivalling the majestic eloquence which destined Buffon to be the historian of nature.

'After all, however, the principal charm of this, as well as of his histories, arises from the graphical effect of his narrative, wherever his subject affords him materials for an interesting picture. What force and beauty of painting in his circumstantial details of the voyage of Columbus; of the first aspect of the New Continent; and of the interviews of the natives with the Spanish adventurers! With what animation and fire does he follow the steps of Cortes through the varying fortunes of his vast and hazardous career; yielding, it must be owned, somewhat too much to the influence of the passions which his hero felt; but bestowing, at the same time, the warm tribute of admiration and sympathy on the virtues and fate of those whom he subdued! The arts, the institutions, and the manners of Europe and of America; but, above all, the splendid characters of Cortes and of Guatimozin, enable him, in this part of his work, to add to its other attractions that of the finest contrasts which occur in history.

'On these and similar occasions, if I may be allowed to judge from what I experience in myself, he seizes more completely than any other modern historian the attention of his reader, and transports him into the midst of the transactions which he records. His own imagination

* We cannot avoid remarking, on this sentence, that, independent of our radical objections to the proposition implied in it, the tameness of the thought and expression is not Mr. Stewart's.

was warm and vigorous; and, although in the conduct of life it gave no tincture of enthusiasm to his temper, yet, in the solitude of the closet, it attached him peculiarly to those passages of history which approach to the romantic. Hence many of the characteristical beauties of his writings; and hence too, perhaps, some of their imperfections. A cold and phlegmatic historian, who surveys human affairs like the inhabitant of a different planet, if his narrative should sometimes languish for want of interest, will at least avoid those prepossessions into which the writer must occasionally be betrayed, who, mingling with a sympathetic ardour among the illustrious personages whose story he contemplates, is liable, while he kindles with their generous emotions, to be infected by the contagion of their prejudices and passions.' pp. 111–115.

If, in a style which has received such unqualified admiration from the public, as well as from the most judicious critics of the age, we might be permitted to point out any defect, we should suggest, that the roundness of the narrative, which it seems so much the author's object to preserve entire, does not always strike the mind as perfect, upon a second perusal, even after the ear has been filled and satisfied with the first. A more minute inspection frequently discovers blanks, rather in the sense than the sound; which, nevertheless, by association, diminish the effect of the sound as well as the sense. Often, too, we find in the composition some sacrifices of the purest taste made to the preservation of symmetry and regularity; morsels inserted, which are extraneous to the substance of the mass; a perpetual attempt always to please the eye, by smoothness and equability of surface, by gradation and blending of tints, when the general effect of the piece would have been much better secured by a skilful attention to the general massing, grouping, and disposition of the subject, and the balancing of the whole design, although accompanied with the neglect of a few particular departments. Robertson has unquestionably avoided all those unchaste graces which, in common language, are usually denominated tinsel; yet there is certainly something in the whole structure of his periods, which, even at first sight, appears a little artificial. We do not at present allude to those circumlocutions which Mr. Stewart has well accounted for, by suggesting that they owe their origin to the fear of vulgar or provincial phrases: we speak of those additions to his periods, which, without at all perverting the meaning, seem often to consist rather of tautological explanations, than of parts necessary to the sense, and of remarks and inferences of the historian, which, as they did not form part of his materials, ought to have been given under the separate form of observations and conjectures.

The speeches which we meet with in the writings of ancient historians, are confessedly the work of the author, put into the mouths of the actors. No modern historian has indulged his imagination so far as to imitate this practice; but we cannot help thinking that something of the same kind is imputable to the ordinary style of them all: more especially, of Mr. Gibbon and Dr. Robertson. These excellent writers seem to be a great deal too well acquainted with the manners and events of past times, and with the very thoughts of the actors in the scenes which they describe. In order to give their narrative smoothness and rotundity, they do not borrow altogether from contemporary historians, not even from the accounts of eye-witnesses. They rather seem to transport themselves some centuries back, seize the places of those eye-witnesses or contemporary narrators, and give their descriptions as they would have done had they actually occupied those situations. Now, we are not so fastidious as to object to this, where the only inducement is the communication of force and novelty to the narrative; but we think such painting may be well spared in many cases, where it has been introduced for the sole purpose of filling up gaps, and adding members to sentences, in order to match other members which naturally belonged to them.

The consequence of all these circumstances is, that Dr Robertson's style has acquired a degree of regularity not natural to the subject, and often bordering on monotony. When a battle is to be described, or a character drawn, or the effects of contending emotions upon a man's mind, and of difficult circumstances upon his plans are to be sketched, we can almost tell beforehand the very periods which we shall meet with. In almost all these branches of narrative, much is indeed left to the fancy of the historian; and Dr. Robertson appears to have had but little variety in the style of his imagination, or rather he seems to have conceived it necessary to adopt always one style, nay, one cadence of periods, and one set of expressions on all those occasions. Mr. Gibbon's style would have the same general appearance, were not its artificial texture perpetually broken by inelegant harshness, shaded by quaint obscurity, and daubed with meretricious ornaments.

We think that Mr. Stewart's own style, chaste, animated, and elegant as it is, can by no means be reckoned free from an imperfection similar to that with which we have ventured to charge Dr. Robertson's. The stream of his diction rolls on with admirable smoothness, sometimes with considerable rapidity, and with great variety of windings, though unbroken in its course. Its sound changes from time to time in loudness. The music is always grateful, often charming; but sometimes its effect is to lull, rather than to rouse the attention.

Both the style of Dr. Robertson, and that of his biographer, would have been improved by a little negligence, even by a little roughness, and occasional harshness of expression; by now and then displaying those careless efforts of strength, which mark the reach of a master genius, and 'here and there disclosing a brave neglect' which would alarm an ordinary mind.

These remarks, we are sensible, would be extremely misplaced upon any common occasion. They belong exclusively to works of genius which far surpass the usual standard. Had an ordinary writer published a tract, in any degree approaching to the excellence either of Dr. Robertson's or Mr. Stewart's composition, we should naturally have thought that he had done more than enough, and should have pronounced our unqualified approbation; but at present we are speaking of works in which the style forms an important ingredient, and of authors whose merits must be tried by the most delicate and susceptible tests.

The style of Mr. Stewart, although it resembles Robertson's in being liable to the criticism which we have just now presumed to offer, is nevertheless distinguished from Robertson's, and indeed from every other, by peculiar features of beauty and expression. Its flow and rotundity is perhaps superior to that of most other writers upon any subject, and far superior to that of either Hume, or Gibbon, or Robertson himself, upon general and abstract topics. We are acquainted with no author who has so happy a faculty of writing *finely* upon matters of science, without admitting into his composition any of those puerile conceits, or gaudy ornaments, or factitious and declamatory periods, which are obviously incongruous with the character of philosophical style. But there are more marked peculiarities in Mr. Stewart's style, which render it perhaps more easily distinguished, than that of any author who is not a mannerist. These it is by no means difficult to *exemplify*; but we are doubtful if we shall succeed in *describing* them. They perhaps consist rather in a rare union of qualities, which seldom appear combined, and a singular possession of various excellencies, unaccompanied by the defects which usually attend them, than in any single or striking characteristic. Indeed all such characteristics, as those of Tacitus, Sallust, Cicero, and even Robertson, are rather to be viewed in the light of imperfections than beauties. If we examine them, we shall find, that all those distinguishing marks are certain favourite forms of thought or expression, striking and prominent, because unnatural, unexpected, and surprising; or constant repetitions of the same pleasing train of ideas and combinations of words. We think the marks of Mr. Stewart's style are of a purer and higher cast: it has character without mannerism, or eccentricity. All the graces of the strictest propriety are preserved, com-

bined with animation, adorned by elegance, reconciled to characteristic tones of sentiment and modulations of speech.

This admirable style is in an eminent degree abstract: It is drawn from metaphysical sources, and adapted to general speculations; but it is as remarkable for clearness and perspicuity, as the Satires of Swift, or the popular essays of Addison. It is in a great measure metaphorical; sometimes compassing the higher efforts of imagery; generally attracted towards a fanciful, in opposition to a plain form of expression; never chargeable with florid or indecent ornaments; and as distant from the ludicrous (so nearly allied to all the higher styles), as the reasonings of the Principia, or the narration of the Optics. But nothing is more remarkable in the composition of Mr. Stewart, than the calm and unimpassioned manner in which his sentiments are delivered—a calmness very distant from cold or inanimate writing. Nothing tends so much to prepossess us in favour of a reasoner, and to disarm our minds of any prejudices that we might have entertained against his doctrines: nothing so completely marks the philosophical style. This is a species of eloquence almost peculiar to Mr. Stewart. The congenial nature of his favourite subjects, gives it the greatest scope; and although it consists as much in qualities of thought and matter, as of expression and composition, it is that feature of his writings, which, more than any other, bestows upon them their interest and charms. He delights, too, it may be remarked, on certain simple and expressive words or phrases, which, when cautiously used, add much to the force, and greatly sustain the dignity of a composition. These he often uses with great felicity: but they are the ornaments of which he is the least sparing. We are rather inclined to think, that their frequent introduction tends to increase the monotony of his periods. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, that such phrases and epithets derive their principal effect from their rare occurrence. In the use of another kind of phrases, Mr. Stewart is often very fortunate, and sometimes a little too profuse; we allude to certain general descriptive or narrative expressions, which are necessary to present an idea not easily specified, by leaving more to the force of the reader's conceptions than is always safe. The adoption of this mode of expressing one's ideas, is delicate and dangerous in the extreme; for it is as nearly allied to looseness and carelessness, as the sublime is to the ludicrous, or the metaphorical to the florid. It is principally in the adoption of certain metaphysical abstract terms that we conceive our author to be a little incautious.

By these two modes of expression chiefly—by the use of simple phrases, which derive much of their power from associations and

sound, and by the introduction of general and philosophical terms, which leave much to the reader's mind after directing it into the proper channel—Mr. Stewart fills up those finer passages, where language is required to make its greatest efforts, to portray the most fleeting and delicate forms of thought. As one writer describes by simile; another by skilful enumeration of particulars; a third by fine quotation from those classics whose beauties are universally well known, like the beauties of nature: our author, in a more abstract and comprehensive manner, presents a great general idea, rather than a peculiar feature of his subject: awakens lively associations, by indirect movements, and conjures up those conceptions which are perhaps a little factitious, and owe their origin to the conventional signs of language.

We may farther remark, but it is a defect of almost unavoidable occurrence in a style that abounds with metaphorical and abstract turns of expression, that we not unfrequently find a little inaccuracy, perhaps confusion of figure; and, without any more general illustration, we shall present one or two examples, involving all the peculiarities, both the eminent beauties, and the slight imperfections, which we have now endeavoured to point out. In the following admirable passage, the advantages of choosing the reign of Charles V. for a subject of historical composition, are happily illustrated by a new and appropriate comparison.

'The advantage of making the transactions of a particular nation, and still more the reign of a particular sovereign, a ground-work for such comprehensive views of human affairs, is sufficiently obvious. By carrying on a connected series of important events, and indicating their relations to the contemporary history of mankind, a *meridian* is traced (if I may use the expression) through the vast and crowded map of time; and a line of reference is exhibited to the mind, for marking the bearings of those subordinate occurrences, in the multiplicity of which its powers would have been lost.' pp. 89-90.

Immediately after, we meet with another fine period in Mr. Stewart's peculiar style of expression.

'The reader who is previously acquainted with the last scenes of his enterprising and brilliant life, while he follows him through the splendid career of his ambition, can scarcely avoid to indulge occasionally those moral sympathies which the contrast awakens; and to borrow from the solitude of the cloister some prophetic touches, to soften the sternness of the warrior and the statesmen.' pp. 91-92.

In the whole of the passage formerly quoted (pp. 242-3), the same peculiarities are observable. In one part of it we meet with the

slight and venial inaccuracy of figure which has been hinted at—'*a compass and richness of diction rivalling the majestic eloquence which destined Buffon to be the historian of nature.*' The *diction* of Robertson rivalled the *eloquence* of Buffon. *Compass* and *richness* are qualities of that diction, which enabled it to stand the competition, and which could only be compared with some *quality* of Buffon's eloquence. A rich diction may rival a majestic eloquence, or richness of diction may rival majesty of eloquence; but richness of diction does not properly rival majestic eloquence.

In the following sentence, we meet with the character of Mr. Stewart's style, although the subject is of a nature much more humble and tame than that of the above passages.

'A letter from William Lord Mansfield, though it bears no marks of the superior mind of that eminent man, is valuable at least as a testimony of his respect for Dr. Robertson: nor will it, perhaps, when contrasted with the splendour of his professional exertions, be altogether unacceptable to those who have a pleasure in studying the varieties and the limits of human genius.' pp. 103-104.

We may remark here, that '*a letter of Lord Mansfield*' is contrasted with '*the splendour of his professional exertions*'—a figure somewhat more violent than the unimportant nature of the occasion required or justified. Perhaps '*the varieties and limits of human genius*' is intended to mean a good deal more than several sentences would suffice accurately to describe. For the rest, the structure of the period is a good specimen of that repose which distinguishes Mr. Stewart's style.

Before taking our leave of this subject, we must offer to the author our thanks for the pleasure which we have derived from his very skilful and appropriate illustrations drawn from antiquity. The allusions and quotations which he introduces, diffuse a classical light over the subject; awaken a thousand delightful associations, which endear the discussions to us; and cast upon objects, in themselves not always the most elegant or pleasing until they are softened through distance, the charming tints spread by the evening of a brighter day.

ART. XXVII. *The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Warton,* B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Poet-Laureat. Fifth Edition, corrected and enlarged. To which are now added, *Inscriptionum Romanorum Delectus,* and an Inaugural Speech, as Camden Professor of History. Together with Memoirs of his Life and Writings; and Notes, critical and explanatory. By Richard Mant, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 2 vol. 8vo. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1802.

IF we may be allowed to judge from our own feelings, the curiosity and expectation of the admirers of Mr. Warton can scarcely fail to be agreeably excited by the external appearance of these volumes, which would seem to promise a large accession to the 'poetical works' which the author himself had formerly given to the world. In this expectation, the reader will be quickly undeceived. With some very trifling exceptions, he will find that no addition has been procured to the stock of original composition; and that the industrious editor has swelled out the work to its present size, by the introduction of a very copious admixture of biographical, critical, and explanatory matter.

Among the literary artisans of the present age, it has become a favourite and prevailing occupation to set forth the writings of the older English classics, with all the tediousness of annotation and commentary, which, till of late, was exclusively bestowed on those of Greece and of Rome. For these voluminous compilations, there is an obvious apology in the obscurities which time has thrown over the language, and manners, and accidental associations of a remote period, from which the veil can be withdrawn only by the diligent and fatiguing study of prior and contemporary writers. Even while we turn away, with occasional disgust, from the profuse and tasteless quotations of the black-letter annotator, we are forced in justice to acknowledge the utility of his labours. Such researches are to be regarded as a natural and necessary step in the progress of the literature of every country. We ought to consider them, not as the finished workmanship of an artist, but as the rude materials on which future, and perhaps more enlightened critics, are to employ their powers of selection and combination, and by a more judicious and happy arrangement of which, they may be at length enabled to illustrate and adorn, without incumbering and overwhelming the pages of Spencer, of Shakspeare, and of Milton.

Although the late Mr. Warton certainly had the merit of exhibiting to the public one of the earliest and most successful examples of that species of critical research to which we have been alluding, we did not expect to see him, so very soon, become the

subject of a similar experiment. To unfold their beauties, to illustrate their obscurities, to catch their illusions, and to trace the forgotten sources of imitation, are pious duties, which, in behalf of the generality of writers, have been discharged only by late posterity. Whether fortunately or unfortunately for the fame of Mr. Warton, we have now before us a very decided exception to this usual tardiness of procedure; and in Mr. Mant he has already found a biographer and a commentator, who has given an edition of his poetical works that would seem intended to vie with the most elaborate of those '*cum notis variorum.*'

As a man of genius and a scholar, Mr. Warton holds a place in the literary history of his age, which cannot fail to give an interest to the events of his life, and the delineation of his character. But in undertaking the task of his biographer, Mr. Mant labours under the disadvantage of having been personally unacquainted with Mr. Warton. For this disadvantage, no industry in the collection of materials, no ingenuity or address in the management of them, can ever fully compensate. In the chronological narration of facts, or in the impartial estimation of literary or political merit, the disadvantage may be surmounted; but it must inevitably deprive the representation of manners and character of all that boldness, and truth, and spirit, which give, if not the greatest value, yet surely the greatest charm to biographical writing.

Mr. Mant informs us, that he was himself educated under the late Dr. Joseph Warton at Winchester school; and he would appear to have there imbibed that admiration of the 'learned brothers,' by which, probably he was determined to his present undertaking. In the collection of the materials from which his narrative is derived, his diligence, we trust, has been greater than his success. Besides the slight sketches of his author, which have appeared in some former biographical compilations, Mr. Mant seems to have drawn his information from a few of the surviving relatives and academical friends of Mr. Warton; and among the latter, the name of Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Gloucester, appears with peculiar advantage. From epistolary correspondence, that most favourite and fertile source of characteristical anecdote, he has derived but very slight assistance. Mr. Warton is said to have been an indolent and careless correspondent; and the few letters which have been preserved were scarcely worthy of insertion, unless as specimens of the artless and unaffected good humour of the writer.

Among the writers of literary lives, barrenness of incident is an established topic of apology and regret; and certainly no life of equal length, and of equal importance to letters, can well be conceived to have flowed on in a tenor less diversified or disturbed

by casual events, than that of Mr. Warton. Although a divine by profession, he does not appear to have been a very assiduous or successful votary of fortune in the road of ecclesiastical promotion; and his course through life is scarcely marked by any of those enlivening gradations of preferment, which are usually recorded with so much chronological accuracy and minuteness of detail, in the annals of learned churchmen. From the period at which he first quitted his father's roof, at the age of sixteen, when he became a member of the University of Oxford, till his death, at the age of sixty-three, his life was completely academical. On ceasing to be a pupil, he became himself an instructor; and his residence as a Fellow of Trinity College was never interrupted, but by his visits, during vacation, to his brother at Winchester, or by short occasional excursions of curiosity or amusement. During this long period, though he continued to be the boast of Oxford, as one of her brightest ornaments for genius and learning, yet the share he obtained of the more substantial rewards of literary eminence, either in the Church or in College, was by no means liberal; a neglect which is said to have excited the indignant exclamations of Warburton, but which, without being fully justified, might perhaps be traced to some peculiarities of character and of manners not entirely consonant to rigid notions of academical propriety and reserve, and which, while they made him the delight of the *common room*, might be thought incompatible with the more artificial and guarded formalities of office.

Whatever may have been the causes which influenced his professional fortunes, they certainly left him at full liberty to follow the literary career to which he was led by the natural bent of his genius. In tracing the different steps of his literary progress, his biographer is, accordingly, very little distracted by extraneous objects; and in the execution of this important part of his undertaking, Mr. Mant seems entitled to the praise of fulness, and apparently of accuracy in his details. To praise of any higher kind, he does not seem to have greatly aspired; and the modesty of his pretensions as an original writer, ought to disarm criticism of her sternness and fastidious severity. In the view which he has given of the literary labours and literary character of his author, Mr. Mant has seldom had the temerity to think or judge for himself. His aim rather has been, to catch the prevailing opinions and sentiments which have already gone forth into the world; and he has prudently withdrawn from the more perilous enterprise of guiding or correcting the public taste. His defects in vigour and precision are probably compensated, in some degree, by a timid and vague approximation to the truth; and from the details which are presented, the reader may be enabled to form, for himself, a tolerably

correct estimate of the peculiar character and merits of Mr. Warton as a poet, a critic, and an antiquary.

That all the peculiarities of intellectual character, by which individuals are so widely discriminated, may have had their origin in accidental and extrinsic causes, perhaps of seeming unimportance, has been, with some, a favourite conjectural speculation; but it is rarely that curiosity can be gratified by the actual discovery of them in particular instances. It would be certainly too much to say, that the biographer of Warton has been in this respect completely successful; yet, to those who are acquainted with some of the more striking and noted peculiarities of his taste, an anecdote, communicated by Dr. Huntingford, may probably appear to furnish an amusing hint for the solution of the problem.

'Dr. Joseph Warton (he observes) was accustomed to relate a circumstance, which, though in itself apparently unimportant, yet, with respect to the writings of Mr. Thomas Warton, was perhaps in its effects of considerable importance—When they were both boys, their father took them to see Windsor castle. The several objects presented to their view, much engaged the attention, and excited the admiration, of the father and his son Joseph. As they were returning, the father, with some concern, said to Joseph, "Thomas goes on, and takes no notice of any thing he has seen." This remark was never forgotten by his son, who, however, in mature years, made this reflection: "I believe my brother was more struck with what he saw, and took more notice of every object than either of us." And there is good reason to think, that the peculiar fondness for *castle imagery*, which our author on many occasions strongly discovers, may be traced to this incident of his early days. That his imagination should afterwards be turned to the description of scenes, with which, in his youth, his fancy had been captivated, it is natural to conceive, if we do but recollect, how often the mind takes its complexion and bias through life, from a trivial circumstance happening before we arrive at manhood.'

Without stopping to examine the solidity of this speculation, we shall only observe, that it is by no means invalidated by that appearance of mute insensibility with which the first impressions are said to have been received. The real sublimity of the object, and the many interesting associations which it is calculated to excite, may be very naturally supposed, at the first moment of observation, to have overpowered his youthful faculties: the ideas left in the memory, which were at first indistinct and distracting, grasped with difficulty, and incapable of being uttered, instead of fading away, may have gradually acquired additional vigour and a permanent influence: and we may be tempted to believe, that the recollection of these early impressions may have contributed

to rouse that fond enthusiasm with which, almost at the close of life, he sung the progressive glories of this venerable pile,—the proud and stupendous monument of the rude magnificence of former ages.

At an early age, Mr. Warton began to be distinguished as a poet; and, in his first and rudest efforts, he discovered the same cast of genius and manner which characterises all his serious compositions. His most prominent feature is a fancy splendid and vigorous, which delights to form its objects in picturesque and fantastic groupes, but which appears to draw its materials less from an extensive and original observation of nature, than from a memory richly stored with images rifled from the poetical treasures of a former period. Without being insensible to the charms of classical learning, he appears to have been still more powerfully attracted to the literature of what may be called the heroic ages of modern Europe. His mind seems to have rioted in the gaudy fictions of the Gothic chivalry and romance. In quest of 'Gothic manners,' and 'Gothic arts,' he did not shrink from the fatigue of exploring the more remote and neglected sources of this fairy lore; but, above all, the writers from whom he probably first caught this enthusiasm, who had themselves been under its powerful influence, and whose works were fitted to afford it the most full and exquisite gratification, were unquestionably Spenser and Milton. Indeed, we might perhaps be warranted in saying, that his fond admiration of the peculiar beauties of those two poets had, in a great degree, subdued his own originality of genius. The obvious character, and most obvious defect of the poetry of Warton, is a too servile imitation, or rather an adoption of their imagery and language. It gives to many of his larger and most successful compositions, too much of the air of a parody or a cento: and, even when his ideas may have been derived from other sources, or may be regarded as his own, they seem, involuntarily, to have embodied themselves in the borrowed language, and set phrases, of his great masters.

As it is not our intention to enter into a particular criticism on the poems of Warton, which have been long in the possession of the public, it would be of little utility or interest here to follow his biographer through the detail of their respective dates, which he has very properly, and we presume very accurately given. Of his poetry, so much has now been said, only, as it serves to indicate the general character of his mind, and the particular direction which it gave to his literary pursuits. A still more decided proof of the indulgence he had given to his favourite propensities, was afforded by his 'Observations on the Fairy Queen of

Spenser,' first published in the year 1754; and of which an enlarged edition was given in 1762. Of the merits of this work, a very fair estimate, we believe, has long been formed by the public. The chief praise, unquestionably, is due to the discovery which it made of a new track of research in the literature of early English poetry and romance, which is certainly by no means incurious or uninteresting in itself, and which on all hands must be admitted to possess very great attractions, as conducting almost exclusively to the full illustration of the great writers of a later period. This track of research, Warton himself continued to pursue with great ardour; and even in the earliest specimen of his critical talents, we may discern the commencement of those investigations which ultimately led him to the accomplishment of his greatest and most important work, 'The History of English Poetry.'

Although the compilation of this elaborate work must have occupied much time, and exacted no common share of diligence and industry, yet we find the intermediate period, preceding the appearance of the first volume in 1774, filled up with many other literary pursuits. Of these, Mr. Mant has given a particular chronicle. They sufficiently serve to indicate the ardour and versatility of Warton's mind; but are not, in general, of such a kind as essentially and permanently to affect his fame. The most considerable among them is his splendid edition of Theocritus; a work which we believe was received by critical scholars with disappointment, and from which, certainly, his reputation has not derived much increase. The undertaking is said to have been pressed on him by the exhortations of some of his literary friends; but we suspect that he had, by this time, become too much a 'truant to the classic page,' to perform, with adequate diligence and zeal, the toilsome duties of an editor.

The 'History of English Poetry' is a work which has long been so perfectly known to the learned, that in this place it would be inexcusable to enter into any minute examination of its character and merits. In Mr. Mant's circumstantiate details, relative to the history of the work itself, the reader who is not altogether a stranger to literary history and anecdote, will meet with very little that is interesting from its novelty; but, in the life of Warton, some degree of prolixity on this head may be forgiven. The unfinished state in which the work has been left by its author, is known to every one. In addition to three ponderous volumes in quarto, a considerable portion of the poetical annals of the reign of Elizabeth, and those of the important and interesting period which followed, till the commencement of the eighteenth century, still remained to be given. At his death, a few sheets

of a fourth volume had been printed; but, among his manuscripts, no discovery has been made of any part of the remainder, and a suspicion naturally arises, which we cannot help regarding as warranted by the construction and execution of the whole work, that Warton, confiding in his great facility of composition, was in the practice of writing immediately for the press. The introductory paragraph, containing the general scheme of the volume, has been transcribed by Mr. Mant, and will be read with feelings of regret for the irreparable loss of so valuable a portion of this interesting work.

In Mr. Mant's attempt to estimate the merits of 'the History of English poetry,' there is a great deal of that feeble sobriety which distinguishes most of his critical lucubrations: and we expect to be very readily pardoned for avoiding a minute statement or review of his opinions. We will confine our remarks to a single point. When taken as a whole, it is impossible to deny that there is a certain lifeless massiveness in 'the History of English poetry,' which, in the perusal, becomes extremely oppressive, and which, with various excellencies in other respects, has already, we suspect, condemned it to be in the number of those books which are oftener praised than read. This, we apprehend, is not to be ascribed to the bulk of the work, to the minuteness of its details, or to the profuseness of its quotations from obscure and antiquated writers. To those who are not mere loungers in reading, there is in all this a richness and fullness which would not be without powerful attractions. To us it appears, that the fault is intimately connected with the general frame and construction of the work. In adopting a simply chronological arrangement of his materials, instead of a systematic method founded on some leading principle, Mr. Warton is known to have deviated from the projected plans of Pope, and of Gray; and, in doing so, he has been at pains to vindicate his choice, by assuring us, that it proceeded from an experimental conviction of the utter impracticability of the latter. How far such an experiment had been ever fairly made, might perhaps be questioned, from the rapid and slovenly manner in which the composition of the work appears to have proceeded But the real difficulty of the attempt we are inclined to ascribe, not so much to its own impracticable nature, as to the absence of those scientific powers and habits which were requisite to its successful execution No ordinary shares of genius and of taste may be allowed to Warton; and we sincerely believe, that, in point of mere literary accomplishment, few men could have been found so well qualified for the execution of the particular parts of such a work. But, unquestionably, to powers of that higher order which, by a sort of magical influence, could

have given the unity, and simplicity, and strength of a whole, to an infinite number of scattered and various parts, the pretensions of Mr. Warton were extremely moderate. We would not be understood to insinuate, that the plans suggested by Pope, and by Gray, were very happily conceived, or very judiciously digested, or that the simple adoption of them by Warton would have cured the radical defect of his book. Neither do we mean to state, that an arrangement of a chronological nature was in itself utterly incompatible with that higher species of excellence which he has failed of attaining. The excellence of which we speak, is by no means essentially dependent on mere mechanical arrangement: and, by the infusion of an informing spirit into the whole mass, we should even conceive it possible to vanquish the disadvantages of an awkward and unnatural method. The successful execution of the plan might probably be attended with the sacrifice of some of those collateral details which Warton has not scrupled to collect in his long and desultory course; yet it may be safely presumed, that, with a tolerable share of address, almost every thing might be retained and incorporated which is not an offensive excrescence even on the miscellaneous pages of his curious and amusing work.

During the publication of the successive volumes of 'the History of English Poetry,' and after the appearance of the last of them, Mr. Warton continued to amuse and instruct the public by various inferior literary productions. Among these, was his short, but satisfactory detection of the forgeries of Chatterton; which appeared at a period when it was regarded as some merit, to have been among the foremost to expose the shallow impostures of that wonderful boy. But the most important of his later works was his edition of the Juvenilia of Milton, with very copious annotations, in which he gave full scope to that species of critical discussion in which he was best fitted to excel. His early and intimate acquaintance with the poetry of Milton, and his liberal use of Miltonic imagery and language, we have formerly noticed. In return, he here employs himself in tracing the obligations of Milton to his poetical predecessors; but in his detections there is nothing invidious, or that will not tend to heighten, rather than to lower the admiration of that mighty genius. Even in his imitations, Milton throws aside every air of servility, and moves on with native and unborrowed dignity. The annotations of Warton have been blamed for their excessive minuteness and prolixity: but we beg leave to profess ourselves of the number of those to whom even his tediousness never ceases to be agreeable. His biographer, with better reason, takes occasion to blame the too frequent and impertinent intrusion of his censures on the political

opinions and conduct of Milton. The idle asperity of his strictures sounds too much like the still more idle apology of the courtly laureat for appearing as the commentator of the democratic Milton.—These commentaries, and his observations on Spenser, may now be regarded as in some degree supplemental to his great unfinished work on English Poetry.

In accepting the laurel, 'profaned by Cibber, and contemned by Gray,' it would be difficult, and even unjust, to suppose that Warton was not conscious of degradation. Of this feeling there indeed appears to us very evident symptoms in the choice of the subjects, and in the general strain of what, with ludicrous gravity, a former biographer has been pleased to denominate his *official* odes. By excluding the usual topics of adulation, he may be said to have escaped, rather than conquered, the difficulties of his periodical task. His constant excursions into his own favourite regions of Chivalry, remind us too often of the cypress in the sea-piece, and of the '*nunc non erat his locus*' of Horace. In some of them, however, the turn and application is ingenious and happy; and after all, even in his wildest rambles, he is not without the apology of precedent in the father of Lyric poetry himself—his grand predecessor and prototype in the art of *official* ode-writing.

In delineating the private character of Mr. Warton, his biographer has gone through this task with the most inefficient and drawling prolixity—such as was to be expected from a writer whose knowledge is derived from casual information, and through whose mind the scattered lights seem to pass without the least tendency to convergence. Of the truth of the likeness, such as it is, we do not pretend to judge; and shall refrain from hazarding any criticisms on its merits in that respect.

We have already observed, that in estimating the literary character of Mr. Warton, his biographer generally takes the safe ground of prevailing opinion. Among the few deviations from the noiseless tenor of his way which he has ventured to make, the most eccentric and amusing is a parallel of the literary characters of Warton and Gray. It chiefly consists of a statement, on the one hand, of the many things which Gray projected, and the few he executed: and, on the other hand, of the many similar things which Warton had the industry to carry into actual execution. The result of the comparison is intended to exalt the character of Warton: yet the most partial admirers of Gray would have certainly very little pretence for challenging the award of Mr. Mant. In poetry, and in epistolary writing, the palm is given, almost without a struggle, to Gray.

As the editor and annotator of Warton's poems, Mr. Mant has been naturally led to enter into a more minute and careful examination of his poetical character, and the peculiar merits or defects of his compositions of that class. This, although it partakes of the same common nature with the rest, is perhaps the least exceptionable part of Mr. Mant's performance: but it would exceed the proper bounds of this article to examine the justness and solidity of his criticisms. As a specimen of his manner, and indeed one of the most favourable which we could have chosen, we shall present our readers with the concluding paragraphs of Warton's life. We would not be understood as implicitly assenting to his panegyric: but a little may be pardoned to the natural partialities of a biographer.

'If these observations are just, it may be concluded, by way of general remark, that, notwithstanding his blemishes, for blemishes he undoubtedly had, Warton is entitled to claim no mean rank amongst the poets of his country: that he displays great facility and variety of powers; that his style is forcible and ornamented; his thoughts lofty and dignified; his imagery in his descriptive poetry, select, new, and distinct; in his lyric poetry, gorgeous and magnificent: that in his less serious pieces, he has the humour, without the grossness of Swift; that in his Latin compositions, he shews a true classical taste and feeling; and that in all his poems, though he abounds in imitations of his predecessors, his imitations are not servile, and that what he borrows he makes his own.

'In one department, he is not only unequalled, but original and unprecedented: I mean in applying to modern poetry, the embellishment of Gothic manners and Gothic arts; the tournaments and festivals, the poetry, music, painting, and architecture of "elder days." Nor can I here refrain from repeating, that, though engaged in his service, the talents were never prostituted to the undue praise of royalty: nor from adding as a topic of incidental applause, that, though he wanders in the mazes of fancy, he may always be resorted to as supplying at least an harmless amusement: and that with Milton and Gray, whom he resembled in various other points, he shares also this moral commendation, that his laurels, like theirs, are untainted by impurity, and that he has uniformly written' (to use the words of another unsullied bard)—

"Verse that a virgin without blush may read."

We will not detain our readers with a particular examination of the remaining part of these volumes. We have already said, that to the text of Warton's poems very little has been added by the present editor; and of that little no particular notice appears to be requisite. Of the value of Mr. Mant's labours as an anno-

tator, we have also hinted our opinion. And judging, as we can only pretend to do, from a cursory inspection, it may be enough to say, that the instruction or amusement we have derived from his notes, has rarely compensated the pain of perpetual interruption in the perusal of the text. From his constant and liberal adoption of the poetical phrases and formularies of a few favourite authors, it is easy to suppose, that the poems of Warton must furnish to his annotator, abundant opportunities for the display of imitations and parallelisms. These, Mr. Mant has set himself to trace with the most scrupulous minuteness; and although he has already done more than is sufficient to gratify the curiosity of most readers, yet it would probably be no arduous task to enlarge the collection. This, however, is a hint which we would be sorry to see improved by any future editor. To detect the sources from which the great original poets of any country have silently drawn, is a matter at least of great curiosity, and is often essential to the full illustration of their meaning; but for the cumbrous labours of Mr. Warton's annotators, we are not aware that any similar apology can be pleaded.

To the original poetry of Warton, his editor has annexed a small selection of Latin metrical inscriptions, published in 1758. The original edition has long been rare, and almost forgotten: and the present republication will, we presume, be acceptable to every classical reader. It is composed of a few of the choicest flowers, culled from the tasteless and unwieldy collections of Mazochi, Smetius, and Gruter, blended with a few sprigs of modern growth. Those which have been since ascertained to be Warton's, might have imposed on the discernment of a connoisseur; and may be regarded as affording another curious instance of his faculty of imitation.

The volumes conclude with an inaugural oration, pronounced by Mr. Warton, on his appointment to the Camdenian Professorship of History in the Univerity of Oxford. The institution of Camden was one of the earliest attempts to innovate on the established system of academical education, by intermingling more liberal and useful studies with the scholastic discipline which had long exclusively prevailed. Of the *boldness* of the innovation we may judge from the duties imposed on the professor of history by the statutes of the university: '*Prælector historicus Camdenianus, bis in qualibet septimana, Lucium Florum, aut alium quemvis antiquioris et melioris notæ historicum, prælegat Artium Baccalaureis et studiosis in jure Civili.*' Leaving the bachelors in arts, and the students in the civil law of the present day, to their own private studies in the interpretation of Lucius Florus, the Camden professor here announces his design of taking a wider range, more

suitable to the genius of the age. In his views of the capabilities of his subject, he cannot, however, be accused of deviating very extravagantly from the ancient track. Instead of aspiring to those higher speculations, which the *matter* of history is calculated to suggest, or aiming to instruct his hearers in those lessons of moral and political wisdom which give to it its greatest value, he proposes to confine himself to a critical examination of the literary merits of the great historians of Greece and Rome. In choosing this subordinate walk, our readers will probably agree with us, that Mr. Warton prudently consulted the vigour and extent of his own powers.

ART. XXVIII. *Practical Observations in Surgery, illustrated with Cases.* By William Hey, Esq. F. R. S. Senior Surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds, &c. &c. &c. London. Printed for T. Cadel & W. Davies. 1808. 8vo. 537 pages.

THIS work has many claims to the attention of the practical surgeon. It is written by a man who, during a period of more than forty years, seems to have enjoyed very favourable opportunities for observation, and who has been in the custom of daily committing to paper whatever appeared to him to be new, or peculiarly instructive in practice. In communicating the result of his experience to the public, Mr. Hey uniformly speaks with a proper degree of modesty of his success, and of the improvements which he conceives he has introduced into the practice of his art; while at the same time he acknowledges, with a frankness and candour which do him much honour, the mistakes he has occasionally committed. Unlike in their nature and object, to the ephemeral medical productions of the day, these 'Practical Observations' may be regarded as a legacy bequeathed to the coming, rather than as a recommendatory introduction to the present generation.

The work now before us will not readily admit, nor does it seem to us to require a regular analysis. In reviewing it, therefore, we conceive we shall best fulfil our duty to the public, by pointing out some of those modes of practice which seem to be peculiar to the author, and the particular points in which we may happen to differ from him in opinion.

The first chapter is entitled, 'On fractures of the skull,' and seems to have been written chiefly with a view to recommend the use of a small saw, in place of the instrument called Trephine, in removing depressed portions, or too prominent points of the

skull. Mr. Hey gives, in a plate, figures of two forms of this saw; one with a semicircular, the other with a straight edge.

'The straight-edged saw (he observes) executes its task with greater readiness; but the convex edge is necessary when the bone is to be sawed in a curvilineal direction. It is also useful when the thickness of that part of the cranium which is to be sawed out is very unequal.

'This instrument is worked with ease, if the pressure made upon it by the hand is light. It saves much time in cases of extensive fracture, where the repeated application of a trephine would have been needful; and it may be used with less danger of wounding the dura matter, if the same precautions are used in examining, from time to time, the depth of the groove, as is necessary in the use of the trephine.'

In this chapter, two cases of caries of the tibia are related, in which a cure was effected by removing the diseased bone with instruments. They are obviously cases in which most surgeons would have judged it necessary to have had recourse to amputation. The mode of practice adopted in these cases by Mr. Hey, certainly deserves a more extensive trial than it has hitherto received.

The chapter 'on Cataract' contains many curious facts, and some original observations. Mr. Hey is a strenuous advocate for the method of cure by *couching*. He has given very accurate figures of the needle he employs. It differs from the common, by being nearly one half shorter; by having a semicircular, instead of a pointed extremity; and by its increasing gradually in diameter from the extremity to the handle. Its principal merit, however, would seem to us to consist in being smaller than the common needle. This circumstance has not in general been sufficiently attended to, though we believe it will be found that the degree of inflammation succeeding to the operation of *couching*, will be in some measure proportional to the size of the needle which is used. From the shortness of Mr. Hey's instrument, it is easy, in operating, to judge of the depth in the eye to which the instrument has penetrated. We doubt, whether the comparison of this instrument with the common needle be in all respects fair. Some of the defects attributed to the old instrument are common to both, and are perhaps inseparable from every form of cataract needle that can be conceived.

Mr. Hey has observed, that when the needle is pushed through the coats of the eye, in a direction parallel to the iris, that the eye is apt to roll; but that by directing the point of the needle to the centre of the eye, that organ is rendered steady, and the needle passes through its coats, without any danger of wounding either the iris or the ciliary processes. The point of the in-

strument is to be carried forwards till it reach the centre of the crystalline; but as it is in this part of the operation that our author's practice seems to us to be peculiar, we shall give his account of it in his own words.

'If, in bringing forwards the point of the needle, I perceive the cataract to advance, and dilate the pupil, I then know that the cataract is firm, and that the needle is in contact with its posterior part. The pressure used in bringing forwards the cataract, sometimes causes the point of the needle to sink so far into the crystalline, and to become so much entangled in its more tenacious part, that the depression may be completed, though the instrument has not been seen through the pupil. When, therefore, the appearance which I have mentioned takes place, I do not persist in bringing forward the point of the needle, lest the iris should be injured by the too great dilatation of the pupil; but I depress the point, and at the same time carry it backwards. If this motion of the needle removes the cataract from its place, the operation is usually concluded without any farther trouble.

'If the cataract does not follow the motion of the needle, I cautiously bring forward its point through the softer part of the crystalline, till I can see my instrument through the pupil, and then proceed in my attempts to effect the depression. In these attempts, I always move the needle backwards, as well as downwards; for the operator ought always to be sure that his needle is behind the ciliary processes when he moves it upwards or downwards. Before I withdraw the needle, I usually elevate its point a little, to see whether the cataract rises again when the pressure is removed. If it does, the pressure is renewed once or twice, and the needle is then withdrawn. I always endeavour to lodge the cataract below the place where my needle entered the vitreous humour, and withdraw the needle in a direction nearly parallel with the axis of the pupil.

'Though I do not think it advisable to persist in pressing an entire cataract into the anterior chamber, when the advance of the cataract causes a large dilatation of the pupil; yet, after the needle has wounded the capsule, a firm cataract, or at least its nucleus, will sometimes slip through the pupil, without the design of the operator.—This has been considered by some authors as a disagreeable circumstance, and has been ranked amongst the objections to the operation of couching. On the contrary, it ought to be considered as a favourable event; since the cataract always dissolves in the aqueous humour, and finally disappears, without any injury to the eye. This, at least, has been the event in every case of the kind which I have seen. I have six or seven times seen the whole opake nucleus fall into the anterior chamber of the eye, and very frequently small opake portions. Indeed, if the cataract could, in all cases, be brought into the anterior chamber of the eye, without injury to the iris, it would be the best method of performing the operation. But this is not usually practicable; the softness, as well as the bulk of the cataract, presenting an obstacle to this process.

'If the crystalline, or rather its capsule, is found to adhere in part to the iris, great caution should be used in our attempts to destroy the adhesion; as it is much more safe to repeat the operation after a gentle attempt, than by continuing the use of force, to risk the danger of an inflammation. It is useful, in this case, to lift up the cataract with the needle; as elevation may be successful where depression has failed. Mr. Warner succeeded, at the fourth operation, in destroying an adhesion of the iris; and I have repeated the operation oftener than four times, with advantage, rather than incur the hazard of inflammation, which might have left my patient in total blindness.

'Hitherto, the cataract has been considered as firm, and capable of bearing the pressure of the needle; but in the greater number of cases which have fallen under my care, the cataracts have been found so soft, as to permit the needle to pass through them in all directions. In this state of the disease, I do nothing more than break down the texture of the cataract, and endeavour to puncture, or tear off a portion of the capsule, that the aqueous humour may flow in upon the broken cataract. In doing this, it is common to see some fragments of the cataract fall, through the pupil, into the anterior chamber of the eye. I am always glad to see this take place; as I then know that there is a passage opened for the admission of the aqueous humour, and that those opake fragments, which have passed through the pupil, will soon disappear.

'Sometimes the cataract is so uniformly soft, that the passage of the needle through it makes no alteration in its appearance. This species of cataract was considered by the late Mr. Sharp and Mr. Warner, as incurable. In this opinion, these excellent authors were certainly under a mistake; for I find, that although an uniform softness of the cataract may require a more frequent repetition of the operation, it affords no permanent impediment to the cure. Upon repeating the operation in such cases, I have often found that the first operation had produced more effect than at the time of operating it appeared to produce. The cataract, upon a subsequent operation, appears more broken, and irregularly opake. Some portions may now be removed, which before appeared immovable; some fall into the anterior chamber; and the remainder become gradually dissolved into its original situation.' pp. 57-62.

The assertion, p. 42. that 'the point of a needle, which has penetrated the coats of the eye behind the ciliary ligament, cannot be brought into the posterior chamber without passing through the crystalline,' is not supported by an accurate anatomical investigation of these parts. If the needle employed in performing the operation for cataract be curved at the point, and its convexity be turned towards the iris, we know from trial, both on the dead and living eye, that by insinuating it between the capsule of the lens and the ciliary processes, it can be brought over the upper edge of the crystalline, into the posterior chamber,

without wounding either the lens or the iris. This is a mode of operating in cataract, which has been described by several very eminent oculists upon the Continent; and a mode which bids fairer than that practised by our author, to prevent the formation of secondary membranous cataract, either by depressing the capsule along with the lens, or by rupturing it so, that its parts shall recede sufficiently, to admit the rays of light into the bottom of the eye, should it afterwards become opake.

Mr. Hey concludes his account of cataract, with a very satisfactory refutation of some of the unfair and ill founded objections of Baron Wenzel, to the operation by *couching*. We cannot go so completely along with our author, when he endeavours to prove the decided superiority of the mode of operating by couching to that by extraction. Each mode of operating has, we conceive, its peculiar advantages, and each its peculiar defects; and we should be sorry to see either mode practised, to the complete exclusion of the other. In deciding upon the comparative merits of the two operations, the partizans of each have generally appealed to their own individual experience; and it has been but too common with them to attribute to the mode of operating, accidents and evils, which are owing, in a great measure, to the unskilfulness and improper management of the operator.

Chapter Third treats of Strangulated Hernia; and contains the history of many interesting cases, skilfully and ably treated, with some very judicious practical remarks. The following paragraph conveys a sufficiently distinct account of Mr. Hey's mode of dilating the abdominal ring.

'The next step is to enlarge the aperture through which the prolapsed parts have descended from the abdomen, by dividing the aponeurosis of the external oblique muscle, together with the neck of the hernial sac, which sometimes produces the principal part of the stricture. If the tip of the fore-finger can be sufficiently introduced to conduct the bubonocele knife, the division may be made in this way with the greatest advantage. It should be made upwards, and a little outwards, when the hernia descends through the abdominal ring; and in this species of hernia I have never found any difficulty in executing this part of the operation.' p. 147-148.

Upon this mode of dilating the ring, we must observe, that when the stricture is seated solely in the tendinous fibres crossing the pillars of the ring, and surrounding its orifice, the complete division of the parieties of the abdomen seems to be wholly unnecessary. This mode of removing the stricture, not only tends to weaken the parieties of the abdomen, but may even be attended with fatal consequences in those cases in which the epigastric artery is

situated on the outside of the neck of the hernial sac; a situation of the artery which, we conceive, must have occurred in two of the cases recorded by Mr. Hey. In the account of case 14th, it is particularly remarked, that on dissection there was found a slight protuberance of the peritoneum appearing just below the abdominal ring, and lying on the inner side of the spermatic cord. This is the very situation in which the hernial sac is found, when it protrudes immediately from the cavity of the abdomen, at the lower and external aperture of the ring: when the hernial sac, on the contrary, descends along the course of the inguinal canal, the spermatic cord is found lying upon the inner and posterior side of the sac.

It is in this variety of Bubonocele, also, that we must seek for an explanation of the peculiarities described in case 17th, and of which many similar examples are to be found in authors. In this case, two hernial sacs were found existing together on the same side of the scrotum. One of these sacs, we conceive, must have entered the parieties of the abdomen with the spermatic vessels, and descended along the course of the inguinal canal; while the other sac came directly out of the abdomen at the inner and external orifice of the ring. The history of our author's case, though not very accurately detailed, contains statements which seem to justify this conjecture.

'The interior sac was complete at its upper part, and was there quite distinct from the sac which I had first opened, and in which lay the omentum. The interior sac contained intestine only.' p. 213.

Mr. Hey has performed the operation for femoral hernia sixteen times; and his Cases, and remarks upon the subject, are peculiarly instructive. In two only of these cases did he find it impossible to introduce the point of his finger into the mouth of the hernial sac, so as to serve him as a conductor in dividing that portion of the tendon of the external oblique muscle, which is usually the seat of stricture in this species of Hernia. When the stricture is such as not to admit the introduction of the point of the finger, Mr. Hey uses a grooved director, and, introducing his knife upon the finger or director, carries his incision directly upwards. In practising this mode of dilating the femoral ring, Mr. Hey does not seem to be aware of a danger which sometimes occurs from a peculiarity in the distribution of the blood-vessels in the neighbourhood of the hernial sac. The obturator artery often arises in common with the epigastric; and when this distribution of artery takes place, the obturator may pass along the upper and inner side of the neck of the hernial sac. It was probably the division of this artery in the cases terminating fatally, mentioned by Gunz and

other practical authors, which was mistaken for the division of the epigastric. Whenever the obturator occupies this situation, it is obvious that it must be divided in the operation practised by Mr. Hey. We think it more than probable that it was the division of this artery which occasioned the very dangerous hemorrhage described as having taken place in Case 7th. The obturator, when it arises in common with the epigastric, does not, we allow, necessarily surround the neck of the hernial sac; for when the common trunk of these two arteries is short, we have found the obturator passing down into the pelvis on the outside of the hernial sac, and placed, as in this case, out of the reach of the knife. But as this distribution of the artery is frequent, and as we have no means of ascertaining its existence previous to the division of the stricture, we are of opinion, that the operation practised by Mr. Hey, and that proposed by Dr. Gimbernat, cannot in all cases be employed with safety.

Chapter Fourth contains a most interesting account of ten cases of a disease, which has hitherto been very imperfectly known, and which our author describes under the name of *Fungus Hæmatodes.* It is the same disease, he remarks, which has been described by Mr. Burns of Glasgow under the title of the *Spongoid inflammation.* Previous to the publication of these two accounts, we had no full nor connected account of this very formidable disease; but it was not by any means so completely unknown to, nor unobserved by, former surgeons, as these authors seem to imagine.

The late Dr. Monro, than whom few have more accurately observed, or more clearly described, the symptoms and progress of chirurgical diseases, gives a tolerably accurate delineation of some of the most prominent features of this species of tumour, in the 463d page of the quarto edition of his works: and many similar cases, we doubt not, are to be found in the records of surgery. We have yet to learn, what the particular habits are, in which this species of tumour occurs; in what respects it agrees with, and in what respects it differs from, tumours of a scrophulous or cancerous nature. It is much to be regretted, that the formation and structure of indolent sarcomatous tumours is a branch of chirurgical pathology which has hitherto been almost entirely neglected. We have no accurate descriptions of them in our books of morbid anatomy; and we cannot therefore express too strongly our obligations to Mr. Burns and Mr. Hey, for making us better acquainted with a species of tumour which is as singular in its symptoms and progress, as it appears to be fatal in its termination.